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SIX YEARS IN INDIA.

DELHI:

THE CITY OF THE GREAT MOGUL.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE VARIOUS TRIBES IN HINDOSTAN;
HINDOOS, SIKHS, AFFGHANS, ETC.

A New Edition of
"THE MISSION, THE CAMP, AND THE ZENANA."

BY MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE.

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PREFACE

TO THE NEW EDITION.

The following notes from a journal kept for the family of the author, may be of interest at this moment, as throwing light on the character and customs of our fellow-subjects in India and the Punjáb.

It must be remembered that the manner in which we have acquired India is one which has no parallel in history, and which affords no ground for comparison with the cases of Poland, Hungary, or Italy. The most accurate and clearest view of the way in which we have become "Kings of the East," is given by Count Bjornsternja's brief and admirable sketch of "The British Empire in India."* We conquered India from the Múhammadan invaders, who had ruled it with a rod of iron from the days of Mahmoud of Ghăzni; and that our rule has been a deliverance and an unspeakable benefit to the Hindus who form the great majority of the population, there can be no question. We did not even overthrow the Múhammadan Empire—*that* was done by the Mahrattas under French officers, from whom, in 1803, we rescued the aged Emperor, whose descendants we have ever since pensioned and protected.

None of the Musalmán Princes, Nawábs, and Sultans whom we have dispossessed were hereditary Sovereigns: they were rebellious Viceroys and Governors who had seized the opportunity of confusion to make themselves independent; and the title of King was first bestowed on the Vazir of Oude by Lord Hastings. The tyranny and oppression of almost all the Native Princes (for a benevolent despot must always be, like Alexander I. of Russia, a "happy accident"), especially of the Musalmáns, render the British rule with all its defects, most of which arise from the strict

* There is another excellent, though larger work by H. I. Prinsep, Esq., 2 vols.

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observance of legal rules and forms, a blessing to the people which we have *no right to withhold.*

The Government committed a greater sin in the sight of God and man by handing over Kashmir to such a monster as Guláb Sing, than by all its annexations during the last hundred years.

There has been much harshness and injustice in the resumption of land, especially of late, but no nation ever ruled another on so just a tenure. This is proved by the general fidelity of the population. It is a MUTINY—*not an Insurrection.*

The chief causes of the Mutiny are the dissatisfaction of the Múhammadans at being deprived of their supremacy, and the intrigues of the deposed Princes.

No doubt it arises from a widely-spread Múhammadan conspiracy, in which the Musalmáns, who in India have adopted all the prejudices of caste, have availed themselves of the pretext afforded by the greased cartridges (as they did of the new head-dress at Vellore) to rouse the Hindus.

It is a Hindu pretext, but a Múhammadan motive.

That which has rendered the Mutiny *possible* is the separation between the European officers and the Sepáhis. The officers are better men, both morally and intellectually, than they were forty years ago, and, as a body, unrivalled for integrity and for both military and administrative talent, for the simple reason that our countrymen have nowhere such a *carrière ouverte aux talents* as in India. Why, then, have they less influence? Why is the Army in a worse condition than formerly? Because the Government have, 1st, by their absurd system of centralization, deprived officers of all power of reward or punishment, so that even Sir Charles Napier, when Governor in Sinde, could not punish a Bengal Sepáhi under his orders: and 2ndly, by the pernicious interference of civilians, from the Governor-General downwards, in purely military affairs.

The officers lose all heart; the Sepáhi loses all respect. If the Sepáhis were again made dependent on their officers, if the latter had the power of rewarding and punishing, their old intercourse, influence, and affection would revive. Personal influence is the only sure hold we have on the Indian army, and this has of late been systematically discouraged.

Government, endeavouring to do everything itself, is overpowered

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with details, and consequently business stands still; and those officers who press even the most important questions or facts on the notice of the Governor-General, are considered troublesome and importunate.

The three armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay are completely distinct; and although all have suffered greatly from centralization and civil interference, yet the discipline of the two latter is far more strict than that of Bengal, and the native officers are promoted by merit and not by seniority, which of course makes them more efficient, and gives influence to their European officers. In both, men of low as well as high caste are admitted, while in Bengal the army is composed exclusively of men of high caste and Musalmáns, about every third Sepáhi being a Brahman. Of course, when a regiment is formed of men of different races, castes, and creeds, combination and mutiny become almost impossible.

A man must be *born a Hindu*—he cannot become so. For instance, the children of a Hindu Rajah by a Musalmán mother are brought up as Muhammadans, as they cannot share their father's caste unless the mother also belonged to it. The Hindus look upon religion as a matter of birth, and hold Christianity to be as fit and true for us as woolly hair for a negro, or Hinduism for themselves. It follows that they have no idea of proselytism; and as men of different castes can have but limited intercourse with each other—as they can neither eat, drink, nor smoke together—the Hindu has no idea of nationality.

The Sikhs are a modern sect of Hindu dissenters. They have no castes, and any one may become a Sikh. They have little sympathy with the Hindus, and an intense hatred of their old foes the Muhammadans, whom they have tyrannized over in the Punjáb, as the sons of Islám have tyrannized over the Hindus.

The Muhammadans in India have adopted Hindu prejudices of caste to such an extent, that they will not eat with Christians. They are divided into the two great sects of Shiahs and Sunis, who detest each other all over the world, and who can scarcely be restrained from open warfare, and both parties in India are extremely ignorant of their own religion. All Musalmáns are ardent proselytizers and fanatics, and look upon the slaughter of an infidel as a short cut to Paradise. The majority of those in India are descended from converts made by the swords of these Patan in-

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vaders. The war cry of the Muhammadan is Dín Dín (Religion), and scarcely anything can hold him back when this cry is raised.

When the mutiny took place at Bolarum in 1855, in which Brigadier Mackenzie was all but assassinated by men of the 3rd Hydrabad Cavalry, he and his family slept as secure and as void of all distrust under the protection of the Musalmáns of the 3rd Infantry, and with a Musalmán Subadar on guard, as they did under that of the Hindus of the same gallant and loyal regiment; because, as the bigoted Nizám himself expressed it, "Yih Dín ká kisr nahín — This was no religious quarrel." But men of the same contingent have lately declared that they cannot fight against their brethren, because *now* it is "Dín ki bat"—a religious question. Great ignorance prevails among Europeans as to what really constitutes and affects caste; and consequently they yield when they should be firm, and are incautious and obstinate where they should yield. A native will often allege his *caste* as a pretext for not doing something which he imagines contrary to his *dignity*.

Nothing affects a man's caste but eating, drinking, or smoking. Bráhmans and Rájputs will and do dig, make bricks, build, and perform any other manual labour; but of course, if the plea is successful, his caste becomes more and more delicate and exacting. If the objector's services were quietly dispensed with, no difficulty would be made by his successor. It is owing to this ignorance that Bengal Sepáhis have been allowed to refuse any duty they had no fancy for, on the plea of caste; and it was this which, on the occasion of the above mutiny, led Lord Dalhousie solemnly to warn all officers against "interfering with the religion of the natives," not understanding that it was a question of police, not of religion.

The following pages afford many instances of the way in which the natives will forego their religious prejudices when influenced by either interest or affection; but compulsion of any sort in cases which really affect their caste or their tenets is not only dangerous, but *most unjust*. The light in which they regard missions is also clearly shown. The natives are quite shrewd enough to distinguish between support of Christianity with perfect toleration for other creeds, and *compulsion* towards themselves. A Governor-General may subscribe to missions and visit mission schools—they will look upon it as natural and right: they will no more object than they

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did to Akbar the Great founding Musalmán colleges—but they do most strongly object to anything like *compulsion*. Hitherto the Government, so far from meddling with the religion of the natives, has been afraid to grant equal protection to Christians. The Musalmáns being the most dangerous class, have been the most petted. Hindu feasts have been made to give way to those of Muhammadans; and not many years ago a converted Sepáhi was compelled to accept his discharge from the Bengal army! And now suddenly they have, by the incautious and unexplained introduction of greased cartridges, hit upon the only method by which Hindus and Musalmáns could have been led to make common cause, or induced to believe themselves equally insulted.

Men all over the world are susceptible to kindness, and capable of personal attachment and gratitude. This is the case in India as well as Europe; but we must remember that, as regards morality, the natives are what the heathens of old were—without principle, implacable, unmerciful: and though personal kindness and courtesy ought to be exercised towards them to a far greater degree than is usually done, yet now that they have polluted the earth with such unspeakable atrocities against not only men, but innocent women and children, we must remember that even a Christian ruler is not to bear the sword in vain, and say to our nobles, our rulers, and to the rest of the people, "Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord who is great and terrible, and *fight for your brethren, your sons, your daughters, and your wives*."—Neh. iv. 14; "for the *land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein*, BUT BY THE BLOOD OF HIM THAT SHED IT."—Num. xxxv. 33.

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GLOSSARY.

Ayah, lady's maid or nurse
Akhám, a mandate
Amír, a lord (not Hindu)

Bechoba, a tent without a centre pole
Brahman, the sacred and highest caste of Hindus
Bund, a dam
Bunder, a landplace (at Bombay)
Băniah, a shopkeeper
Bhisti, a watercarrier
Bíbí, a lady
Bégúm, a princess
Bărá, or Bărí, great
Bungalow, a house, especially a thatched one
Bágh, garden
Budgerow, a large Calcutta boat

Chattah, an umbrella
Chillăm, a pipe

Dinghi, a large Calcutta boat
Dhobi, washerman
Dhobin, washerman's wife
Dahgoba, a beehive-shaped Buddhist shrine
Dák, post
Dărbár, a court
Daffádár, a native cavalry non-commissioned officer
Dheds, a low caste people in Surat and elsewhere
Dóms, a low caste people in Bengal
Duli, a litter

Gári, carriage
Gonds, the aboriginal Hill Tribe of the Dekkhan
Ghât, a pass through hills, or a landing place

Hâvildár, a native sergeant
Haq, right
Huqá, long pipe, the smoke passes through water

Jemadar, a native lieutenant
Jungle, forest—waste land
Jain, a Hindu sect, half Buddhists
Jhappan, a sort of sedan chair with curtains, at Simla
Jhamp, a screen of bamboo and matting

Kămmerbănd, girdle
Kuli, a common labourer
Khánsámán, head servant
Khan, a title-lord
Khidmutgar, a man-servant
Kachá, unripe, unbaked, imperfect

Mahárájah, a Hindu king, lit. *great prince*
Mashál, or Masal, torch; Masálchi, torchbearer
Masjíd, mosque
Máli, gardener
Mír Adal, chief justice
Massak, goatskin for carrying water
Mehter, a man of the sweeper caste; Mehtráni, a woman of the sweeper caste

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Mahaut, elephant driver, who sits on the creature's neck

Náig, a native corporal
Nálki, a royal palanquin
Nihál, the low casteamong the Gonds
Nawáb, a Muhammadan noble
Nizám, a viceroy
Nizám u Doulah, prime minister
Nallah, a ditch

Păkká, ripe, baked, properly done
Pálki, a palanquin
Păltăn, regiment
Padre Sáhib, a clergyman or minister
Paul, a small tent
Phanka, a fan, usually a large one, suspended from the roof
Pariah, the low caste at Madras; *Parwári*, the low caste at Bombay
Pagri, a turban
Patán, a descendant of Afghâns

Ráj, kingdom; Rájah, a Hindu prince; *fem.*, Ráni; Rájput, the military caste, next in rank to the Brahmans
Ressallah, a regiment of cavalry

Sáhib, a gentleman—a title
Mem Sahib, in Bengal, *Madam Sahib*, Bombay, a lady
Sáhib lóg, lit. the lordly people. The British.
Sawár, a trooper
Sáhukár, a banker
Súbádár, a native Captain
Subáh, a district
Sáis, a groom
Shah, or *Padshah* king, not a Hindu
Shahzádá, son of a king
Shikár, game; Shakári, a huntsman
Shiwalla, small Hindu temple

Tatti, a screen of thatch kept wetted for the hot winds to pass through
Tiffin, luncheon
Tonjon, a sort of chair with a hood, for one person, borne by four men
Talukdár, one who farms a district from Government

Urbáb, petty Muhammadan chief

Wazír, prime minister

Zenáná, the ladies' apartments
Zemindár, landholder

PRONOUNCE

a short, like *u* in but. Pagri pronounce *pugree.*
á long, like *a* in army.
i like *ee*, topi (hat). *Amír* like Ameer.
u long, Subah like Soobah.
ai like *y* in by.
The vowels are pronounced much as in German or Italian.

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SIX YEARS IN INDIA.

DELHI:

THE CITY OF THE GREAT MOGUL, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

We are now very near Calcutta. On Tuesday, as we were at dinner, we heard that a steamer was in sight, and had offered to take us in tow. You cannot imagine the excitement—she came rushing towards us, and never did I feel such admiration for her self-propelling power, as when I saw her moving freely towards *us*, who were the slaves of a contrary wind. She was the "Dwarkanâth." Some natives were on deck; at first, I almost took them for wooden figures, so immovable were they, and so thin. Every one crowded to the bulwarks, solemn silence prevailed while the Captain roared questions through his trumpet. "All quiet;" "the Governor-General in the Upper Provinces." These were our first bits of news, for which we listened as for the notes of a nightingale; then a man brought some papers with nothing in them, and soon after, amid immense bustle, the "Dwarkanâth" took us in tow. We felt ourselves once more members of society, and inhabitants of the world. Such a sunset! so gorgeously magnificent, came to add to our pleasure. About nine o'clock we got the pilot, ninety-four days since our English one left us—an excellent passage for the season. The Pilot is not a rough tarry creature as I expected, but a gentleman, with very pleasing manners. We crowded round him to hear the news; there was not much. We have been talking of little else but "the Pilot" for the last week.

Thursday, November 26th.—On getting up yesterday morning, we were in the Húglí, near Ságar Island; my first address on seeing it was,—"You dirty, ugly, sluggish thing;" the water drawn from it was so muddy that it was impossible to bathe in it. A boat came alongside with ghostly figures robed in white; to my great satisfaction it remained under our windows, and I made a sketch of it, which I mean to send home. Other boats soon came with plantains; R. bought some, and I thought them very good, though I was told they were very bad ones. We had eggs for breakfast—I ate a mouthful, drew a figure, ate a little more, and could settle to nothing.

In the middle of the day we came to Kedgéri, where the first post-office is. A Dâk boat put off and brought letters for several of us; a most affectionate line from Julia C. for us. One lady was joyful; her husband had got an excellent appointment, and was to be in Calcutta in a fortnight, and she is spared a long journey by herself to Kashmere. Another went into hysterics on hearing that her husband was well. Several shed a few tears at receiving no letter, though they could not expect one. Towards evening, the river grew narrower, and we inhaled the delightful smell of land. No perfume can equal it: it has been cooler the last few

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days, the thermometer about 77°. I was much amused by seeing the boatmen eat; they wash their heads, their teeth, their bodies, their arms and legs most diligently; then each man sits down to a huge metal dish of coarse rice; then they washed, washed, washed again; then some of them ate more rice, and then began again to wash; they are very slender, but well made, and their attitudes most picturesque. They wear a long cloth wrapped round the body, somewhat like a pair of drawers, and when cold a large chaddah, or sheet, which they usually draw over the head: it is just like the Roman toga, and makes beautiful drapery. Some of the men wear their hair à la Chinoise, knotted up like a woman's; the others, shaggy-wise and short.

A lad came on board in the evening with some fish; he was thirteen, very slender, and, like the rest, seemingly very poor; their garments are coarse cloth of whitey-brown hue. He asked us for—what do you think? —a pack of cards to play with; which we had not. So C. gave him a shilling instead, which he said he would give to his mother. Mr. M. brought me a mango fish and a prawn to see. The former is such a delicacy, that an epicure of bygone days pronounced it worth coming to India for: it is about eight inches long, with a beard longer than itself; the prawn was nearly as big, beautiful to behold, but terrible to eat, for they feed on the bodies washed down the rivers. It was a beautiful chrysoprase green, semi-transparent. The shores are quite flat, just like Holland. As we came nearer, I was struck with the unforeign appearance of the scenery; there was nothing to distinguish it from the banks of the Thames, save the absence of houses (all of which are here hidden amongst the trees), and a few palms, which at a distance formed no prominent feature of the landscape; but then the sunset recalled one to the tropics. The sun went down like a burning ruby: you may imagine how glorious the red light was, when I tell you my attention was drawn to it by seeing a mahogany door of a beautiful crimson. The evening would have been perfect, had not the chief officer, incited by nautical vanity, nearly poisoned us by painting the ship.

We hope to be in to-day about four P.M. I forgot to tell you that we anchored both last night and the night before on account of the tide; we got up about five miles beyond Diamond Harbour last night. Had it not been for so opportunely falling in with the steamer when we did, we could not have arrived before Friday. My servant is packing up with great joy.

CHAPTER II.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27th.—The nearer we approached Calcutta the prettier the shores became, from being studded with numerous European houses and gardens, the former much handsomer than I expected, and mostly two stories high. Suddenly the anchor was let go; every one asked "Why?" with disappointment in their looks—the simple reason was, we were arrived! The scene was pretty; numerous ships at anchor around us, and curious boats of various kinds; some gentlemen were seen approaching, with bearers holding umbrellas over their heads, coming for the ladies on board;—imagine the bustle. We went on shore in a boliah, a kind of gondola, only larger, and rowed in the ordinary way. C. exhorted the men to pull by crying "Shabash," "Bravo," etc., to which they responded by a simultaneous shout of quite dramatic effect. We were carried over the mud on a wooden seat, and found the Camerons' carriage waiting for us. Two of the ladies and I, with two birdcages and L.'s picture (which, a few minutes before, had been in the arms of

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a dirty cooly!) were packed into the chariot, and despatched to Mr. P.'s, at Alipúr.

While waiting on the shore, the scene was most picturesque. It was a lovely moonlight, so still and silent that, as the white-robed graceful figures marched slowly past, it appeared like a scene in a drama. We drove over a fine suspension bridge and along the course, passed a native village, which, in the uncertain light, looked like a fair, and arrived at a noble house in the midst of a small park. I was astonished at the size and beauty of the houses. After depositing Miss D. at Col. Forbes's, a fine old gentleman, who came out and pressed me most hospitably to stay to dinner, though he had never seen me before, I arrived at the C.'s, and met a warm welcome from Julia. I was amused with my drive; the carriage was an English-like chariot, with a roof above the real one, projecting half a foot on every side, and with a large open window at the back as well as in the front; it looked very droll to see a coachman with a little turban. I just looked at the letters to see that you were all well, and then went to dinner. The iced water and delicious fine white bread were luxuries to us: and it was pleasantly cool, even with a silk dress on.

The servants who wait at table are always Muhammadans; they were dressed wholly in white, with white and crimson turbans—very picturesque. The people here have nothing of the heavy sauntering motions of the negro; all their movements are remarkably free, unconstrained, and graceful. Six servants waited at table, besides which, a bearer clothed in crimson, and an ayah, sat on the floor in a corner amusing little Ewen, who is nearly three years old, by setting up his toys for him. The rooms are very lofty (about twenty feet high), handsomely furnished; but the rafters are all seen, which, although they are painted green, gives an unfinished look to the interior. Very spacious verandahs surround the houses: the beds stand in the middle of the room, with a Phanka over them.

Lord Hardinge has written to offer C. the command of one of the four Sikh regiments to be raised on the Satlej (pay about 800 rupees a month), if he thought it worth his acceptance. C. immediately decided on taking it, and as this appointment has thus been put into our hands by a bounteous Heavenly Father, without any exertion on our part (beyond forwarding the letters of introduction), it seems all the more clearly His will that we should go, and my heart rose with thankfulness to Him for His innumerable mercies.

C. was sitting in the verandah with Mr. C. and another friend. A man came and made salám: C. said, "How are you? Have you a place?" "No!" "Then go up and brush my clothes." The two gentlemen stared at each other, until he explained that this was his old sirdár bearer or (chief bearer) Bonamáli, who was with him in captivity, and whom he bribed an Afghán to send to Jelalabad, instead of which they made him eat beef and lose caste.

It is odd to feel dumb. This morning I put my head out of the door, and two graceful, bearded, grave Muhammadans came and made salám to me: I said, "Rivers:" they made another salám. "Rivers," said I again, and they salámed once more, till at last I cried "Ayah," when they nodded their heads intelligently and departed. In every room there are three or four people—two at least on each landing. J. has sixty servants in all: she has four or five European women in the house, who seem to help each other in doing nothing.

On Saturday I drove with her and the children on the course and through the fort: the former is the fashionable drive along the river, and was crowded with carriages—some very handsome—some odd Palanquin-

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carriages, hackaries drawn by small oxen, buggies, and many equestrians. The native grooms often run by the side of the carriages. All visits are paid before two, after which no one comes, as it is too hot.

Yesterday, C. and I took Mrs. D. and Miss M. a drive to Garden Reach, about three miles from Calcutta. We passed through a native village. It is dark here by six o'clock, the moon high by half-past six, and I cannot tell you how picturesque the huts appeared peeping from among the trees, with sheds before them full of grain, fruit, etc., for sale, with several lights in each, and the groups of the white-robed natives seated or strolling about.

This morning we had a delightful drive to the Baitakhânâ, where Dr. Duff lives. It was through the native part of the town; and so picturesque are the people, so beautiful their forms, so free and graceful in action, and so remarkably still when in repose, that it was like seeing a succession of pictures, or a gallery of antique bronze statues. Their faces are often very fine, and one is not at all struck with their scanty clothing. They give one more the idea of modesty in dress than half the young ladies you see at Court, or in full costume; I think this arises from the intention being in the one case to hide the figure, in the other to display it.

Whenever a carriage drives up to a house, the gate-keeper gives as many strokes on the gong as there are persons within. Dr. Duff met us at the door in the most kind manner, and we were equally pleased with his wife. The rooms have as many doors in them as possible for coolness, and the one we breakfasted in was on the ground floor, the walls quite bare, the room matted, and rather dark, with no windows whatever, but two great doors opening into the porch, very cool and pleasant. We sang the last three verses of the 43rd Psalm, read a portion of Scripture, and then Dr. Duff prayed. He gave me the "Life of Mahendra," and that of "Koilas," and to C. his own "Lectures on the Free Kirk." He is a much younger man than I expected, but seems in delicate health, and draws his breath every now and then, as if his chest were weak. In speaking of children, he said he thought the prayers and the correspondence of the parents, great means of conversion. The school which was formerly Mrs. Wilson's is now much fallen off, both in numbers and efficiency, but the Free Kirk has an Orphan School of its own for girls, under the superintendence of Miss Laing, which we are to see.

Thursday, December 3rd.—I have just ordered two pairs of shoes from a Chinaman with a long tail. Our two bearers come in as soon as I am ready in the morning, to make the bed—such a bed! it makes one ache all over? it is only one mattress, as hard as a board, and this they say is wholesome. In the evening the bearers come in again to prepare the bed, and put on the musquito curtains, and then, with equal gravity, put on Dicky's over his cage—without one he would be killed by the musquitoes. It is a very odious custom to have man-servants for ladies' apartments. I sent the other day for a tin-wallah (I think "wallah" must signify man or fellow) to open my case of dresses—one of the bearers came in to help him; the latter inserted the point of a chisel, with a huge head, under the lid; the tin-wallah struck it with a queer-looking hammer, each man using only one hand. The natives are very quick observers of manner, and are very sociable and frank, though perfectly respectful, to those who, like C., they know will take it kindly. On going to dine with Maria J. last night, we had three men behind the carriage, and one on the box beside the coachman, the superfluous ones came because they liked the drive. It is a most picturesque thing to go through the native streets at night, and to see rows of sheds, like out-houses of the most

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pitiful kind in England, and in each of them lights, with a group of men hard at work at their respective trades. I never enjoyed driving about any place so much as this. Some of the better dwellings remind one very much of those at Pompeii, for they have no light except from the door, and are excessively small. Doubtless the habits of the people were very similar. It is curious to see the sparrows flying about the drawing-room; they build on the cornices, and their twittering is very cheerful; they did so of old in the Temple, see Psalm lxxxiv. 3, and when I see them flying in and out, I can understand how David must have envied them their familiarity with that holy place, from which he was exiled.

Tuesday, December 8th.—I have been longing to tell you about our visit to the Free Church College, on Saturday. Dr. Welsh accompanied us to Dr. Duff's, where we breakfasted, and immediately afterwards Dr. Duff and I, in a close carriage, and C. and Dr. Welsh in a buggy, drove to the institution. Our road led through the native town, the varied groups in which afforded me as much pleasure as usual. Mrs. Duff is a very attractive person, seemingly a most fit helpmeet for him. Dr. Duff is not much like that print at Nisbet's—the nose there is too short, and the face too broad. He is a man in the prime of life, but apparently far from strong; the sharp blade is wearing through its earthly sheath. The institution is situated in the best part of Native Town, and was formerly the house of some great personage. We found numbers of pupils waiting for the bell, which rings at ten o'clock, and were introduced to Mr. Ewart in the library; a fine, tall, clerical-looking man, with a very mild, calm face. Captain Henning joined us, and Dr. Duff then led me into a long gallery, with windows closed by Venetian blinds on each side. Here one of the missionaries offered up prayer. About 200 of the elder pupils voluntarily attended; they were all dressed most simply, like the majority of natives here, in white; their hair short, like English boys, with no mark of caste, and many of them with shoes. I never saw more steadfast and apparently devout attention. Remember these are heathen youths, attending by choice on Christian worship. Out of 1000 pupils only about twelve are professed Christians. Dr. Duff then took us round the building, which is very spacious, so that each class has plenty of room.

The first class we heard examined had been in the institution about a year. To my surprise their teacher (one of the senior pupils, each of whom teaches a class for one hour daily) asked them in English, "Who was the first man?"—"Adam," was the answer, shouted by half a hundred young voices. "Who was the first woman!"—"Eve," cried they. "Who made them?"—"God," answered they. "In what state were they—how did they lose that state!" were the next questions. Dr. Duff explained to them in English the deceit of the serpent, spoke of lying, asked them if they did not often hear lies; to all of which they answered perfectly well, just as well-taught children at home would do. But what struck me most was the eagerness and animation with which they answered; the intelligence and mirth which sparkled in their eyes whenever anything amused them, and the pleasure with which they listened to what was said. I never saw a teacher on such delightful terms with his pupils.

When Dr. Duff spoke to the boys, he was answered by them exactly as a beloved parent. The next class were of the same standing, and were taking a lesson from a learned Pandit in Bengali. We then descended to what was formerly the domestic temple, a beautiful hall, with arches opening into the court round which the house is built. Here the two youngest classes were learning—they teach them as follows:—The monitor puts an O on the stand, and tells them that letter is called O,

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they all repeat it. He then puts up an X, tells them its name, and then teaches them that these two letters form the English name of an ox. He makes them describe the ox, and tells them the English word for every part of it. This he did before us, asking them in Bengali what has an ox on his head, they cried horns, ears, eyes, and mouth, &c., in English. He cross-questioned them about it. "What are its feet for?" "To walk," shouted they.—"Why, then, does not this (pointing to the stand) walk?" "Because it has got no life," was their answer. Some of the children were very pretty. All have the most beautiful large diamond-like expressive black eyes imaginable. The next class above this have a book given them, and seeing the same words they have already learnt, find they have begun to read. They learn short phrases, and are questioned on each. "Chalk is white." "What is white?" "Chalk." "What is Chalk?" "White." All in English. In every lesson, and at every stage, they are questioned and cross-questioned in every possible manner which the ingenuity of the teacher can devise, whereas in the native schools they are merely crammed with so many words by heart, and no pretence is ever made of teaching them the meaning. As each monitor is only employed in teaching one hour in the day, his energies are all fresh, and I never saw any school where there was so much life and spirit displayed both by the teacher and the taught. Every one was alive, awake, eager, happy, and intelligent; certainly they are a most quick-witted, intelligent race; they understand a word or a sign in a moment, and prick up their ears at everything that is going on.

The next class we stopped at was composed of elder boys,—they were reading an English history of Bengal; Dr. Duff questioned them on it, and then led them to consider the origin of the diversity of language in the world. They could not answer him at first, but when he broke up his questions into smaller ones, they replied rightly. When they can understand English they are instructed *exactly* as Christian boys would be. An hour each day is devoted to the Bible or the Evidences; their very earliest books contain Christian instruction, and those in the College department learn the Shorter Catechism, the Confession of Faith, and read such books as "Horne's Evidences," "Mundy's Christianity and Hinduism Contrasted," and "Erskine's Internal Evidences." Dr. Duff loses no opportunity of bringing *every* subject to bear on the one thing needful. In this instance he asked them what "Pújá" was? they replied "Worship offered to different gods"—one said in a loud voice, "to false gods." "Did they know any commandment forbidding that?" They quoted the first and second. "Was it lawful to do so?" They answered "No;" and one cried, "it is dishonouring God." Dr. Duff asked them who several of their gods were? and how they were represented? "The God of War is represented riding upon a pig." "A pig!—that is a very war-like animal," said Dr. Duff, right merrily, whereupon there was such a display of white teeth, and such mirthful looks, as showed they had wonderfully small respect for the warlike deity. He then made them describe Durga, the consort of Siva and Goddess of Destruction. "A very sweet and merciful goddess, was she not?" This they denied laughingly, and told how she had a dozen arms to slay men with, and a necklace of skulls, and a girdle of hands and feet; in face quite black, and her tongue hanging out the length of a span! Then he asked them the name of the Governor-General, the name of the Queen, whose deputy he was, and inquired what they would expect him to feel if some of his subjects, instead of going to make salám to him, were to go down to the river side, take some clay, make it up into any shape they pleased, and then salám to it; would he not be much displeased, and look on it as an insult that they

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should consider it better to pay respect to this clay than to himself? And so it is with the Most High God. I can only give you a very imperfect account of all Dr. Duff said.

We then returned to the chief lecture-room, where one of the younger classes received a lesson on Natural History, repeated some texts and hymns, among them that beautiful one, "Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful!" Was not this enough to stir the very depths of one's heart? An elder class was then examined in geography, and a still more advanced one in the use of the globes. The teacher of the latter is a regular master in the institution, and was one of the first pupils when it was opened fifteen years ago. His name is Isha Chandra De. He asked them, among other things, how they could prove the earth was flattened at the poles? The answer was, by the increased velocity of the pendulum, and they explained this step by step. They use "Keith on the Globes," and stated the names of the planets, and the distance of several of them. Here again, after other questions, Dr. Duff spoke to them of their responsibility on account of what they knew of the way of salvation. They answered as Christian lads would have done, and he then urged them to lay these things to heart, and to beware of resisting the truth. While we were afterwards pausing for a few minutes C. asked Isha Chandra De if he were a Christian? He said, "No, God alone can give belief." C. told him of the anxiety he felt that others should share those blessings, which he *knew* the Gospel offered, and promised him "Gregory's Evidences," which he accepted with great pleasure, and said he would read it. This young man has taken pains to instruct his wife, a thing which is always vehemently opposed by the family.

Looking out on the court, we saw the younger boys enjoying football and cricket, which is considered a kind of miracle in the soft indolent Bengalis. Here there was nothing but energy and life, yet I remarked how much more gentle, and therefore gentlemanly, they are in their manners than English boys; there was no rough horse-play, no rudeness; they say an Indian boy never dreams of robbing a bird's nest, hunting a cat, boxing, or any other of these innumerable cruel acts which many English fathers view with complacency as evidences of the manly spirit which is to fit their sons for the hunting-field. In this matter the heathen boys behave as Christians should do. We returned to the lecture-room and heard one of the senior classes examined in logic and political economy. All the examinations were impromptu, so that in many instances only one or two in the class could give the exact answer—they showed that in a syllogism the predicate is contained in the major proposition. Dr. Duff then asked them if this was the case what is the use of logic? and explained it to be a process of developing truth, which really is there, but which is hidden from the person to whom you speak—just as in chemistry, you affirm that the air is composed of two gases. Another says, "How can it be, I don't see that." The chemist analyses the atmosphere and shows it to him—so in logic. You say man is responsible, another denies it. How would you prove it. Man has freedom of action, conscience, intellect, &c. &c. This is granted, but these faculties would not have been given him by God except for some good purpose—wherefore man is responsible to God for the use he makes of them; this was elicited from the pupils by questions.

In Political Economy they showed the use of division of labour, of merchants, of the learned and theoretical members of a community. I asked (through Dr. Duff) what was the use of those persons who lived on their own resource without working; they answered, "None at all," and one added, "unless they spend their money in doing good." It never

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struck me so forcibly before, how utterly useless is the state of those "who live at home at ease," unless they fill the office God has especially allotted to them of caring for the poor.

Here we were interrupted by a crowd of white-robed students, bringing in a model steam-engine. Bona Máli De, one of the teachers, brother-in-law to Isha Chandra De, explained it most clearly. He told us he was of the Weaver caste. We saw the room where evening service is held every Sabbath in English, many of the pupils attend, and also some from the Hindù Government College. In fact, they are better instructed in Christianity than half the young men at home. But Satan and the evil heart of unbelief keep them from renouncing all things for Christ's sake; yet they believe Christianity with the intellect, will argue for it, and will prove it. The very worst, those who most entirely go back to Hindu habits on leaving the institution, yet better than uneducated Hindus, and desire education continue for their children. Many instruct their young daughters and wives. About three-fourths of these lads are married. The daily attendance is nearly 1000. More than 1280 are on the books, and even during the Hindu holidays, when every other educational institution is closed, and all the public offices shut, the average daily attendance has been upwards of 600. On the greatest day of the Durga Pujá in 1844, 125 were present. I look on these two last facts as the most remarkable of any. It shows what a shake Hinduism has received. Pray that the Lord will send down the dew of His Spirit on this institution and this land, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of His Holy Name!

The next morning we received our home letters, and in the afternoon came the lovely little watch. Just after breakfast to our great joy Jacob, our most faithful and invaluable Christian servant, rejoined us, having arrived by the steamer, and with him a Jew from Madras, named Abraham Joseph, a native of Damascus, who was converted through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Lugard, an English chaplain, in 1845. A cousin of his, named Jacob, professed Christianity at the same time; they were both baptized, and, after some delay, forwarded to Jerusalem. When they arrived the bishop had just died, and the rabbis were using every means to oppose Christianity. Mrs. Wylie took us to see the school for Jewish and Armenian girls under the care of Mrs. Ewart, the wife of one of our missionaries. Mrs. Ewart had been longing and praying to be made useful to the native women, when an excellent Armenian Protestant Missionary, Mr. Aratoon, came and asked her to open a school for his countrywomen. She agreed on condition of his finding a place. He took a very nice room in a native house; she went there but no pupils came. For three days she and the aged missionary met and united in prayer; on the fourth two little girls appeared, and she has now about seventy, not quite half of whom are Jewesses.

Mrs. Ewart seems far from strong. The elder class read very nicely a chapter in the New Testament, with a perfectly pure English accent. They learn geography, write, and work very neatly, and have a good acquaintance with the main doctrines of Scripture. The progress they have made during the short time the school has existed is quite wonderful. The Jewish parents make no objection to their daughters reading the New Testament. My husband spoke to them on disobedience to the law of God constituting the very essence of sin, and on the willingness of Christ "the Messiah"—"the true God"—to save all who come to him; but they are very shy, and it is difficult to get them to answer. They are taught entirely in English.

One or two of the Armenian girls are lovely, with beautifully chiselled

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features, and a clear brunette complexion, so fine and delicate that no fair one could be prettier. They look much older than they are; those of eleven look like fifteen. Most of the Jewesses were very plain, with very coarse features, and some with a moustache; many of them gaudily dressed with silver lace on their robes, and beads round their necks.

The Armenians, who intermarry frequently with the Portuguese, who are as dark, if not darker than the Hindus, dress like Europeans, only with a profusion of flowers and trimmings. The Jewesses wear a tight-fitting robe, fastened beneath the bosom; and one little girl had a train to hers.

Mrs. Ewart gave me a sampler "to send to my sister." It is worked by a very good little Jewess, named Jamilah Musa Bakahia, about ten or eleven years old. Her parents wished to take her away to marry her, and had even bespoken her wedding garment; but she is so fond of the school, that she prevailed on them to allow her to stay another year.

The pupils sang a hymn, and we then went to the lower room, where there is a class of about forty infants; such a variegated bank of babes would astonish any English teacher, for the little bodies were arrayed in all the colours of the rainbow. One small thing of two years old had a turban, and several had patches of opium to the size of sixpence, on the forehead and temples, as a cure for colds. Two half-cast teachers assist Mrs. Ewart, both of them very pleasing. The little children answered many questions, similar to those in "Watts's First Catechism," extremely well, and then sang the "Infant School Hymn," which, doubtless, you know—"We wash our faces, we comb our hair." I never saw a prettier sight.

When we thanked Mrs. Ewart for her kindness, she expressed herself in the most grateful terms for our visit. She said it was such an encouragement to her, for hardly any one visits or knows anything about this most interesting school, although it is one with great prospects of usefulness, and, at the same time, with many discouraging circumstances attached to it. The girls do not stay long at the school, on account of their early marriages; and the influence they are under at home is often quite contrary to that which is exercised over them during the hours of instruction. But still we are sure that the good seed will bring forth fruit; and that the word of the Lord will not return unto Him void, but *shall* prosper in that whereto He sends it.

Thursday, December 17th, 1846.—According to appointment, we drove to Dr. Duff's house this morning, and he accompanied us to the Female Orphan School in connexion with the Free Church. Miss Laing has just moved into a new house, with a nice garden, and accommodation for one hundred pupils. As yet she has only thirty, besides one day scholar (a country-born girl), and a little Bengali child of three years old, who comes of her own free will. Most of the orphans are of Portuguese origin: they are all dressed according to the custom of their respective nations. Miss Laing is a very lady-like, attractive person, the daughter of a captain in the army, and has devoted herself to this good work from love to Him who said "Feed my lambs." The children were all assembled in three classes, in a spacious apartment on the ground-floor, open on two sides to the outer air. Their copy-books were laid out for inspection, and, like those at the Jewish school, were remarkable for their neatness; there were no blots, no letters left out, no carelessness, like *some* copy-books at home. The first thing that attracted our attention was the youngest class, under the charge of Mahendra's widow Rose, the sweetest-looking young Bengali I have seen. Her face is quite lovely, not only from feature, but from the sweet, modest, pathetic expression. She was

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dressed, like all her countrywomen, in a white sort of sheet wrapped round her head and figure. Her little girl, a beautiful child of about two years old, clung to her. You will understand the interest with which we looked on Mahendra's wife and child. I took her hand; but, like all the native women, she is too shy to speak before strangers. She was brought up at Mrs. Wilson's school, and is the bosom friend of her fellow-pupil Anna, whom Koilas married. They were wedded on the same day, and became widows within six weeks of each other. Rose is well educated, her husband having taken great pains to instruct her; she is very useful in the school; they have every reason to believe her a converted person. Dr. Duff pointed out one little girl in the class whose parents were slain by dacoits (robbers), and who was found on the road, where the jackals had already begun to eat her. She looked up in my face with such a pretty smile, and such beautiful, merry, black eyes, it was impossible not to pet her. The eldest class then read the 2nd of John. Dr. Duff questioned them upon it, and cross-questioned them most strictly. They answered perfectly. He examined them on many different parts of Scripture, with all of which they were well acquainted. He explained to them the nature of the union between the Lord Jesus and His people, and illustrated it by the fate of a branch broken off from a tree. He said, "What would become of a branch broken off? What is that like?" When they fully understood this illustration, he asked for some text wherein our Lord was spoken of as a vine. They immediately quoted, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." He then illustrated it by the dependence of an infant on its mother for food and support; and questioned them again on what he had said; asked them what our Lord said of children coming to him. They quoted, "Suffer little children," and "He took them up and blessed them." Dr. Duff then examined them on geography, in which they answered very satisfactorily.

Miss Laing showed us the house; it is very clean and simple; everything is done by the girls, who learn to wash, cook, and all kinds of household work. They have no communication with any native servants; and only one bearer is kept to clean the walls and the lights. The children are brought up exactly like natives, and sleep on bare wooden bedsteads, with no mattress or pillow. The very little ones have a small pillow; in the cold season each has a blanket, and in the hot weather a sheet, to wrap herself in; they live on curry and rice twice a day. The only thing that can be done for them, as they grow up, is to marry them to Christians, as it is impossible to send them to service in *any* family, on account of the heathen servants they would be obliged to mingle with. Some have been baptized in infancy; of course, none of the others are until they give evidence of conversion. One girl has been lately received into the Church of Christ—I had remarked her extreme interest when Dr. Duff was speaking.

Miss Laing conducts morning and evening worship daily, and one of the missionaries preaches to them on the Sabbath; they are taught Bengali and English simultaneously, as at the College. Miss Laing told me that the average expense of each child, exclusive of house-rent (which is very high in Calcutta) and of the teachers' salaries, is three rupees, or six shillings a month! How many could subscribe this sum, and thus rescue an orphan from wild beasts, or from men who are even worse! A little girl died about a fortnight ago with all the confidence, joy, and faith of an experienced saint! She longed to depart, and be with Jesus, and spoke to all her companions with the greatest earnestness, exhorting them to flee to Christ for salvation.

On Tuesday, December 18th, we went to Dumdum. Dr. Clarke is in

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medical charge of the Amírs of Sind, several of whom are here. One of them (whom we afterwards saw driving about in an English undress uniform), Prince Muhammad Ali Khan, is very clever—speaks and reads English, and will even read the Bible. He broke his leg some time ago, a very bad compound fracture; and, in the course of attendance on him, Dr. Clarke expressed a hope that he sometimes prayed. "How can I pray?" said he; "my leg is broken." Dr. Clarke explained to him the nature of prayer, which he seemed fully to comprehend. He never joins the others in the Muhammadan forms; but this appears to be from disbelief in Islam, rather than from belief in anything else. The drive to Dumdum is very pretty; there are native huts almost the whole way, except where the fine villas and grounds of the rich Bábus of Calcutta intervene, with gardens and railings, apparently very much in the English style.

Saturday, December 19th.—C. and I took tea with Dr. and Mrs. Duff, to meet the four native Catechists;—one is a Brahmin, named Jagadishwar Bhattacharjya; another a Kúlín Brahman (which is the very highest caste), named Prásuná Kumár Chatterjia; Lal Behárí Dé (pronounced Day), of the Banker caste; Beharí Lal Sing, the Rajput, was ill, and could not come. They are all young men, remarkably quiet and gentlemanly in manner, with most intelligent countenances. It was on the 2nd November, 1841, that Jagadishwar first opened his heart to the Missionaries, and expressed his desire for baptism. This was the very day that the insurrection of Kabul broke out; and, strange to say, owing to a very remarkable conjunction of the planets which took place at that time, the conviction was universal among the natives that some great calamity was impending over the British Empire, so much so that business was almost suspended, and the people wandered about doing nothing. When they heard, therefore, that a Brahmin was about to be baptized, they looked upon this as the immediate beginning of the calamity, and on the following morning the Institution was besieged by thousands. Dr. Duff had to throw himself into the midst of the crowd to rescue Jagadishwar from the friends who were dragging him away. He said, "I looked as fierce as Captain Mackenzie was doing at that very time, and told them they should only have him by passing over my body." The lad was rescued, but the clamour continuing, Dr. Duff went to fetch the police. The mob suffered him to depart; and, to prove he was not carrying the young convert away with him, he ordered the carriage to be driven all round the court, that they might see that he was alone. When the police came, the immediate danger of the house being forced ceased; and the Missionaries being perfectly satisfied with the state of the young man's mind, from the long conversation they had had with him the previous night, came to the conclusion that it was advisable to baptize him immediately; this was accordingly done, in the hall of the Institution, in the presence of all the pupils.

Immediately the natives heard that he had cast away the Brahminical cord and received baptism, they looked upon it as "un fait accompli,"—an irrevocable act,—and quietly dispersed. He is a very handsome young man, with very small delicate hands, aquiline nose, and magnificent eyes, as they all have. The Kúlín Brahman has not such regular features; his nose is a little *retroussé*, but he has a very sweet expression, and a remarkably well-formed head. One of his prerogatives, as a Kúlín Brahman, was that of marrying as many wives as he chose; and many Kúlíns make a livelihood by going about the country to marry the daughters of any Brahman who will give a large sum for the honour of allying his family with the illustrious race of the Kúlín Brahmans; he then leaves the said wife in her father's house, and perhaps never sees

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her again. Fortunately Prasúná had only married one wife, and, following the Divine directions, he felt he had no right to cast her off, if she were willing to come to him. This he had reason to believe was the case, although since the day of his open confession of Christianity he had neither seen nor heard of her. He, however, kept up amicable intercourse with his sister, who lived some distance from Calcutta. At the time of a great festival, his two friends, Jagadishwar and Lal Behári Dé, advised him to go and pay a visit to his sister, in hopes of hearing something of his wife; he thought it of no use, but went. At first his sister was out—he spent the time in reading the Bible, and praying that, if it was God's will, a way for the recovery of his wife might be opened to him. He returned to his sister's house, and found his young wife there;—this was the first interview since his conversion. He found she was willing to go with him to the ends of the earth; so, directing her to return home, as if nothing had happened, he went to the river side and engaged a boat. She met him in the evening; they entered the boat, and arrived safely in Calcutta. He then began to teach her, and she proved a most docile and intelligent scholar. She was soon baptized, and they have now an infant, whom Dr. Duff had the pleasure of baptizing a few weeks ago. I asked Prasúná if his wife was very young; he said, "*Not* very—about sixteen or seventeen." It is looked upon as a calamity, in a Hindoo family, if a woman receives any kind of instruction; notwithstanding this, some of the educated Hindoos have begun to teach their wives. Dr. Duff said it had often been a matter of serious consideration among the Missionaries, what should be done in case of the conversion of one who had already married several wives, because, all these marriages being legal, how could they be broken? One thing is clear, that such a person could not be admitted into any office of the Christian ministry, as both a Bishop and Deacon is required to be "the husband of *one* wife."

The story of the absent Catechist, Behári Sing, was very interesting. About twenty years ago, an old Rajpút, the highest caste next to the Brahmans, came down to Calcutta. He had two sons, whom he subsequently placed in the Scotch College, where they both became convinced of the truth of Christianity, without being brought to feel their personal need of it. When the elder one, Behári Sing, was asked by Dr. Duff why he did not become a Christian, he answered, "I believe everything, but I feel nothing." They both left the Institution; the younger made his way up to Chunár, near Benares, where he fell in with Mr. Bowley, a Church of England Missionary, who, astonished with his acquaintance with Christianity, determined to water the good seed which Dr. Duff had planted. God gave the increase; the young man was baptized (I am sorry to say by the name of Timothy, instead of his own name), and then he began to urge his brother by letter to follow his example. Behári Sing was at this time a Government servant at Jubbulpore, under Mr. Macleod, a pious civilian, who had formerly maintained him at College; and whose exhortations, joined to those of his brother, were soon blessed by God. The first sign he gave of his sense of the value of the Gospel, was by sending eighty rupees—a whole month's salary—toward the support of the Institution. Soon after, he came down to Calcutta to receive baptism. On his road, he met, at a small station (where good Mrs. Wilson then resided), some English High Church gentlemen, who, on learning his intentions, plied him with arguments in favour of Apostolic Succession, Episcopacy, the efficacy of the Sacraments, and told him that such baptism as Dr. Duff could administer was no baptism at all. He listened patiently, and then solemnly asked: "To a soul trembling in the presence of a holy and just God, and longing for salvation, what is there

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in all you say to meet his case?" They had nothing to reply. After his baptism, he gave up his salary of eighty rupees monthly, and his prospects of advancement, for the pittance of eight rupees per month and the privilege of working in the Lord's vineyard; and to crown the whole, the stern old soldier—of whom Behári had said, "If I were to become a Christian, my father would cut off my head"—followed his sons' example, and also enlisted under the banners of the Captain of our salvation. Does not this call on us to bless and glorify God?

The audacious Tamásha Wallah (literally play-fellow) dressed himself up as an officer, with a white mask, and was (the ladies having departed) showing how a young Ensign treats his bearer. I immediately went to see, and never was more diverted. He did it admirably, and showed such a perception of European follies, as to prove an effectual warning to all present not in any way to commit themselves before these quiet, quick-witted natives. He had laid hold of one of Julia's bearers, and was making him walk backwards and forwards for his amusement, bestowing a kick every now and then to quicken his movements. He then sent him for a bottle of brandy, stamped and rampanged about, and finally began to dance, exactly like an awkward Englishman attempting a hornpipe. He forced his supposed servant to dance, and looked at him through an eye-glass. He then brought in one of his companions dressed as a lady, dragged her about by way of taking a walk, and then danced with her in imitation of a quadrille and waltz. I cannot understand any one venturing to waltz before a native, after seeing this apt caricature of the performance! It was very droll, and only too true.

I have since found that a Mullah, in controversy with Mr. Pfander of Agra, alleges the custom of "kissing and putting their arms round the waists of other men's grown-up daughters, sisters, and wives," as an argument against Christianity. The "kissing" appears to have been added by the imaginative Mullah, but I do not see how a waltz or polka could possibly be defended in the eyes of an Oriental. I hope Mr. Pfander explained to him that Christianity does *not* (as he alleges) sanction these practices, for it teaches us to "abstain from all appearance of evil."

The houses here are all within courtyards (called compounds) with gates. The Durwân, or gatekeeper, here is a Brahmin of very high caste; part of his business is to let no one carry anything out of the compound without a warrant of some kind that he is authorized to do so.

I drew a Bairághi, or Yoghì, *i.e.* a Hindu religious mendicant, who sat himself down in the Durwân's shed, so that I had an excellent view of him from one of the windows. He was a fine tall young man, with mild expression, his beard shaved, but his moustache and hair long; his left arm he carried bolt upright, never to come down again; I believe they devote the limb to some god. It was rather shrunk in size, and the nails came through the back of the hand; he was dressed in a tiger-skin, with a cap of the same. He had a staff, and a small linen bag slung over his right shoulder, I suppose for provisions. I saw him reading a book which one of the servants lent him.

Thursday 24th.—C. accompanied Mr. Cameron, General von Gagern, of the Dutch service, and his Aides-de-Camp, to the Medical College. It is a curious fact, that the first class of Students at the Medical College, *i. e.* those who go through a course of study sufficient to qualify them for Assistant-Surgeons, are almost exclusively Hindus; the second class, or those who, without learning anatomy, are qualified for hospital dressers, dispensers of medicine, &c., are almost exclusively Múhammadans, and the sons of Sepoys.

The character and prejudices of the Múhammadans are stronger than

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the Hindu, although the religion of the latter is much the most opposed to surgery. The Mussulmán holds the prejudices he has learnt from the Hindu much more strongly than he from whom he has acquired them. There are hardly two Mussulmáns at the Free Church College, and converts from among them are almost unknown.

Monday, December 28th.—Being very anxious to see something of the Muharram (the Múhammadan festival in remembrance of Hasan and Hoseyn, the two sons of Ali), I borrowed J.'s chariot, and started about three o'clock alone, taking Jacob on the box to interpret for me. I took my sketch-book with me, and we had not gone far before we fell in with divers nondescript-looking camels of wood with human faces and turbans, their bodies painted orange; they represent the camels on which Hoseyn fled—but it was only by the force of genius and erudition united that I found out they were meant for camels at all. Dr. W. took them for ostriches! By-the-bye, the Persians call the ostrich "shutr-murgh or camel-fowl." There were also divers little towers about eight feet high, very prettily adorned and painted, in each of which a silver hand is placed. It represents the hand of Hasan, which was cut off when he was slain. I stopped to draw one of these, and then a camel stopped to be drawn—I will send you these "pleasing images." A few annas made the bearer of the said monster quite happy—in fact, the natives seem to take special delight in being drawn, and as soon as they perceive that you are sketching, keep quite still till you have done.

We drove slowly through the Bazár, which is nothing more nor less than streets full of shops, Bazár meaning simply market or High-street. These streets are extremely picturesque, the houses being generally of one story, very low, with far-projecting pent-house sheds along the whole front which is open to the street. I never saw so populous a neighbourhood as this—every little shop has half a dozen persons in it. I drew two shops—in front of one was a boy winding thread by holding the skein over his knees.

I stopped to see numerous towers, and also to buy sweetmeats in the Bazár; they sell them in little cups made of leaves; the natives generally eat off plantain leaves, as they are thus secure from the danger of eating off a plate which has been used by a man of lower caste. I was very much amused with my expedition, and the servants seemed delighted to have a lady who was so curious, for they looked at each particular tower with as much interest as if they had never seen one before, and came to tell me the expense of each. One cost eight, another twelve rupees, and the groups of white robed Múhammadans anxiously watching the completion of the towers, were very picturesque.

Tuesday, December 29th.—Crowds of people surrounded the tank opposite our house the whole morning, throwing the figures of camels into it, this being the last day of the Muharram.

New Year's Day, 1847.—Breakfasted early, and drove to Union Chapel, (taking Jacob with us), where every New Year's-day there is a truly catholic Communion, in which all the Missionaries, of every denomination (except the Church of England), and any other Christians who wish to do so, join in celebrating their Redeemer's Feast. Mr. MacDonald, of the Free Church, was just finishing the prayer; Mr. Lacroix, a Swiss Presbyterian, of the London Missionary Society, then preached a very animated, simple, but most touching sermon, on "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." He spoke of the certainty of God's promises, the sureness of salvation contrasted with the transitoriness of all things earthly, and ended by saying, "A few more years may see a congregation met within these walls for the same purpose that

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we are; but another minister will occupy the pulpit, and of all now present every one will have passed away to the Judgment Seat of God,"—and then prayed that it might be only to enter into the inner Sanctuary, to dwell with the Lamb for ever and ever. A young minister of the Scotch Establishment, Mr. Henderson, prayed with great fervour, so did a venerable American Baptist Missionary; Mr. Boaz, the minister of the Chapel (an Independent), made a most touching address before the delivery of the bread, and another before that of the wine, on "This do in remembrance of me." The first was on remembering what Christ has done for us; the second, on remembering what we are bound to do for him. Mr. Ewart, of the Free Kirk, was one of those who distributed the Elements. We all sat still in our places, and the bread, cut in little pieces, was handed round. After the service, we sang the hymn, "Once again before we part." Mr. Boaz afterwards shook hands with both of us, and gave us back the communion cards to keep in remembrance of the day. I cannot tell you how affecting a service it was.

We drove to the Wylies—a most fit house to visit after such a service. We found Mr. Hawkins, the excellent Christian Judge, there, and also a young man belonging to the Exchange (a kind of large shop), who was treated with as much kindness and respect as the man in high office beside him. This is one feature which distinguishes the Christians in Calcutta, that their houses and society are open to all who appear to be truly Christian people, although their station in life may be a humble one. Mrs. Wylie told me that Mr. Lacroix has been here for the last twenty years, and is the most acceptable missionary of any to the natives. Not long since he went to Europe for two or three years, and was very useful in stirring up an interest in missions in England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland. He brought several young men from Geneva with him, one of whom has married his eldest daughter. They are settled at a village near Alipúr, where the young missionary's wife is most useful. She has a school under her care for native girls, and speaking Bengali like a native gives her great opportunities of doing good. They say it is beautiful to hear her pray with her pupils.

One of the young converts I met at the Wylies' (a Brahman), owed his conversion to the death of a fellow-scholar, who was brought out to the Ghát (as the custom is) to breathe his last. He called his companions to him, and said, "Do not do as I have done: I have believed in Christ, but have been ashamed to confess Him before men." This dying admonition was blessed to the young hearer: and may we not hope that the dying confession of the weak believer was a sign that he too was one of the fold of Christ?

Saturday, January 2nd, 1847.—The houses in Calcutta are remarkably fine, with flat roofs. Almost every bed-room has a bath-room attached, which is paved, and rows of chattis (earthen pitchers), full of water, are placed there for pouring over oneself. The natives seem to be incessantly bathing. Little conduits run along most of the large streets, and there they are pouring water over themselves from morning till night; but they do it very decently, never wholly unclothed. None but women of low caste are ever seen in the streets: some of them wear rings in their noses. The native hackney coaches are very droll. There is generally a servant gravely seated, cross-legged on the top. The bearers, who are all Hindus, and who, in a family, perform most of the functions of housemaids, such as making the beds, dusting the furniture, &c., generally wear their hair long, and turned up *à la Chinoise*, with a knot behind. The common bearers have their heads bare; but those in service wear a white turban with their queer little knot projecting beneath it. I believe bearers are

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employed in ladies' apartments and bedrooms only in Calcutta: I have never heard of its being done elsewhere. All over India many ladies are guilty of great carelessness in dress, to call it by no worse name, appearing before their servants and strangers in flannel dressing-gowns, and even less decorous garments. But nowhere are these evil practices carried to such a disgraceful extent as in Calcutta. There, ladies will give audience to half-a-dozen men-servants in their sleeping apartments, the moment they have risen. And I have even known an instance of a young and handsome woman dressing and undressing in the presence of the tailors, with as little scruple as if they had been old women.

Sunday, January 3rd.—Went to Miss Laing's, as I was anxious to spend the rest of the day with her. We dined at three o'clock, and the two youngest children with us. The orphans cook, as well as do everything else for themselves; and the few servants Miss Laing is obliged to have for herself are wholly separated from them. She told me the children were remarkably docile, punishment rarely necessary; the three little Jewesses giving more trouble than all the rest put together—wilfulness, perversity, and obstinacy being prominent characteristics in them, though in many ways they are very attractive children. She says the greatest difficulty with the native children is from their habits of deceit. I asked her about the kind of education she intended to give them. She said, as high a one as they are capable of. She teaches them everything they are able to learn, and hopes that some of them will turn out clever and highly educated women. Mr. Ewart came about four o'clock, and delivered an exposition on a chapter in Acts. This he or one of the other Missionaries does every Sabbath, as the girls have no other means of hearing preaching, it being impossible for them to walk through the streets to church.

Dr. Duff offered to take me with his daughter to Baranagar, where an examination of the Branch School was to be held. On our way he showed us the new Mission House, and buildings for converts, now just on the point of occupation, and pointed out the Old Institution, which was full of scholars, his former house, and the trees which he himself had planted. We also passed the Leper Asylum, where these unfortunate people have a maintenance on condition of not going out of the compound; and the Mahratta ditch, made to defend Calcutta from those dreaded invaders. We had a very pretty drive; Baranagar itself is a sequestered rural spot, like an illustration in "Paul and Virginia."

Mr. Smith, the missionary, lives in a very pretty one-storied native house, with a tank before it, and the school is a thatched bamboo Bangalow, close by. There are about 200 pupils. Mahendra once taught there. They have at present an excellent half-caste Christian master, and a very clever Hindu teacher, brought up at the Assembly's Institution. Mrs. Hutton, the wife of the good English chaplain at Dumdum, was the only other lady present; but Dr. Clark of Dumdum, Mr. Ewart, and Mr. McKail were there, and all examined the boys. They answered extremely well in mental arithmetic, geography, Roman and English history, geometry, and Scripture history, &c. The eldest class read and explained a long passage, taken at random, from "Paradise Lost," book second, describing Satan's flight. Dr. Duff asked what was meant by Satan putting on his wings. One answered, "he put them into practice" (meaning use). This was the only mistake that I remember. On English history, Mr. Ewart asked about the civil wars, and then inquired which was best, war or peace?—they all answered "peace," with great zeal. Mr. Ewart observed, "there might be some just wars, adding, suppose an enemy were to burst into this country, plundering and destroying everything, would you not fight?" "No, no," said they. Mr. Ewart, who is a

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very fine powerful man, and gives one the idea of being full of manly determination and courage, was so astonished that he paused for a moment, and then said, "But would you not fight for your *homes*—your own families?" "No," said they, "the Bengalis would not fight—they are all cowards." I am not *quite* sure if he asked whether they themselves would not fight, or if their countrymen would not do so; but the answer was as above; and Mr. Ewart remained dumb and amazed. This made me think that patriotism seldom if ever exists in those (unless they are true Christians) who are much in advance of their countrymen, because they despise their own people, instead of taking a pride in belonging to them: this idea would alloy patriotism in general with a huge portion of vanity and self-exaltation. We are patriotic, generally, because we think our own nation the best of all nations, and ourselves honoured by belonging to it; but, if we perceive it to be inferior, we gladly cut the tie which binds us to it, unless grace fills the heart with such patriotism as that of Paul.

After the examination Dr. Duff asked me to distribute the prizes (which consisted chiefly of books used in the classes). He said it would put a new idea into the boys' heads, to receive them from the hands of a lady. I accordingly took my seat at the head of the table, and delivered the book to each scholar as he was brought to me. Most of the elder boys made a graceful bow of acknowledgment, but many of the others had to be called back, and vigorously reminded to make salam; and then some made it to Mr. Smith, and not to me. The costume was much more varied and picturesque than at the Parent Institution: some of the lads had shawls, chains, and other fineries, but none of those painted marks on the forehead which are often called "marks of caste," but which are, in reality, marks of the idol whose votary the wearer is.

We then went to see the lower class writing; each boy sits on his own little mat, with a reed in his hand, and the leaf on which he writes lying on his left palm. After resting a little at Mr. Smith's house, we drove home. The Kulín Brahmans of Bengal are divided into the five following families:—Banerjí, Chatterjí, Mukají, Gangulí, and Gosal: one of the senior pupils at Baranagar, with whose appearance I was much struck (a Gangulí), has since been baptised. One of the things which impressed me most at the examination at Baranagar, was the perfect knowledge displayed by the scholars of all the doctrines on which they were questioned, especially the cardinal point of justification, which they explained in the clearest manner. They expressed their belief in all they said, and spoke decidedly against idolatry; but all this is, with most of them, only the religion of the head: it sets before one in a strong light the difference between intellectual conviction and heart conversion, the work of men and the work of the Spirit. How many hearers of the Gospel, how many children of religious families, are in the same condition as these poor boys, with a perfect form of godliness without the power thereof. These Hindus would doubtless profess the Gospel, and attend regularly on the means of grace, if there were nothing to be lost by so doing. At home, where there is so much less difficulty in confessing Christ before men, there is far greater danger of men deceiving themselves, by fancying they are Christians when they are not.

Dr. Duff gave me a most interesting account of good Dr. Carey's death.

A letter arrived the other day from Akbar Khan, tenderly reproaching my husband for not having given him news of his health; he must have heard of our arrival instantly and written at once.

The substance of the letter from Akbar Khan to Captain Mackenzie is as follows. The compliments, which are very elaborate, are omitted, it being scarcely possible to translate them:—

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"MOST AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

"Up to the month of Shuwall, through God's mercy, the kingdom of Kábúl was in such a state as to be thankful to God.

"I assure you that my future conduct will never be such as to create an impression on your mind against our friendship and alliance. In every respect you may keep your mind comfortable, for nothing will be wanting on my part to please you.

"As I am always anxious to hear from you, it is of course a matter of regret that, notwithstanding the existing friendship between us, I may not be informed of the circumstances and good news of my friends, nor I be asked to declare my own; this being a failure on your part, strikes me in mind now and then.

"I feel, however, much pleasure and comfort in learning verbally the welfare of my friends, through Moortuza Shah, who was lately here, as messenger from the Governor-General's agent. With a view to perpetuate mutual friendship and alliance, I have penned this note of affection, and hope that, relying upon my friendship, you will always do the same."

As the last injunction he gave, on sending the hostages and captives to Bamián, was to cut the throats of all who could not march; and as he knew full well that my husband was, from extreme illness, incapable of walking a hundred yards, you may judge how far this loving epistle accords with such a parting benediction. His intention in writing was to endeavour, through the medium of my husband, to establish a good understanding with the British Government.

CHAPTER III.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1847.—After leaving Calcutta, the drive to Barrackpúr was very pleasant, a long fine road bordered by magnificent trees. The first thing I remarked was a blacksmith shoeing a horse, sitting with the hoof in his lap. On one side we saw an elephant feeding before a cottage, and on the other two men passed mounted on a camel; so that we already began to meet with Orientalisms. On arriving at Gyretty Ghát, we crossed the river, the coachman accompanying us, and looking very picturesque in his scarlet dress and queer little forked beard, which he washed, divided in the middle, and then turned up like a pair of moustaches. We were a long time in packing the palkí and palkígárí; and had brought so many things that we were obliged to give away divers pillows, &c., which crowded us. The palkí is like a long box or a portable berth for a steamer, cushions at one end for one's head, a little shelf and drawers above one's feet, and a net above that for oranges, &c.,—two bearers at each end of it supporting it on their shoulders. When the sun was hot, we unrolled a white cover which projected about a foot on each side of the roof, and kept off much of the glare. There are sliding doors by which you can completely close the palkí; a reading-lamp at the back of one's head, pockets, musquito-curtains, and everything to make one comfortable. The carriage is much the same, only larger, and on four wheels, which are all of the same height. Inside it is like a *vis-à-vis*, with a spare cushion which fits between the two seats and turns it into a bed; and, as it is on good carriage-springs, the motion is much easier than that of the palkí. Miss M. had eleven men, *i.e.*, bearers, who relieve each other; two men carrying pitáráhs, and one torchman. We had fifteen men; ten to push and drag the carriage, four to carry pitáráhs, and one torch-bearer. The latter fed his torch every now and then with oil which he poured out of a bamboo, shaped like a quill toothpick.

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The bearers wear very little clothing, only a piece of cloth skilfully wrapped round their bodies, and a sheet which serves for cloak by night and turban by day.

While waiting, an old man came out of a cottage opposite, to pick something in his garden, by lamplight. His figure, with the flickering light on it, and the group near him preparing their evening meal, as usual, outside the little dwelling, which was shaded by fine old trees, formed a perfect night piece; and no less scenic was the figure of the masálchi (torch-bearer), running along in his white drapery, or illuminating a whole group by the vivid blaze of his torch when we stopped to change bearers.

Each station is called a chouki, literally "seat." Does not this indicate the difference between the active European, who stands at his post, and the oriental who sits at it? By-the-bye, I was much struck by the Sepahis at Barrackpúr; they are very fine men, and make most graceful salutes. They only wear uniforms when on duty. The lines where they live are rows of mud huts. The population near Calcutta is very dense. The scenery was for a long time pretty, and English-looking, being flat and well wooded. We passed numbers of noble banians, the most magnificent of all trees. We had a lovely night, and slept well. Whenever we woke there was something to see or hear; sometimes a jackal prowling near, sometimes the merry chatter of the bearers, and sometimes the wild, but not unmusical, shout in chorus, by which they give notice of their arrival at the chouki. Each man gets about eight pie (that is a penny) a mile, and generally sixpence to a whole set for each stage, which is about eight or ten miles, as bakshish; but C. gives them double.

To lay a dàk, you apply to the postmaster so many days before, and he makes arrangements with the post-offices up the country. You pay the whole sum at once into his hands, and find the bearers waiting for you; and of course have to pay if you detain them beyond a certain time. We started about half-past five P.M.: the night was most lovely. At Memári was the first bungálow we had seen. All the dàk bungálows are facsimiles of each other. They are one-storied buildings with verandahs, with two sets of apartments, each containing one large room, with one or two cane bedsteads, a smaller room, and a bath-room with earthen pitchers full of water, of which we availed ourselves largely. At Memári we took some milk and chapátis (large thin cakes of flour and water, like bannocks), and proceeded to Bardwàn, where we stopped for dinner. Each traveller or party pays one rupee for the use of the bungálow for any period not exceeding twenty-four hours. A butler, bearer, and sweeper are attached to each. The curry seemed to us the best we had eaten. The roads are made of broken bricks; and, further on, of konkar, a natural composition of clay and sand.

Early on Friday, January 8th, we saw five Afgháns on camels, whom C. saluted in Púshtú, the most harsh and guttural language you ever heard. It sounds to me like Welsh. We came to a small wood, where a herd of buffaloes were feeding, and bought some of their milk, which, with plum cake, made an excellent breakfast; the beautiful snow-white paddy-birds, attending as usual on the buffaloes, looked like good spirits watching evil genii. Our road lay for some distance through a jungle; we crossed two chain bridges, one of them spanning a river, which at this season is, as L. might say, made up of islands. The country then became very barren, with only one or two trees here and there. We saw many two-wheeled carts of most primitive construction, drawn by oxen, and some of the curious native carriages, like a rude throne and canopy, on two wheels. In one of them this morning was a Múhammadan woman, veiled; her lord and master, who was sitting at the edge of the vehicle,

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gave her a jealous poke with his elbow as an admonition to wrap herself up more closely, as we approached. He must have looked with horror at me walking along, like an Irishwoman, in my night-cap! The dress of the bearers seems to diminish, and certainly one's ideas of necessary clothing are becoming wofully contracted.

The bungálows and servants are all beautifully clean, and we get very good curry, milk, eggs, and chapátis, so that the hardships of a traveller in Italy or Switzerland are much greater than in India; they generally charge one rupee for our meal. We carry tea and sugar, biscuits, jam, cold meat, and a little bread with us. We left at half-past five, and had to cross a nallah nearly dry at this season, the road very bad, and the country very barren; the women carry heavy loads, and seem to work very hard in the field.

The next morning, January 9th, saw some beautiful hills (the Dacoity Hills) on the right, and the still finer Rajmahal range beyond. The people are a finer race than the Bengalis. We entered the great Parwati jungle, about twenty-four miles in length, which abounds in tigers, who have destroyed several persons within the last year, but the jungle has now been cleared to some distance on each side of the road, so that it is not so dangerous as it was, at least by day. We asked if the gentlemen near did not go into the jungle to shoot the tigers? They said, "No; the forest was under the protection of the Goddess Parwattí, and she had as yet given no 'hukm' (*i.e.* order) that the tigers should be destroyed." Col. Sleeman relates that the Hindus believe that when a tiger has once killed a man he becomes much more dangerous, for the spirit of his victim sits on his head, and guides him to his prey.

In one of the villages we saw a suniasi, or religious mendicant, with scanty garments, shaggy locks and beard, gravely blessing the people. The pictures of St. Paul, the Hermit, and St. Antony, are perfect suniasis. We passed some more Afghâns of the Lowání tribe, taking their frugal meal under a tree; they are all going to Calcutta to fetch merchandize, their camels having no burdens at present, save a little fruit, such as pistacho nuts. The Afghâns are square and strong, with bushy beards, some brown or reddish, but mostly black, and ruddy complexions, or what appear such by the side of the natives. Some spoke Hindustani, but most Persian; one square-built Ghiljye stood stock still, with a most wondering stare, on perceiving me. When C., who was walking, came up, he offered him some plum cake, which he happened to be carrying in a sandwich-box. The Ghiljye modestly intended taking a little piece, but C. put a huge slice into his hand; he broke a mouthful, tasted it very slowly, and then cried, with a kind of pleased astonishment, "It is *very* good!" and hastened after his companions to share it with them: they had been six months on their way from Kabúl. About the middle of the day we reached the camp of H.M.'s 98th, at the foot of the Rajmáhál Hills. The white tents, the groups of natives with bullocks, a woman bringing hay on her head, the European soldiers generally within their tents, all formed a pretty picture. The road was very bad, and our progress so slow that it was fortunate the beauty of the scenery, especially the fine and varied forms of the wooded hills, prevented it from being tedious. We saw a group of travellers bathing, and some lovely red lilies in the water.

I forgot to mention that on Thursday morning we saw some huge apes among the crops; these creatures are held sacred, and no one molests them. A whole crowd of young boys rushed out from a little village to help us over a nallah, and so bad was the road, that between Top Chakki to Dumrí, we were five hours in going seven miles. C. questioned a

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trooper appointed to guard the road, as the Kóles, an aboriginal tribe who inhabit all the neighbouring hills, are notorious marauders. He said they still committed occasional robberies, "but no murders, since by the favourable destiny of the Sáhib Lóg (lordly people) some of them had been hanged!"

The view of the hills at dawn this morning was lovely, and the scenery continued beautiful the whole day. C. overheard some Palkís behind us, and asked our bearers if there were not two of them. They answered with the most subservient phraseology—"If it be your Lordship's pleasure,"—which he translated, "Your Excellency's *whim*," which is indeed the meaning of it—"there shall be two palkís, or three, or even *four*." It is difficult to get a decided answer on any subject, for every native is accustomed to answer according to what he supposes to be the whim of his superior. For instance, a fine young traveller whom C. invited to join us, and who gladly did so as a protection against tigers, was walking on as cheerily as possible on Monday morning, after having marched about thirty-two miles, with his sword slung by a handkerchief over his left shoulder, and a little red bag held daintily between his finger and thumb. He is the confidential servant of a neighbouring Raja, who gives him five rupees a month, and was going to visit his family, about two miles off the high road. He told us all his family were alive, and the bag contained a great number of bracelets of various colours, which are only to be had at the place he was coming from, and which he was taking to his female relatives. C. asked him if he was tired,—he said, "Not a bit." C. remarked that he was a strong young fellow. He looked much gratified, and answered, "By your Lordship's permission, I *am* a strong young fellow." He willingly accepted some tracts; so did a poor Brahmán, whom we saw yesterday morning on his way to Jagarnáth—he was sick, so we gave him a homœopathic dose, which he gladly took.

Just as we came to Shergotti, a poor Máli or gardener brought us a nazzar of fruit. A nazzar is a present of fruit from an inferior to a superior, which is accepted by touching it, and then repaid by a present in money.

On reaching the Bungálow, I was astonished to see my husband shaking hands with two very portly men in white, whom I took for Jews. They were some of the Amírs of Sind; and Dr. Colman, who is in medical charge of them, vacated his apartments for us, and pressed us to eat his breakfast. Not satisfied with this, he sent his servants, tea equipage, and provisions for our use, so that an excellent repast was prepared for us, as if by magic; and I remarked that the very pat of butter which was placed ready for his breakfast when we entered, was sent back untouched for ours. The Amírs sent me a present of oranges, and said they were coming to pay me a visit after breakfast. We, therefore, dressed and breakfasted, during which a small fish-bone stuck in my throat; whereupon the grave old Khemsáman said affectionately to C.—"If the child (bábá) will eat some dry rice, the bone will go down;" so I swallowed the dry rice and the affront to my dignity, as a "mem sáhib" together.

C. wished me to find some little present for the Amirs. I produced a Scotch pebble necklace and brooch, and a pair of small amethyst earrings; we then arranged seats for the whole party, some on chairs and some on the bed, and the three Amírs entered. I shook hands with each, and begged Dr. C. to express our pleasure at seeing them, our great sympathy in their misfortunes, and our hope of better times for them. The highest in rank, Amír Muhammád Khán, of Tálpúr, is very handsome, with noble features and expression. They are all full of intelligence, and spend their time in writing and reading. They have very fine heads, but their figures

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are spoilt by extreme corpulence, which they cherish both as a beauty and as a mark of dignity, and will, therefore, never ride on horseback (except in hunting, of which they are very fond), from fear of becoming thin. They are not tall, but powerful men, and wear caps like tubes closed at the top, with thick wavy glossy hair, parted in the middle, and turned back over the ears. I asked them about their families, and found that Muhammad Khán was engaged, but not married. He was to have been married in about a fortnight, when the last battle took place. He is about twenty-six, and his brother twenty, although he looks like a man between forty and fifty. C. was so surprised at hearing his age, he could hardly forbear laughing.

I offered the necklace to Muhammad Khán for his intended bride, whom he expects to join him, the brooch to Shah Muhammad for his wife, and the earrings to the fat Yár Muhammad, as an encouragement to him to to marry. The idea seemed to divert him extremely. The chief Amír held out his hand to his kinsmen, to examine their presents, and then made me a speech, saying, that his gratitude was not transitory, but would last as long as his life, and quoted a Persian verse to this effect:—"I have made a covenant with my beloved friends, that our friendship shall last while the soul remains in the body,"—this was quite in the style of Canning's heroine—"A sudden thought strikes me, let us swear eternal friendship." So here I am, the sworn friend of a Sind Amír. I had a strong inclination to laugh, but it would have been *monstrous* to have done so; so I expressed the gratification I really felt at their reception of a small mark of kindness.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of their high-bred courteous manner. I asked them for their autographs, which they each gave me, and in return requested mine, which I wrote on three sheets of paper, and added one of those pretty little coloured wafers with our arms, the meaning of which Dr. C. expounded to them. They had had long conversations with my husband previously, and were pleased at hearing that he and Colonel Outram were friends. We showed them Akbar Khán's letter, which the chief Amír read in the melodious chanting way used by the Arabs and Persians, stopping every now and then with his eyes and mouth beaming with humour, at some outrageously barefaced expression of affection from such a personage. I have seldom seen a finer or more expressive face,—when quiet, it has a strong tinge of melancholy, but lights up with feeling and wit, so as almost to tell you what he is saying before the interpreter can repeat it.

When we departed, two of the Amírs came out to see us off. They were all dressed in close-fitting jackets of red, green, or black, with gold lace, a flowing "sark" with wide sleeves appearing beneath, and wide trousers.

Our road still lay through a deep sandy plain, and on Tuesday, January 12th, 1847, we passed the Són river: Són means gold, which is found in its sands. The said sands are three miles across. We took three pair of bullocks to our light carriage. I believe this immense bed is sometimes full in the rainy season: as it was, we were three hours in traversing it. We forded one stream of 150, and another of about 200 yards wide, and the refreshment of the breeze blowing over the clear waters is indescribable, after the heat and glare of the sand. Carts with oxen, men and women with children on their hips and shoulders, were fording it likewise. At last we came to the main stream, where the carriage was pushed into, or rather *on* to a boat, covered with a platform of bamboos and earth, in which we were ferried over. On a large island or isthmus was a numerous caravan of pilgrims from Benáres, the varied groups of

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persons in the gayest tints, the pilgrim's colour, yellow, predominating: the equally gaudy native palkís and carriages, with carts and oxen intermixed, formed a picture like one of Horace Vernet's in the desert. Some of the pilgrims were fording the river at a little distance, and many were waiting on the shore where we landed. Our bearers resolved themselves into the very cube roots of men while on board: it is impossible to conceive the way in which they contract themselves into the smallest possible space. Most of the pilgrims were armed, and we afterwards met many carrying the so-called holy water of the Ganges, in vases slung across their shoulders on each end of a bamboo, and adorned with little red flags. We were hot and very weary, for it was very late when we reached Deári Bungálow. The aloes between it and the river-side were as dusty as if they had been shut up in a lumber-room for the last twenty years.

Wednesday, January 13th.—This morning we stopped at Mohanniah for dinner, and wrote our journals. A native huntsman came in to sell some teal: his gun was a very long matchlock, spliced together with bands of grass. There were delightful green crops of wheat visible to-day, that refreshed our eyes: and it has become so much cooler, that we find it difficult to keep ourselves warm at night. We saw a flock of pretty long-tailed paroquets. About dawn we reached the Ganges, which we crossed in a wide boat like those on the Són, and arrived at Major C.'s house about seven o'clock. On our way we saw a man with his beard stained red with henna.

Thursday, January 14th.—The young Rajah of Vizigápátám called: he is about twenty, and very handsome (which he knows), with a peach-like bloom on his cheeks which any woman might envy; but he has a vacant expression, and will probably become very fat. He has lately lost his father, who had lived in Benáres for the last ten years, and the Government has requested the young Rajah to return to his dominions, and manage as much of his own affairs as they have left in his power. He has been very carefully brought up by an English tutor: speaks English perfectly. His mother, a very beautiful woman, lived at enmity with her husband, and even separated from him. The old Rajah caused his own death by starving himself for fifteen days to cure a boil. When the Rání found that her husband was dying, she came with a young cousin, a very handsome girl, to Major C. one morning at dawn, to entreat him to reconcile her to the Rajah, on account of the disgrace it would be to her should he die before this was done. He went with them in the same carriage (a thing unheard of), but the poor prince was insensible. The Rání has become a Bairágin or religious devotee;—the word expresses one who is without passions. She cannot leave the holy city, has laid aside all her jewels, and sees no one but her son and her female attendants. The young Rajah came to-day to get money to marry the said cousin, who is betrothed to a native prince. He wore a close-fitting shawl dress (chapkan—much like the Afghan garb), wide trousers of cloth of gold, and a peculiar cap of silver, like a Greek cap, worn only by his family. He drove away in a buggy! A Rajah in a buggy! He is a first-rate billiard player.

A very pleasing young German, Count von Goertz of Hesse Cassel, arrived this morning; and late in the evening, Count de Blacas and Count Nicolay, the two French Carlist gentlemen we met at Calcutta.

Friday, January 15th.—C. produced some gun cotton just as the Kurg Rajah arrived. He is a small man, with an aquiline nose, and was dressed in straw-coloured satin, with a small muslin turban on his head, and a magnificent necklace of emeralds and pearls: he greeted my

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husband with a degree of cordiality which rather surprised me, considering that their first acquaintance was at the taking of Kurg. As soon as he was seated, we proceeded with our experiments, and I exploded a little bit of cotton on the palm of his hand. He had kindly brought the jewels of the Ráni to show me, and he came with us into the drawing-room, where he dressed Marina's head with them in a style which made us suspect he was in the habit of dressing his wife, so artistic were his proceedings. There was a most queenly head ornament, consisting of a band of jewels, from which rose a diamond star, several other bands of gold and jewels depending over the back of the head, with strings and tassels of pearls and emeralds for mixing with the hair which hangs down the back; magnificent pearl earrings, and no less than four collars and necklaces, put on one over the other, a splendid zone of gold, set with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, and equally fine bracelets and armlets. His own state ornaments consisted of a double row of the finest pearls supporting a large emerald, which was the most valuable of all.

Saturday, January 16th, 1847.—We started soon after gun-fire (dawn), and drove to the city, where we mounted the elephants. Major C. and I were on one belonging to one of the Delhi royal family, with a silver howdah; but the pad worn into holes, a curious contrast. MM. de Blacas and de Nicolay were on a pad, a kind of saddle. The Kurg Rajah had a hunting howdah, in which, though it is contrary to etiquette for natives of rank to have any one with them on an elephant, he took Count Von Goertz, and my husband occupied the seat behind them; and, such was the Rajah's politeness, that he wanted to take that place himself. The elephant is made to kneel, and the rider mounts by a ladder; the huge creature then raises himself on his fore legs, and you are thrown backwards; he then raises his hind legs, and you are thrown forwards, as if you were riding on a huge wave of the sea. When once mounted, the motion is very easy, and the height placed us on a level with the first stories of the houses, so that I spied into the rooms, and curious little pigeon-holes most of them were.

We were attended by three Sawárs (horsemen) belonging to the Agency, and divers men on foot preceded us, clearing the way. One of them, in a very gaudy dress of blue and yellow, with a crimson turban, and sword in hand, in the service of one of the princes who lent us the elephants, was the most perfect specimen of a Behádering official I have yet seen. Behádering is an indispensable word to express the demeanour of many men and horses in this country. It means consequential, swaggering, and theatrical, with a great affectation of dignity; and implies that the man or horse in question is in gorgeous array and making a fuss. In its proper sense the word is a title, and is applied to any gallant soldier. Thus, Haider Ali is always spoken of in the Carnatic as Haider Bahádar. The sawárs (of whom I have since sketched one) were very picturesque, clothed in green and scarlet, with their long spears in hand. The streets are so narrow, that there was just room enough for one elephant to pass. I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the picturesqueness of our whole morning tour. The shops are mostly under arcades, with curiously carved pillars, painted, as are many of the houses, deep red. Some of these dwellings are very fine, with handsomely carved balconies; and, wedged in among the houses, are numerous small temples and shrines called Shewállahs, built and endowed by any one who has a devotion for a particular idol, as a Romanist would do for his patron saint. The elephants stopped, we descended, and, walking along a very narrow passage, we found ourselves in a small oblong hall, with vaulted roof, open at the top, supported by pillars on all sides, and approached by

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three or four steps. A curious shaped stone was in the centre, on which crowds were successively pouring water and throwing flowers and grains of rice:—this was the Temple and Altar of Máha Deo, the chief God of Benáres. Many fine young sepáhis, in their ordinary dress, but easily known by their carriage and height, were bringing their offering of grains of rice and drops of water. Some old Brahmans met us, and showed us everything with the greatest obsequiousness. They brought us wreaths of strongly-scented white and yellow flowers, which, however, I carefully avoided putting on my neck, thinking it might look like a homage to the Sháitán of the place. I therefore put it on my arm; but a Brahman soon came and took it away, lest one of the sacred oxen, who were marching about the temple, should snatch it, and poke me at the same time. On the right-hand side was a small dark apartment, containing a silver tank offered by some Rajah to this shrine. The devout prince filled it with rupees, gold mohars, and precious stones to an immense amount. It is under the protection of the Agency.

The name of this temple (which is the most venerated in Benáres) is Bisseshwar or Visseshwar. Crossing the little court, which was very splashy from the quantity of libations poured out, we ascended a very narrow staircase, up which no stout person could go, to what might be called the leads of the temple. Here were three quadrilateral domes close together, which are being gilded from money left by Ranjit Sing. Immense sums were sent with a portion of his ashes to various temples, and amongst others to this one. The temple is very small in comparison to European places of worship. On descending, we were led along a curious passage full of images and altars like the first (the whole having much the appearance of the entry to a museum of antiquities),—to a well in which, when the former temple was desecrated by the Múhammadans under Aurangzeb, the god took refuge. It is surrounded by a railing, and offerings of flowers, water, and rice are continually thrown down to propitiate the helpless divinity. The odour of sanctity of Hindu Mythology is not more agreeable to the olfactory nerves than that of the Romish begging fraternities—so we quickly left the spot. The Brahmans seem in no way different in dress from their countrymen, except that all of those in the temple had their heads and beards partially shaved. Most of them wore red mantles. The remains of the former temple were very fine. On its ruins Aurangzeb built a mosque, which we proceeded to visit; and, coming from the idol temple, I felt a relief, and even an emotion of sympathy with the simple building we entered, where, at least, there was nothing outward and visible to dishonour the Most High. The only thing which it contained was a raised place for the mulláh to preach from. We went up one of the minarets, a toilsome undertaking, for which we were rewarded by a magnificent view of the stately river, the flat-roofed picturesque city interspersed with trees, and immediately beneath us flocks of the sacred blue pigeon, which always haunts a mosque, while divers pretty long-tailed paroquets had perched themselves on the smaller pinnacles. This was the most thoroughly Eastern city I had yet beheld: after enjoying the view for some time we descended, and went to see a curious observatory built by a Rajah learned in astronomy, Jai Sing by name.

I was astonished to find we were admitted everywhere without the smallest difficulty. Mussulmans are not permitted to enter the Visseshwar Temple; but the Hindus acknowledge that our religion is very good and true *for us*, so they are as liberal as some members of parliament. This observatory has a representation of the planetary system, which would astonish Sir John Herschel. A huge block of stone in the centre of a circle represents the highest mountain in the world, the earth itself

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is supposed to rest upon an elephant, which again rests upon a tortoise according to some, upon a serpent according to others. I begged to know upon what the tortoise stood. The pandit, who was our guide, said, "Oh these are all mya (illusions). Everything is an illusion. Bramh is dreaming, and sees all these things in his dream. He sees you all coming here." C. squeezed the pandit's little finger, and asked if that was an illusion. He said yes. He pinched him harder; but, though he made a hideous grimace, at which the bystanders laughed, the imperturbable man still answered that it was all mya. C. then said, "If all is mya, how do you know that I am not the Brahman and you the Feringhi? Some of the Brahmans teach this doctrine, others that everything is an emanation from Brahm—gods, men, animals, and all are parts of him, and will be ultimately absorbed in his essence. How a part of Bramh (or, as they pronounce it, Brum) can do evil they do not explain. The Hindu system is more one of philosophy than of religion: it professes to account for everything. The learned are all atheists, pantheists, or idealists, while the poorer say, as many gods so many religions; and believe that a change of fashion in this matter occurs every now and then, when a new faith is revealed.

We descended an immense pyramidical flight of steps to the river. The top of this ghat was overhung with trees: and the groups of our numerous party were worth sketching as they stood on it. A fine boat, with two wooden horses at the bow, and many arm-chairs under an awning, awaited us. It belonged to the Rajah of Benáres. The rowers all sat on deck and pulled in a curious fashion. No panorama was ever more striking than that which now passed before our eyes. The curious buildings, elaborately carved temples, the ghat on which dead bodies are burnt, the numerous and many-coloured groups of bathers, and even a part of the road which was to have been supported on arches, but has sunk into the water from the effects of an earthquake, all added to the pictorial effect of the scene.

On landing we remounted our elephants, and the sun beginning to be felt, the indefatigable swordsman who rode behind me, and who had been running after me with an umbrella wherever I went, unfolded a superb chatta or parasol of velvet and gold, with a silver stick, which he held over my head. The shops were getting full.

We went to a house considered one of the finest in Benáres, but now rather dilapidated, the master of which conducted us over it. It was of three stories, built around a small court with a balcony overlooking the same at each story; the carving of the balcony and of the balustrades was beautiful. One side of the house, divided from the rest by the pardahh (or veil), is appropriated to the women. Here no men enter but the master of the house (whose private apartments are within it), his sons and brothers. The women fled at our approach, but a group of merry girls and children filled up the window of the latticed partition, which divided off their share of the roof, and gazed at us with much curiosity. In the hot weather the natives sleep much on the roofs. We saw the state room where visitors are received, and family ceremonies take place; it is divided across the middle by a row of columns: none of the rooms were high. We next went to a very shabby entrance in another house, up a narrow stair into a low room lit by a square opening in the roof like the apartments at Pompeii. This was the house of one of the richest manufacturers at Benáres. Half of the room was raised one step. Here we sat while bales of the most magnificent gold and silver stuffs, called kinkob, were unrolled before us. I do not suppose any European brocades equal them. They are used by the natives for trousers, but are almost

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too heavy for any articles of European dress, unless it were for court trains. Some of the muslins spotted with gold, and muslin shawls and scarfs with gold and silver borders for about thirty rupees were beautiful. MM. de Nicolay and de Blacas having selected those which they wished to have brought to the house, the merchant offered us spices in a little silver saucer, and attá of roses, into which we each dipped a finger. We then remounted our elephants and soon rejoined the carriages, in which we drove home.

On our way we met a party of Ghurka soldiers belonging to the Rájah of Nipál who is just arrived here. They were short, square men with a Chinese or Tartar look, high cheek bones, and small eyes: each wore a curious silver ornament in his turban, something like a heart with the point upwards.

After tiffin the Satára Rajah came to pay a visit. He has lately been deposed by us, owing to a series of forgeries in his name, and has been condemned unheard. My husband's opinion is that the Rajah did enter into some prohibited intrigues, but by no means to the extent asserted by his enemies, and that, both in our public and private dealings with the natives, even-handed justice requires that we should make the same allowance for deceit and intrigue in them that we do in Europe for an awkward manner, or an ill-shapen nose; the one is as natural and (while they continue heathen) as unavoidable as the other. We should take notice of none but overt acts and imminent treachery.

The Rajah is the representative of Sivají, the great Mahratta conqueror; he is a very small man, and was dressed in tight muslin trousers, and a short transparent muslin tunic; slippers very wide at the toes, like those of Henry VIII., a pearl and emerald necklace, small white turban with earrings, and a red spot on his forehead showing that he had performed púja (worship) to Krishna, that morning. He came on an elephant smoking his húqa, and attended only by a few horsemen and marshalmen, but his Sawarí, or cortège, arrived soon after him. Every one belonging to the Rajah was present. There were two or three small guns, then divers elephants, bearing the different members of his family, among them his adopted son, a little boy of perhaps ten years old, and his little grandchild, a girl of four. The Mahrattas are almost the only people who show their female children in public; they also intermarry with Múhammadans, as the Rajpúts did in Akbar's time. Then came a troop of horse, many of them dressed like guardsmen, with short red jackets and white trousers: some with muskets, some with lances, some on horses, some on ponies, some in one colour, some in another, carriages of all sorts, palkígárís, and even a child's carriage, closed the procession; in the midst of which appeared several of their once dreaded standards, some foot soldiers, and military music, the predominant part of which were the kettledrums, which, as a symbol of sovereignty, were beaten with redoubled fury as they passed their Prince. The Rajah waved his hand and an old man alighted from his horse, who fixing his eyes on me (just as if I understood him), and raising his arm, began to shout the glories of Síväjí, the founder of the Mahratta monarchy. I looked very attentive, and after a time the Rajah signed to the old bard to finish.

On re-entering the house I asked my husband to tell the Rajah how pleased I was with the Sawári, and how much I admired his little grandchild, whereupon he asked me to come and see the Ranís. The Rajah is a very excitable, vivacious, intelligent old man, very quick and active in all his movements, and incessantly eating some spices wrapped in green leaves (called Pan), which the natives are very fond of, and which stains the inside of the mouth a bright red.

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Monday, January 18th.—We were up early, and drove with Miss M. and Count Goertz to see the Free School, where the missionary, Mr. Sandberg, and the master, Mr. Mackay, met us. This school was founded by a Hindu upwards of twenty years ago, and placed under the Church Missionary Society. It has about 300 pupils, who learn Hindústani, Persian, Sangskrit, Bengáli, or English, as they choose. We were first led round the school, which is held in one large hall; in some of the classes I was astonished to see bearded men, fathers of families, as they told me. These were Brahmen who consider it honourable to continue always learning, even though "never able to come to the truth." The English class was then called forward, and read the third chapter of John. My husband questioned them on it; they did not answer particularly well on doctrine, but when Mr. Sandberg examined them, they showed an excellent knowledge of the facts of the Bible, and found out passages to prove particular points, such as the divinity of our Lord, as well as any boys in England could have done. They then answered very satisfactorily in Roman and English history, and in mathematics; during which time I cross-examined Mr. Mackay as to the method of teaching and its results. Until lately he was single-handed in the work. All the boys read the New Testament, and religious instruction is given them almost entirely by word of mouth. Those boys who do not learn English are taught almost everything in the same manner, by short lectures, owing to the want of books in the native languages. The main defect in this school seems to be, that so small a number of the pupils learn English, in which language alone they could receive a thoroughly good education. All the Persian and Múhammadan books contain fierce attacks on Christianity, either in the preface or volume itself; the Persian scholars are, therefore, the most inimical to Christianity, and are incapable of reading works of a different tendency, from their ignorance of the English. Mr. Sandberg gives lectures in Urdu, which I found to be identical with Hindustaní (Urdu means camp), on the first principles of physical science, which are attended by numbers of people in the neighbourhood; and all the boys have free access to the library of English books, of which many gladly avail themselves. Not one conversion has even taken place in this school, though some who have been impressed with the truth they have heard there, have afterwards professed themselves Christians in other places.

Benáres offers peculiar obstacles to any who wish to become converts, the city being the sacred capital of Hinduism and the very focus of fanaticism. The first four boys in the English class profess themselves convinced of the truth of Christianity; so did the teachers of the Hindustaní class, the boys of which answered extremely well on a chapter in the New Testament, but they go no further. Now this, be it remembered, is the state of mind of almost all the pupils of the Free Church College in Calcutta, besides which *they* have an increasing band of converts. Where most fruit appears, there, I think, we may justly conclude is the best manner of sowing the seed.

Leaving the school, we drove to Sígrá, where Mr. Leupolt, of the Church Missionary Society, is at the head of a male and female orphan school and Christian village formed thereupon. We visited both; the boys did not answer very well, when questioned as to salvation by grace and not by works; but this might be partly from shyness and from imperfect use of English, for they seemed very intelligent and appeared to understand my husband's explanation. They answered well in geography; and in the school-book of one of the elder pupils ("Chambers on Physical Science"), I found a neat little paper book, in which was the definition,

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and sometimes the Hindustaní translation of every difficult word in the part that he had read. They are taught carpet-making; all they earn is their own, and as soon as they can support themselves they are allowed to marry; they thus form a Christian village. A pretty church has just been built, in which the Liturgy in Hindustaní is read.

We visited the carpet manufactory and the dyeing-rooms. After breakfast and family prayers we went to see the girls' school: they were at work, and do both plain work and knitting extremely well. The education consists of reading and working, religious instruction, and a little geography. This appears to be the prevalent system in most missions, except those of the Free Kirk. I am inclined to think that in the present weak state of the church in India, every convert ought to be fitted as far as possible for conveying the knowledge of the Gospel to others. No one can deny that a body of Christian women of disciplined minds, thoroughly acquainted with Christian doctrine and evidences, would do better service to God and the infant churches, both as wives, mothers, and neighbours, than such as can barely read and write. Mahendra's widow is an example of this; she was an excellent teacher. Anna, the widow of Koilás, has now charge of a native class of day scholars under Miss Laing's eye; and Marian, the senior pupil of Miss Laing's institution, who is now (1850) the wife of Jagadishwar, has opened a school at Bansberia, which, two months after, was attended by nineteen girls, from four to ten years of age, and which she conducts without the aid of any one. From the orphan school here they have, we are told, already two or three catechists of talent and piety.

Tuesday, January 19th.—One of Major C.'s Sawárs came to be sketched. I sat in the verandah and drew him: I found the horse so difficult that he reminded me of the *enfant difficile à baptiser!* I forgot to tell you that story of Mr. Cameron's. A certain priest in Canada, being somewhat intoxicated, could by no means find the proper place in the Missal, when called on to baptize a child. In vain he fumbled over the leaves, until at last, losing all patience, he cried, "*Je n'ai jamais vu un enfant si difficile à baptiser.*"

Wednesday, January 20th.—Major C. came to ask me to draw a Nipál Sirdár; two were with him, and he wanted to get rid of one that he might have some private conversation with the other, for there has lately been a terrible massacre in Nipâl, about forty of the chief nobles being slain in open Darbar. The youth I was led to draw is brother of Jung Bahâdar, the present Prime Minister of Nipâl, and was art and part in the massacre. Karrak Bahâdar is a finely made young man, with beautifully-shaped arms and hands; when in repose, his face had rather an indolent sentimental expression: but such a wild eye! just like a panther's. He wore a small brocade turban, with the usual heart or shield-shaped ornament in it made of gold, a scarlet jacket, with gold lace and epaulettes, the sleeves reaching only to a short distance above the elbow, and trimmed with dark fur, beneath which appeared the tight muslin sleeves of a kind of "sark," reaching to his knee. He had tight white silk trousers, white stockings and slippers, and a sword in his hand.

C.'s bábú translated my admiration of his dress, which seemed to please the youth not a little; but had I known then of his evil deeds, I would not have said a word to him. Afterwards, the old sirdár came to be drawn, a fine sagacious old man, who, being of the losing party, is not sure of his life from day to day, and whom Kharrak Bahâdar would be the first to attack. Major C. has been trying to persuade him not to return to Nipâl, but in vain. He wore a tunic of cloth of gold, and a white shirt-like thing underneath it, shawl trousers, no stockings, and a small

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white turban. His sword was a beautiful Khorásán blade, the hilt finely worked in iron and inlaid with gold.

After tiffin, C. and I, Count Goertz, and the two young ladies, set forth on our visit to the Sattárá Ranís; the Rajah sent his own coachman and Sáises for us. We three ladies were ushered into a room quite bare of furniture, where the Rajah sat smoking his huqá, in a common wooden arm-chair, three similar ones being set at his right hand for us. A rezai (quilt) was then thrown over his chair, I suppose to make it soft. He shook hands with us, and having seated us, went to the door to look after the gentlemen, his huqá-bearer running after him. In a few minutes he took me by the hand, or rather by the wrist, as you would lead a naughty child, and conducted us through one or two low rooms with curtains instead of doors, to a mean apartment, long, low, and dark, where the Ranís sat. One of them we were desired not to approach or touch; the other, and the Rajah's daughter, shook hands with us, and placed us in chairs by her side: two other ladies sat on the other side of the room like us, close to the wall.

M. speaks Hindustaní very imperfectly, therefore we could not say much. The Rajah left us, and I admired the dress of the ladies, which consisted of a very short red jacket with short sleeves, armlets, bracelets, and a nose ring, chiefly of pearls; a red drapery, embroidered or sprigged with gold, enveloped the whole person. The attendants (one of them, a very fine-looking woman) wore a cloth, put on just like the bearers, leaving the right leg exposed to the knee, and a very handsome stout limb it was.

The Rajah's daughter was small and not handsome, but had a very pleasant expression. She, and the other ladies, seemed pleased and amused at my praise of their dress and jewels, and the poor untouchable one opened her veil, and showed us her jacket, which was cloth of gold.

Wreaths and bracelets of the double white Indian jessamine were brought, and thrown over our necks and arms, a pretty and poetical mode of welcome, then six trays of fruit, barley sugar, &c., were laid at our feet, we ate a little, but did not take any fruit, not knowing what it might be proper or improper to do with the peel, as there were no plates. One of the door curtains was lowered, and a band stationed behind it; a singing woman, with stiff outstanding petticoats of red and gold, was introduced. Her singing was to me almost inaudible, and her dancing consisted of advancing and retreating a few steps, holding her left arm akimbo, and gently twirling her right hand in the air, as if on a pivot. Two female servants, with bundles of peacock's feathers (which are emblems of royalty), stood by each of the two principal Ranís, and whisked these brushes over their heads. A good many other damsels, and some of the servants and children, lined the lower part of the room, most of whom suddenly retreated when the old Rajah returned. All the ladies remained standing in his presence; his daughter put spices and almonds in our hands, and when we had praised her little child, we shook hands and bowed.

The Rajah led me down some steps through an odd little garden, consisting of divers little courts, to the door of his hall of audience! there we peeped through the screen, till the Rajah perhaps reflecting that we must be already more visible to those within, than they could be to us, ordered the screen to be raised, and ushered us into his Darbár.

This was a long apartment supported on small columns, a large throne or seat for the Rajah was at the upper end, on the right hand of which were some cushions on the ground for the little princes of his own family, while in two rows, the whole length of the room, close by the walls, sat

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the faithful Sirdárs and other Mahrattas, who had followed their sovereign in his adversity. I recognised all who appeared in the Sawári the other day. They sat on their heels, C., like an adept, cross legged, Count Goertz as best he could, both on the floor, while wreaths were brought, which the Rajah threw over their shoulders and arms, and which looked very pretty on the red jacket—the Rajah then gave them spices, and salámed to us.

The whole Darbár stared at us with profound attention. The little child gave me her hand, and the Rajah reconducted us through the garden, and we then sent for the gentlemen to rejoin us.

While waiting, the small thing, which has magnificent black eyes, and a little aquiline nose, and was dressed in light muslin trousers, and short coat of the same, with a kind of Greek cap of silver and gold on its head, its hair hanging in one plait down its back, clenched its toes as if they were fingers, making in fact a little fist of its foot: this shows how elastic and supple the people in this country are.

Pán, *i.e.* little green packets of leaves, inside which is a kind of seed, mixed with powdered lime, was brought to us with the spices. The natives chew this, leaf and all: it dyes the mouth a bright red colour, and has a very pungent taste. Came home much pleased with our visit. The trays of fruit were sent after us: we touched them in token of acceptance, and they were then given to the servants.

The Hindustaní Sepahís are very fine men, much taller than the English soldiers, but not so strongly made: they chiefly come from Oude, or the Upper Provinces. It was beautiful to see them run when skirmishing, they are so light and active. They are dressed very much like European troops, and wear no beards, but as much whisker and moustache as they like, or, as Carlyle would say, "according to faculty." They have a collar of large white beads, instead of a stock, while the native officers wear necklaces of gold knobs. The review began soon after seven.

When the young Rajah of Vizigapatam was here the other day, C. showed him my sketch of the Nipál Sirdárs, and asked him if he would like to sit for his portrait. He confessed that his prejudices would not allow him to do so: his English education, without religion, does not seem to have done him much good. He has not the least wish to visit Europe.

Monday, January 25th.—It rained, and for the first time I perceived that the compound was not one unvaried mass of sand, but that part was in grass. The trees changed from brown to green, and the landscape was wonderfully improved. The trees here are generally protected when young by an embankment of earth about four feet high, so that when they become large trees, they grow from the top of small hillocks.

Tuesday, January 26th.—We left about ten P.M., having sent the palkí on in the morning. The Rajah of Benáres kindly laid a dák of his own horses for us, as far as Gopíganj, thirty-six miles, on our way to Allahábad. The same coachman drove us the whole way, the Rajah lending both him and the Brischkah; we of course rewarding his people. He was a queer little man, in close jacket and trousers, the former red, the latter blue with broad red stripe; a turban, over which he had wrapped a white cloth, made his head and shoulders look too heavy for his little legs, and over all, while the rain continued, he wore a kind of thick horse-cloth, which covered him from head to foot. He got down at each stage, and gravely looked on whilst the Sáises put the horses to, which they did with great caution and dexterity, as the country horses are almost all vicious. This was proved at our last stage, when one of the fresh pair threw himself down, and after much trouble we were obliged to take the former pair

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on another stage. They testified their disapprobation of this arrangement, by stopping every five minutes, so that it was more owing to the Sáises, who as usual ran alongside, than to them that we at length reached Gopíganj, about half-past four A.M.

We met numbers of Afgháns with their long strings of camels. The whole way was thronged with pilgrims and water-carriers, from Allahábad (where the Ganges and Jamma join), and travellers of different kinds—a striking contrast to the quiet state of the road between Benáres and Calcutta. We saw divers Faqírs or Yogís covered with ashes, one of them carrying a red umbrella, though he had no clothes. Crossed the Ganges about two P.M., by a very primitive but strong bridge of boats. A Sawar of Mr. Woodcock's, the magistrate, met us, and conducted us over a deep sandy plain, through Allahábad, which is very prettily adorned with trees, to Mr. Woodcock's house, on our way to which we passed hedges of the milk plant, whose juice is a strong blister, yet the goats eat it greedily.

We were exceedingly tired and weak, having had nothing to eat since we left Benáres but a small twist of bread between us three. It was, therefore, quite delightful to find ourselves in a most comfortable bungalow, bed-rooms, dressing-rooms, and bath, all ready for us. The khitmadgars brought tea immediately, and our considerate host never showed himself, but waited until, after some hours' rest, Miss M. and I thought proper to enter the drawing-room. We found a fire most comfortable. C. and Mr. Woodcock settled that we should remain here the night and overtake our palkís, by means of a horse-dák, to-morrow. It was a great pity we could not remain longer at Allahábad, for it is a very interesting missionary station, a branch of the American Presbyterian mission being established here. The Government school (of which Mr. Woodcock, much against his conscience, as he says, was a committee-man) has been lately transferred to the charge of the mission, under whom it prospers greatly. The senior class, when examined the other day, after being only two months under Christian instruction, showed an excellent knowledge of the meaning of the first chapter of St. John. The female school for orphans, under the same missionaries, is also very useful; they receive a higher kind of education than at the Church Missionary School at Benáres.

There is a regular Hindustaní Presbyterian Church here. Mr. Woodcock said he thought an English education the only means of really educating the natives, but that when that was given to the total neglect of the native languages (as it is in many cases), it in a great measure frustrates its own end, by incapacitating the scholar from communicating his knowledge freely to his countrymen. I remember Mr. Smith, of the Assembly Institution, told me that the boys write better essays in English than in Bengálí, although the Bengálí is carefully taught in the Free Church Institution; I must find out if this is the case in Government schools. Of course giving a man a thoroughly foreign education, without a simultaneous one in his mother-tongue, only isolates him from his countrymen. We agreed that the great fault of the Benáres Free School is, that English is not taught to all.

It can hardly be expected to Christianize the pupils when many of them are taught almost exclusively from Muhammadan books.

Thursday, 28th.—Again met numerous Afgháns, with their long strings of camels, some of them loaded with assafœtida. The oxen in this part of the country are magnificent; in many of the carts five are used at once. We also saw some lovely birds, such as kingfishers, and quantities of yellow thistles, all of which, on a fine, clear, cool day, with a pretty country to drive through, were pleasant to behold. C. gave some oranges

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to a respectable old man at one of the stations, who jumped off his horse (the usual mark of respect with natives), and then told him the cause of the journey he was making, which was a dispute with an obstinate neighbour about a piece of land, and as his stiff-necked opponent would not abide by the decision of the village Pancháyat (court of five arbitrators), our old friend was going to place the matter in the hands of the Zillah judge.

We passed several camps to-day and yesterday, and amongst them that of the 62nd Native Infantry. A Sepáhi camp is much more picturesque than an European camp, on account of the shape of the tents and the pleasing groups. We reached Arampúr Bungalow at half-past ten. We have two meals a day, one in the palkí of bread or biscuit, and some milk (if we can get it), and another somewhat more solid, at a bungalow. Chapátís form the chief food of the people in this part of India; rice is but little used. The wheat crops are now about a foot high, rather different from the state of things in England at this season. They sow about the same time, in November, after the rains. We left Arampúr at midnight, and stopped the next day at Kalianpúr. While sitting over our tea and curry, C. and Miss M. suddenly flew to different doors of the bungalow, and left me wondering what was the matter. They had heard a most hideous bellowing, for no other name could be given it, but found it was a bride, who, on being taken home to her husband's house, thought proper to make this extraordinary uproar, from a mistaken sense of decorum.

Do you remember the Scripture expression of "walled villages," a thing unknown to us! Here we meet with them constantly, and often all that is to be seen of a village by the road-side, is a long mud wall. Many, however (I suppose modern ones), are quite open, while the growth and size of the trees show that however the country may have been troubled by dacoits (robbers), it is long since an invading army has laid it waste, or reduced its groves to the condition of most of those of Northern Germany. The contrast between the two struck me forcibly. This country is generally well wooded, and many of the trees, especially the magnificent tamarind and the palms, are of great beauty. Bániáns are much rarer than in Bengal. There are large crops of dâl, a kind of vetch (the "pulse" of Daniel and his companions) much eaten by the natives, and also of the oil-plant; so that the landscape is enlivened by the same sheets of brilliant yellow which we used to admire so much near Dresden. The villages are remarkably clean, the raised places in front of the doors where the inhabitants chiefly sit are always swept, and poor as the huts are they do not look squalid.

Friday, January 29th.—We passed a temple with a large picture of Hanumán, the monkey deity, on the outer wall. It was much colder to-day. We did not reach Cawnpúr until ten at night, and then, owing to some mistake about a note, C. went over to Captain Troup's, while Miss M. and I sat in the palkí, and afterwards in the verandah of the Dâk Bungalow, where we kept ourselves warm with mirth. At last C. returned with Major Troup's palkígárí, in which we drove to Mr. Speirs', through most curious ravines, haunted by jackals. In our way we saw a wolf at the entry of the town. C. and I were lodged in a double-poled tent, with separate divisions for dressing and bath-rooms; but the cold was excessive at night.

Saturday, January 30th.—They took us after breakfast to see the Propagation Society Mission, that is, the female school belonging to it. It was founded after the dreadful famine of 1837, and contains about sixty orphan girls, who are instructed in English and Hindustaní; but receive

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a very limited education, consisting chiefly of Scripture knowledge and a little geography. Some of them speak a little Hindui as well, and a few can read the three languages. Only two hours a day are devoted to study, the rest of their time is spent in fancy and plain work for sale, and in domestic duties, for they do everything for themselves except washing their clothes: most of them are nearly grown up. We saw their work, and heard them sing a Hindustaní and an English hymn. They were all sitting on the floor in a large hall supported by pillars. Here they sleep; in the next room are their dining-tables, little benches six inches high and as many wide; each girl has a brass plate and lotá or drinking cup. They grind their own meal and live on chapátís, except in the hot weather, when they get a little rice, as chapátís alone are too heating.

We saw Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who are at the head of this mission, and a fine boy of theirs of eleven years of age, as healthy and ruddy as possible, though he has never left India. Mr. Perkins had a quiet, subdued, meek manner, and seems devoted to his labour. I believe him to be one of the excellent of the earth. May God bless and prosper him and his wife in bringing many souls to Christ! The school, however, reminded me too much of an English village school, where work is the grand thing in education, and faultless stitching is raised to the rank of a virtue.

Monday, February 1st, 1847.—C. went with Major Troup to choose a horse. My husband's faithful Sáis Baedúllah, who was with him throughout the disasters in Afghánistán, suddenly made his appearance on Saturday, the morning after our arrival. He is a tall, powerful man, with rather a pensive expression. When he saw his old master, he ran up to him and embraced his thigh, the mark of respect and affection paid by disciples to their spiritual guides. C. squeezed his shoulder, patted him on the cheek, and said, "Welcome, my friend!" and the tears stood in the faithful man's eyes.

The people are much better, and more gaily clothed, than in Bengal; most of them have wadded jackets or pelisses, or a good rezai (quilt) to wrap round them. Some of the men wear yellow wadded trousers nearly tight; and many carry arms. Most of the travellers have swords, and one passed us with a musket in a case of scarlet cloth. We have left behind us all the steep-roofed cottages of the lower country. The women fix silver ornaments like stars between their toes, which I suppose is the Hindu version of *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*. It is difficult to give an idea of the picturesque effect of many things that are very uninteresting on paper; for instance, the stately domes of Muhammadan tombs, rising in the midst of the vast plains, impress the mind with an indescribable feeling of solemnity; then an Afghán passes, seated on his camel, and looking like a living representation of Jacob or Isaac; or, late in the evening, in going through a village, we behold a group seated round a fire on one of the raised platforms under a tree, which are so common here, and the flickering light on their many-coloured garments forms a picture that one would like to draw.

CHAPTER IV.

AGRA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4th, 1847.—It was a cold clear day, like a March morning in England, when we approached Agra; even the cattle were all clothed, and I was amused at the sight of a poor little calf in rags. Suddenly, about five miles from Agra, C. cried out that the Táj was in sight, and there, in the midst of the barren, rugged country, with nothing but tufts of dry grass and thistles to adorn the sandy plains and stony

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ravines, appeared the Táj like a fairy palace in a desert, its dazzling white dome and minarets bathed in sunlight. The effect was magical. It was often hidden as we pursued our way, but at each new vista it seemed more beautiful. Buildings, some in ruins, some perfect, the remains of the age when the Muhammadan power had reached its height in the person of Akbár, when Akbárabad (the Muhammadan name for Agra) grew in beauty and magnificence under the eye of her imperial founder, and when the great nobles of the Court vied with each other, as much in the splendour of their tombs as in their palaces. On the right, close to the rough bridge of boats, we saw the Mausoleum of Itimah-u-Doulah, the Vazir of Shah Jehán.

We crossed the Jamna, and proceeded to Mr. Edmonstone's house. A turn in the road showed us the Palki and Banghy Bardárs (Pittarreh carriers) in front: they formed a very gay procession, with the yellow and pink covers of the Pitarrehs, the yellow or green jackets, and red turbans of the men. We passed the most beautiful snow-white cow I ever saw. She was fully sixteen hands high, and was led by three men, being, I conclude, as vicious as she was beautiful. Her stately walk, beautiful high caste head, and large black eyes, reminded one of the milk-white heifers that the Greeks offered to their gods. After dinner Mr. and Mrs. E. took us to see the Táj by moonlight. We alighted at a magnificent gateway, and beheld this unequalled building at the end of an avenue of cypresses. The walk from the gate to the tomb is a quarter of a mile long. The Táj stands in a garden enclosed by a quadrangular wall of red stone. Opposite the gateway is a quadrangle of white marble, from the four corners of which spring snow-white minarets, and in the centre, raised on a stately terrace, is the pure noble dome of the Táj itself. At the back runs a terrace overlooking the Jamna—on either hand is a fine mosque of red stone, but no description can give any idea of the wondrous beauty of this matchless monument. No building that I have ever seen comes near it except the Cathedral of Cologne. St. Peter's is not to be named in the same breath as regards the exterior. Its exquisite symmetry, its spotless colour, looking as if it were carved in snow, and its lovely situation (secluded in the midst of a stately garden, full of trees, flowers, fountains, and paved walks), make the Táj more like a vision of beauty than a reality. The sight of it makes one's chest expand and one's heart swell: it almost lifts one off the earth. C. put his plaid on the steps of the beautiful summer-house, on the right-hand side of the Táj, and there I sat to feast my eyes by gazing on it. It was nearly midnight when we reached home.

Friday, February 5th.—At four P.M. drove to Sekandra, where the Church Missionary Society have a school for orphans of both sexes. We saw only that for girls: they were busily employed in works of different kinds, knitting and plaiting straw, but there was no teacher present. The boys work at a printing-press. I sketched the gateway of red stone, roofed with deep blue, green, and gold-coloured tiles, which now forms part of the missionary's dwelling, and we then went to Akbár's Tomb. The entrance is by a magnificent gateway of red stone, inlaid with white marble and stones of various colours in complicated patterns, but disfigured by enormous painted flowers in imitation of mosaic, with white minarets at each corner. There are three similar buildings at the other side of the garden, only they serve as alcoves instead of gateways. The lattice-work of the garden wall which connects them is most beautiful and varied, though much of it is broken, and the arches themselves partly in ruins. From the entrance a paved walk leads to the tomb itself, a stupendous pile, consisting of three quadrangular terraces of red stone, sur-

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mounted by a fourth of white marble. On what may be called the ground floor, are chambers containing the tombs of Akbâr's daughters, and other members of his family, of white marble, with inscriptions and carvings in bas-relief, and adorned with beautiful mosaic of pietra dura. There were flowers lying on most of them. In a vault beneath is the sarcophagus, containing the mortal remains of Akbár the Great. A rich covering was spread over it, on which flowers were strewn, and above it hangs a lamp.

In all these mausoleums the real tombs are below, while the monument, which is a fac-simile of the former, is in the upper part of the building. There is a minaret at each corner of every terrace, and every part is admirably carved. The greatest beauty of the edifice is the uppermost story, which is of the purest marble, surrounded by arcades, which I suppose are nearly unequalled in the world: the outer wall is a marble lattice of the most delicate open work, although an inch and a half in thickness. Each division is of a different pattern, and the pillars and arches are adorned with arabesques and inscriptions in bas relief. The pavement of the court, which is surrounded by this colonnade, is the only coloured part about it—it is composed of different marbles, and is open to the sky. The monument is in the centre, with a font-shaped stand for holding a light at the head of it; both are of white marble, and remarkable for their elegance. The tomb is inlaid with the ninety-nine names of the Most High (as the King, the most Merciful, the Compassionate, the Omnipotent) in black marble; surely a more suitable inscription in the presence of death than fulsome panegyrics on the departed. No letters are so graceful as the Arabic, so that they form a beautiful ornament wherever they are used. Although exposed to sun and rain, the whole is as fresh and unspotted as if just completed: never was a more beautiful mausoleum erected, the Tâj alone excepted. From every terrace there is an extended prospect, and the whole building stands like the Táj, in a garden of flowers. These stately tombs illustrate the description in Isaiah xiv. 18, of the Kings of the Nations, lying "in glory—every one in his own house."

Saturday, February 5th.—We drove to see the Táj, which is as beautiful by daylight as by the moonbeams. I sketched it from the gateway: a lovely vista. Between the two paved raised walks, bordered by cypresses, is a channel of water, with fountains. At the back of the cypresses are beds of flowers in full beauty, the different plots being divided by stone borders of fantastic patterns, the regularity of which connect the garden more completely with the building; and behind these again are broad, paved walks, where we enjoyed the most refreshing shelter from the noonday sun. I give up in despair all hopes of conveying any adequate idea of the beauty of the architecture, of the inlaid marble terraces, the fine old trees, the delightful verdure, and above all, of the chaste unsullied majesty of the dome itself. In a vault beneath lies Múmtáz Begum, and on her right a loftier and larger tomb to her husband Shah Jehán. Above, the mausoleum consists of a glorious vault, in the centre of which stands her monument, with his in the same position as below. Each tomb is of the usual simple form—a narrow raised parallelogram, perfectly plain, not unlike what Scipio's tomb would be without the cornice, and inlaid, like the whole of the interior, with flowers of bloodstone, lapis-lazuli, agates, and other precious stones, forming the most beautiful mosaic. Over the tomb hangs an ostrich egg. Both monuments had flowers laid on them, and are surrounded by an octagonal screen of the most lovely fairy-like open work. The walls are, as it were, panelled with bas-reliefs of tulips and other flowers, in white marble, surmounted by arabesques in costly mosaic; and around the dome are four beautiful apartments

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embellished with no less care. Such is the perfect art manifested throughout, that although every part is, when closely viewed, brilliant with colour, and though the exterior is adorned with inscriptions from the Kurán, in black marble letters of colossal size, yet this in no way mars the general effect of the whole building as one of dazzling whiteness, while it relieves the eye when near from the tedium of travelling over unbroken heights and depths of, as it were, unvaried snow. How strange it is that the architects of most of the finest buildings in the world remain unknown!

We visited one of the side mosques, which is built of red stone inlaid with white, and stands on a lower elevation than the Táj, and then returned to the gateway, just as my husband arrived with Mr. Pfander, the German Church Missionary, a short, stout man with a most benevolent expression, who has distinguished himself greatly by his controversial writings against Muhammadanism, especially the "Mizán ul Haq," which was the means of enlightening Músá and Ibráhím. I went back to the Táj with them. We met some Panjábis, very fine looking men (one of them with bright crimson trousers, small pink turban, and white chaddah), who were gratified by our asking them to enter with us. They all made salám to the tomb of Múmtáz Begum and her imperial husband. When they had departed, C. sang a verse to try the echo, the most beautiful I ever heard. It is so perfect that it gives the idea of a choir of spirits in the air.

We then went to the terrace at the back of the Táj, to enjoy the view of the noble river flowing beneath, and of the picturesque city, embosomed in trees beyond. Some say, I believe on very slight grounds, that it was the intention of Shah Jehán to erect a similar mausoleum for himself on the opposite bank of the river, and to connect the two by a bridge of white marble; but one cannot regret that he did not execute this plan, for one feels that any addition to the Táj would be a superfluity. The gateway would be considered a most magnificent work anywhere else, but here it is a mere appendage; it is chiefly red, inlaid with white. I do not think an unprejudiced person could, after visiting the Táj, attach any value to the kind of religious feeling which is produced by external objects affecting the senses. Here a Muhammadan building excites in the highest degree those emotions of rapture which, by a natural transition, melt into the spurious poetic devotion which is aroused by the "long-drawn isles" and "dim religious light" of an ancient cathedral: this shows that these feelings are purely natural. A heathen can feel them—a Muhammadan architect or an infidel poet can excite them; therefore they have no claim to be considered as Christian or as religious feelings at all, in any other sense than as springing from those tendencies to wonder and reverence, which are implanted in every one who has a heart. Rightly did our Presbyterian forefathers act in stripping the worship of God of all that could delude the worshipper, by exciting those poetic emotions which too often pass current, with those who experience them, for the true devotion of the heart to that God who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." How would a woman value that love, or a friend that friendship, which owed its origin, and depended for its existence on the magnificence of an apartment, or the beauty of the scenery in which they dwell? How can we imagine, then, that this spurious kind of devotion is acceptable to Him who searcheth the heart, and who sees that it exists so often in souls alienated from Him, and "enemies in their mind by wicked works?"

We drove towards the tomb of Itimah-u-Doulah, which is on the other side of the river. Mr. Pfander told us a good deal about the mission here. He is at the head of the church of which the venerable Mussalman convert

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Abdúl Masíh* formerly had the care, but of which only a few of the original members now remain at Agra, as after the death of that true "Servant of Christ" they were left without a pastor for nine years. The number of Christians in communion with the missionaries of the Church of England is about 300, including the orphans. There are about sixty Christian families. The American Presbyterians have lately established a mission here; but both ministers are now absent, and the Baptists labour on the opposite side of the city. Mr. Pfander and his colleagues have lately been very successful in the neighbouring villages, having recently received an addition of about fifty converts. The Romanists have had a small native church here since the days of Akbár, but they make no new converts, except among Europeans and half-castes. They are building a fine cathedral. The priests are chiefly Italians; they do not interfere with the Protestant missionaries, though they always laugh and sneer when they meet any of them preaching. All the Protestant missions have day-schools, but Mr. Pfander complains sadly of the want of proper teachers. Very few persons of high caste have become converts up the country, for here all the native prejudices remain in much greater vigour than in Calcutta, neither have the missionaries laboured so long.

Mr. Pfander thinks that one great reason why so few Muhammadans have been converted is, that they are only just beginning to find out that they are not the first people in Asia in point of science and learning,—a hard lesson for them to learn after their pre-eminence had been so long undisputed; but he thinks the fields are beginning to ripen for the harvest, although they may be said to be more backward in Agra than in Calcutta.

We reached the tomb of Itimah-u-Doulah, and passing through a small garden, came to a slope of variegated marbles, over which a stream used to flow into the fountain beneath. There is a beautiful reservoir in front of the tomb on the terrace above. This mausoleum is smaller, but more elaborately adorned with painting than either of those we have seen. The mosaics have been in a great degree destroyed by the Mahrattas, who picked out the beautiful bloodstones and agates of which they were composed. On the ground-floor are the tombs of the Vazír and his wife in the centre apartment, the ceilings and walls of which were formerly resplendent with gold and richly-coloured arabesques: four or more apartments, similarly adorned, and each containing one or two tombs of other members of their family, surround it. The hall or terrace above has one of the most beautiful pavements I ever saw, of white marble, inlaid with a rich and grand arabesque of very large size in coloured stones, while the screen which surrounds it rivals that of the Táj in beauty. The minarets are peculiarly beautiful, and from one of them we enjoyed a lovely view of the majestic Táj on one hand, of Akbár's tomb, the fort, the river, the Motí Masjíd, and the innumerable tombs and ruins in the neighbourhood of the town, on the other.

Sunday, February 7th, 1849.—The missionaries preach only in Hindustaní, with the exception of the Baptist missionary, who has a small chapel close to where we were. We were informed none but karánís, *i.e.*, clerks, went there; but this did not frighten us away. The service began at half-past six. Seeing the table prepared for the Communion, C. went to the vestry to inquire if we could partake of it. He explained to the missionary who we were, that I was a member of the Free Kirk, and Miss M. of the Church of England. Mr. Lish, the minister, who is an East Indian, said that usually they required three or four days' notice, that

* Servant of Christ.

they might learn something of the character of the parties wishing to communicate; but that he would consult with his elder, Mr. Frazer (a Presbyterian); and they both came to the conclusion that, as we were travellers, and had so recently communicated with the Free Church in Calcutta, there could be no objection. Mr. Lish preached an excellent discourse on "Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone," &c. He then informed the congregation who we were and where we were going; mentioned our wish to partake of the Lord's Supper with them; and, in one of the prayers during the Sacrament, implored the Divine blessings specially on us, prayed for the furtherance of our journey, and for our future reunion with those present before the Throne of God. It was such a simple Scriptural way of receiving strangers, you could fancy Titus and Timothy acting thus. At the conclusion of the service, Mr. Lish took his seat at the table, and after prayer (during which the congregation knelt) we resumed our seats, and the bread was distributed by an elder. Mr. Lish prayed again, and the cup was brought round; and, after a concluding prayer, we ended by singing my favourite fifteenth doxology:

"May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!
May we now abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
And enjoy in sweet communion
 Joys which earth cannot afford."

The chapel was well filled; but no one looked like a gentleman except one officer, who communicated. Whenever I hear that the rich go to one preacher, and the poor to another, I conclude that the latter is the most evangelical and the best minister. A native woman partook of the Sacrament. After the service, Mr. Lish told us that the lives of the converts are generally very satisfactory; they have no very great success, but enough to encourage them and make them grateful.

Monday, February 8th.—Drove to the fort, which is very fine: it was taken by Lord Lake from the Mahrattas at the beginning of this century. We drove through three courts, and alighted at a flight of steps. Passing through a handsome gateway, we found ourselves in the court of the Motí Masjíd, or Pearl Mosque, which is worthy of its name. This is surrounded by colonnades of white marble, with a tank in the middle: the mosque itself occupies the fourth side of the square. It is raised above the level of the court, and is paved with huge slabs of white marble, each of which is inlaid with a slender line, like the outline of a pointed window, and destined for one worshipper. The mosque is open to the court, and composed of three aisles, running parallel to the spectator's eye, the contrary way to those of our churches. There are of course three domes; and in the interior is a flight of four or five steps of white marble, on the top of which the mullah sits to read and expound the law, while the sovereign and his court meekly sit on the floor. At either end are marble lattices delicately carved, behind which the ladies of the harem could see and hear without being seen.

We ascended the roof under the guidance of a courteous mullah, and risked our precious persons, as he daily risks his, by scrambling up a rude ladder to one of the minarets, from whence we had a bird's-eye view of the fort, and also of the ever-beautiful Táj, and the other adornments of the city. The said mullah, instead of being a portly man in white, as one fancies all mullahs ought to be, was dressed in a blue garment, lined

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with orange and trimmed at the sleeves with white fur; a yellow rezai with red flowers, lined with blue, with a crimson border to the lining, was wrapped round the upper part of his body. He had a small white turban; but told us when he was officiating he always wore a white robe.

In front of the mosque is a long inscription in colossal Arabic letters of black marble. We next went to the palace, which is also within the fort. In the little garden we met some Panjábis, attendants on Rájáh Lal Sing, who is immured here. They were remarkably fine-looking men, both in feature and height, and very courteous and respectful in manner. C. complimented them on their fidelity to their chief, which delighted them greatly, so that they burst out into a perfect chorus of words, patted and stroked him; and, while he was showing them my opera-glass, through which they all were eager to look, one of them continued stroking him on the back as if he had been some soft furry creature.

After seeing the Diwán-í-Khás, or Hall of Nobles, where the sovereign used to hold his Darbár, C. invited them to accompany us into the vaults. We first saw the Shish-Mahál, or Looking-glass Palace, a beautiful hall, the walls of which are covered with thousands of little mirrors with silver flowers embossed on them, while every here and there a portion of blue and gold or crimson and gold is introduced—the mirror part forming the ground of the flowers. Much is broken and defaced, but enough remains to give one an idea of the brilliant effect it must have had when lighted up. Opposite the entrance of the principal hall is a cascade, or rather a place in the wall, over which a cascade used to flow into a deep bath beneath. Behind the cascade are double rows of niches, wherein lamps used to be placed—imagine how pretty it must have looked.

We then descended into a narrow passage, with a torch bearer for our guide, and climbing up to a low archway, about four feet from the ground, we jumped down on the other side into a vaulted apartment, very much like one of the Halls of the Inquisition. Here any of the hapless women of the harem, who incurred the suspicion or displeasure of her lord, was hung upon a black beam which still traverses the apartment, and when life was extinct, the once admired form was cut down and suffered to drop into a deep well beneath, from whence it floated into the Jamna. The well is now nearly choked up, and the air was poisoned with the smell of the bats who infest the place—fit emblems of the evil deeds committed there. The very Sikhs seemed to look with pity on a spot whence so many souls have parted in anguish for a land of darkness. After all, these deeds of cruelty do not shock one so much when resulting from human passion as when committed under pretext of doing either God or man service, as in those dark places of the earth, the Inquisitions at Venice and elsewhere.

On emerging we were led through many passages where the ladies used to play at hide-and-seek, and which were probably also used for keeping the royal treasures. These passages led to half-dark apartments, where the inmates of the Zenáná bathed in the heats of summer. We then re-ascended to the upper chambers, of which it is vain to attempt any description. They are realizations of the "Arabian Nights." There are innumerable halls and chambers, the former open on three sides, and supported on beautiful pillars, richly inlaid with Florentine mosaic; the walls are covered with flowers and arabesques painted on the marble, in a kind of raised lacquer, with much gilding; they are also panelled with flowers in bas-relief, among which the lily is conspicuous, probably introduced here, and also in the Táj and the Motí Musjíd, by the Italian artist, out of devotion to the Virgin. Many of these halls have cascades, baths, or fountains, paved with mosaic, or little marble watercourses

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running through them. There are numberless smaller rooms for sleeping apartments, and for the retainers of the Court; and terraces on the roof, shaded by marble lattices of the most delicate open-work, used during the hot nights of summer.

From the marble balcony of a beautiful projecting circular apartment there is a lovely view of the city, interspersed with trees, of the noble river, and of all the finest buildings in the neighbourhood. Many of these are in ruins, but we were told that the remains of subterranean passages still exist, by which the ladies of the Royal Zenáná might visit those of all the principal nobles, whenever they pleased. At the top of another terrace is a marble seat, with very high steps to it, from the Palace Court below. Here the Vazír sat, and administered justice or injustice, "according to faculty," or reviewed troops. Probably it was from such a seat that the king in the Arabian tales beheld his daughter's contest with the magician, when she transformed herself into a cook, and ate up her antagonist in the shape of pomegranate seeds. We saw a small praying place for the inferior women servants, and lastly a miniature Motí Masjíd of white marble with three domes, for the great ladies or Begums (pray pronounce bégoom). Here one of our attendants was sharply reprimanded by a brother Mussalman for daring to enter the house of prayer with his shoes on. They expect nothing better from us, but condemn it in each other.

We next went to see the Díwán-i-Am, or Common Hall (you may translate it Court of Common Pleas) where, in a raised chamber in the wall, about ten feet from the ground, the sovereign gave audience to his poor liege men. It is now approached by a temporary flight of steps on each side, and occupied by a marble sofa and two arm chairs, inlaid with colours, and partly gilt, a present from some neighbouring Rájáh to Lord Ellenborough, who held a mock regal court here on his return from the north-west frontier, and had the bad taste to put up his arms *over* those of the Company, and to insert them in some of the Palace windows, just as a private would scrawl his name in charcoal on the walls! and with as much right!

This hall is now the armoury, and at one end are the notorious Somnath gates; they are of sandal wood, and must have been beautiful specimens of carving before they were so much defaced. Two Sikhs, one of them a perfect model for a painter, with bare arms and enveloped in a huge rezai (quilt), followed us everywhere, and with the chaprásís and others, inspected everything with the greatest attention, and listened with much interest to C.'s account of the newly invented gun-cotton; our Sikh friend with the quilt especially seemed to think the hiqmats, or tricks of science, of the Sáhib Lóg perfectly astonishing.

Leaving the arsenal, C. stopped to speak to an old sergeant of horse artillery, who remarked that when he entered the army a man was punished if he did not take his allowance of spirits—it was called contempt of the Company! "We were first taught to drink, sir," said he, "and then punished for being drunkards!" A man is now allowed money instead of spirits, if he prefers it. The sergeant gave it as his decided opinion, that in no case whatever do men require strong drink, except for hospital purposes; under the very hardest work they are better and stronger with nothing but water. On our way home we stopped at the Jamma Masjíd, which is very large, with a fine tank in the middle of the court; but being built of red sandstone, which is apt to crumble, part of the colonnade has fallen down, and the whole of the pavement of the mosque is in course of repair.

As there are more candidates for Mission work in Germany than there

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are in the Church of England, the latter is glad to avail herself of the services of Lutheran ministers, whom she ordains and adopts as her own; but devoted as most of them are to their work, it is surely a matter of some importance that they believe in consubstantiation, baptismal regeneration (though not to the Puseyite and Romish extent), and that they deny the Divine authority of the Christian Sabbath. These are doctrines held and taught by our friend Professor Graul, the head of the Mission Institution at Dresden, and the Divine obligation of the Sabbath is, I have been informed by Dr. W——g, *generally*, if not universally, denied even at the Basle College from whence so many missionaries issue. I have known some German missionaries (among them the Rev. Mr. Krückeberg of the Church Mission, and Mr. Sternberg) who are thoroughly sound on these points, and I believe strictly observe the Sabbath; and the views of others on the Sacraments are often essentially modified by intercourse with their brethren of different orthodox denominations (for the Church of England Lutherans are generally remarkable for their Catholic spirit towards other Christians); but still, the above are the doctrines to be expected from a Lutheran, and the Church of England, by adopting the Missionaries, becomes responsible for the doctrines they teach.

I may add that, for self-devoted zeal, none can surpass the German Missionaries. Many come to the country (some sent out by Pastor Gossner of Berlin) without any settled means of support, and if their lives are spared, continue labouring upon a casual pittance raised by the sympathy of those Christians who are aware of their circumstances. A very large proportion have fallen victims to toils and privations which a better acquaintance with the climate would have shown them could not be attempted without throwing away their lives. For instance, some have essayed to travel on foot, others to maintain themselves by field labour and in the burning plains of Bengal; they have denied themselves the essential luxuries of Phankahs and Tattís, under the idea that it would be self-indulgent to use them. In one instance near Calcutta, the luggage-cart of a party of Missionaries stuck in a river. They harnessed themselves and dragged it through, an act of amazing temerity in a country where five minutes' exposure to the sun has sometimes caused death. In another instance, the wife of an officer, finding that the newly arrived Missionaries ate no meat, supplied them from her own farmyard. They sold the ducks and fowls for the benefit of the Mission; but she was as determined in her care for them as they were in self-denial, so she sent them the poultry ready for table, which obliged them to eat it.

The German Evangelical Mission in Southern India has twenty-nine male and about sixteen female Missionaries, and yet the *whole* expense is only 4888*l.* per annum, each Missionary taking barely sufficient to live upon.

Mr. Pfander tells us that one day he was detained in the city by a storm until it was quite dark; when he set out he discovered that the Sáís, who ought to have led the horse, as the carriage (a common Palkígárí) could not be driven, was moon blind, and could not see in the least, Mr. Pfander was therefore obliged to lead the Sáís, who led the horse, and thus they reached home. Eating goats' liver is said to be a remedy for moon blindness.

Thursday, February 11.—Reached Delhi by 3 P.M. On our way passed under the walls of the palace, with two very fine gateways. The wall, instead of being a blank, as ours generally are, is ornamented at the top with a sort of Vandyck scollop, which improves it greatly. The difference in the people as we get up the country is very remarkable. Here they are

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a fine athletic race of men, as tall as Europeans, and much fairer than the Bengális; this accounts for the height of the Bengális Sepáhis, none of whom are natives of Bengal Proper. Delhi strikes me as being the finest city we have yet seen. Benáres is the most picturesque, being the most thoroughly Hindu. Agra has the most beautiful buildings, but Delhi is more like a great Múhammadan capital. We passed an immense tank of red stone, and several fine aqueducts, or raised stone canals, running through the city. The appearance of one of them as it rolled its mass of waters under overshadowing trees for a great distance was very beautiful. The turbans worn here are very small, and of the gayest colours; rose colour seems a favourite hue.

Saturday, February 13th.—Rose at gun-fire, *i.e.*, dawn; drove to the palace, which is surrounded by a noble wall of red stone. The palace gateway, C. said, somewhat resembles the Char Chowk, or Great Bazár at Kábul, but this is much handsomer. It is very long, so that one takes some time in driving through it, and a good deal like what bazárs are at home, an arcade with small shops on each side. The court beyond would be very handsome were it in proper order, but the channel for water which crosses it is broken and dry. Here some Chobdars, men with silver sticks, met us, without whom no one can enter the palace, within whose precincts no one is allowed to use that emblem of royalty a parasol or umbrella; I, therefore, covered my bonnet with a shawl.

Left the carriage and walked into the second court where the Diwán-i-ám is situated. Over the second gateway, and facing the king's throne, is a gallery for a band of musicians. The Diwán-i-ám is an open hall supported on pillars, and filled with servants sleeping on their charpáis or native beds, which are just four-footed frames, with cord or broad tape to lie upon. It was also crowded with Palkís and Tonjons (the latter are like the body of a small gig, with a pole before and behind, and are carried on men's shoulders), belonging to the royal family. Some must have been very handsome. The present king, Báhádar Shah, has eighty sons and daughters, and although his income is very large, it is all swallowed up by so numerous a family. The throne is a canopy of marble supported on four pillars, richly gilt and inlaid, projecting from a small chamber in the hall, the whole of which is beautifully inlaid with birds, fruits, and flowers in Florentine mosaic; and over the door behind the throne, through which the king was wont to enter, is a mosaic copy of Raffaelle's Apollo playing on the violin: this, with many other circumstances, proves that Shah Jehán employed Italian architects. On the bronze gates, which are exactly like some of the fine church doors in Italy, are lilies, such as are so often used as emblematical of the Virgin. Among the birds on the walls of the throne-chamber is a very good mosaic of a bullfinch, a bird quite unknown in India. Beneath the throne is a very handsome white marble table, from which all the precious work in *pietra dura* has been picked out by the Mahrattas. On this the Vázir used to stand, and thus hand up petitions to the sovereign, who, from his elevated seat, had a view of both courts of the palace, so that one understands how a petitioner could make salám to the king on entering the *outer* court.

Passing through the third court we came to the fourth, where the Diwan-i-Khás or Hall of State is situated. Like all other halls, mosques, minárs,—I might almost say every kind of Múhammadan building,—it is raised on a chabútra or platform about three feet high, which is admirably carved, as is likewise a marble railing in front of it. The scarlet awnings which used to extend from its façade halfway across the court, are now sadly discoloured and faded. The hall is supported on massive columns of white marble, the lower part of which is inlaid like the throne in the

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Diwân-i-âm with precious mosaics of flowers, and the upper adorned with gilding. The richly variegated ceiling has been much injured by the Mahrattas. A canal of water runs through half of this magnificent hall, and in the centre, on a daïs of white marble, formerly stood the famous peacock throne which was carried off by Nadir Shah.

Behind the throne are marble lattices overlooking the broad Jamna and the surrounding country. In the centre one there is a seat for the king formed of one huge block of alabaster. On one side of this once-unequalled throne-room is a smaller hall where the king usually sits to administer justice. A pair of scales adorn the wall. The pardahs or curtains between the pillars are torn and faded. The old king retains no authority beyond the precincts of the palace; his estates are under the management of the Governor-General's agent, who obtains for the aged monarch a much larger revenue than the dishonesty and bad management of his own people ever allowed him to receive from the same lands. The palace garden would be very fine if it were in tolerable order; but neither the king nor the Government of India like to pay for repairs. It is extensive, and intersected with broad shady walks, with canals and fountains on every side. In some parts the water runs under a pavement in which open patterns are cut of stars and other devices. There were few flowers, and those common ones. We saw a fine bath of a single block of marble; and on each side of the garden is a large summer-house, one of which is called Sawan, and the other Bhâdon, from the two rainy months, which begin about the middle of July and end the middle of September. The reason is, that these halls (which are raised a good height from the ground) have not only fountains all round them, but a large deep square bath in the centre, each side of which is full of niches for lamps, over which the water falls to the depth of about five feet. There is a large tank in the centre of the garden, which the present king has spoilt, by erecting a summer-house of red stone in the centre. At the end of one of the canals is a building of some height, as usual, full of lamp niches for a cascade to fall over. As we were not allowed to use our parasols, it was well for us that the garden was so shady.

The present heir apparent of the empire of Akbar the Great lives in a part of the palace which is thatched. The state Palkís (called Nalkís), like the state howdahs, are in the shape of four-post canopies, with an awning in front. They are painted crimson and gold.

We drove out by a part of the palace where the under-servants live, something equivalent to "mews" in London. We soon reached the magnificent Jamma Masjíd, which is approached by an immense flight of steps, like those of some of the churches at Venice, only on a more gigantic scale. The whole building is of red stone inlaid with white marble, of which latter material the domes are built.

I forgot to tell you of the king's private chapel, a second Motí Masjíd, in the palace. It is built of the purest marble, beautifully carved, with three gilt domes. Yet even this gem is so far neglected that the small marble tank in front of it was dry, and a handful of long grass growing out of it.

Perhaps I have not made it clear to you, that all eminent mosques form one side of a quadrangle, the other three sides of which are colonnades. Every Masjíd is so built that the worshippers on entering face Mecca; therefore in this country the entrance of every mosque faces the east. The quadrangle of the Jamma Masjíd is immense, the colonnades are open, and the views through them of the city and its trees are very pretty. These are the first open colonnades I have seen. I am inclined to prefer this Masjíd even to the Motí Masjíd of Agra; the latter is most beautiful, but this far exceeds it in simple grandeur. It is a most stately building.

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Several Mussulmáns were bathing their heads, feet, and hands in the tank in the centre of the court, and we afterwards saw one at prayer. The prescribed postures are manifold: sometimes he sat on his heels, sometimes prostrated his forehead on the ground, sometimes stood praying, sometimes opened his hands as if reading from them, but it was all done with much more decency, solemnity, and apparent abstraction from outward objects than is usually seen among Romanist votaries. The pulpit consists of three finely carved marble steps, but it was dirty, and some common pitchers were hidden underneath it. There is another pulpit of marble of a different shape just outside the mosque, this is used on the last day of Ramazán, when the king comes in state to break up the fast, and almost every Mussulman in Delhi is present; the great court, which holds about 12,000 persons, is then filled, and as the voice of the Iman inside would be inaudible to this multitude, another takes his place on the elevated pulpit, and acts as fugleman to the vast crowd present, all of whom kneel, rise, stand, and pray as one man.

Mr. Roberts saw this last October, and said it was a very fine spectacle, but then comes the thought that this worship dishonours God by denying the Trinity in Unity, and lowers the Lord our righteousness to the level of a creature. On the left hand of the Masjíd is an inclosure in which the beard of Múhammad is said to be preserved; there they would not let us enter, &c. The semicircular recess in the centre of the mosque contains divers sheets of paper covered with writing. The words being, in some cases, arranged in curious devices so as to form rosettes and other figures (in fact, not unlike specimens of caligraphy at home), the nature of which I curiously inquired. We found they were done by different personages (one by the king, another by the heir apparent, both of whom are great adepts in the art of penmanship), partly out of devotion, the sentences being from the Kurán, and partly perhaps to make their talents public. Divers little boys were sitting in the colonnades reading, or rather chanting, the Kurán, at the very top of their lungs, and with no more attention than school-boys learning the Latin grammar in England. When I praised the beautiful form of the Arabic letters some time ago, I did not know the difference between these and the Persian: they are the same characters, but the Arabic are upright and much stiffer, while the Persian is a beautiful flowing character which cannot be printed on account of its luxuriant lines, so that *books printed* in Persian are in the Arabic letters, while true Persian can only be lithographed.

We went up to the roof of the Masjíd, and close beneath us saw a sport for which Delhi is famous. On the roof of several houses were men waving little flags to make their flock of pigeons fly, while elder men sat gravely by, smoking. A large hurdle was fixed on the roof for the pigeons to alight upon. When they meet another flock in the air the two parties mingle, and one invariably carries away some from the other. Each flock then returns home, and the owner who has gained some of his neighbour's birds, goes to him and threatens to sell them if they are not ransomed. It was very pretty to watch two, three, and sometimes four flocks of these beautiful birds, of all colours, meeting, mingling, and then parting again. This is a favourite amusement of the old king, many of whose bird-cages were on the top of his Hall of Justice.

We ascended the Minár, which is 150 feet high. The view of the city was very different from that of Benáres; here, although the Hindu half of the population is rather the larger, yet the character of the buildings is Múhammadan; the houses are only two stories high, instead of the lofty edifices at Benáres, and amid the multitude of mosques I only remarked the pointed dome of one Hindu temple.

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The streets are the widest we have seen in any native city, many trees are interspersed among the houses, and the aspect of the country, covered with old tombs, not unlike that of the Campagna di Roma. I begin to think Hindustan is one vast plain; I have not seen a hill since we left the Rájmahál range.

On descending the steps of the Jamma Masjíd we found a group of Afgháns, who, as usual, gazed at us, with much curiosity. In the afternoon these steps are the resort of merchants and sellers of every kind; now, early in the morning, they were occupied by men waiting to be hired, as in the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Met many in the streets riding on fine oxen. We have done with the Ekká, or one-horse carriage of Bengal, and find instead the Byli, a similar conveyance, but drawn by two oxen. Instead of the large white turbans worn lower down the country, the men of Delhi delight in the smallest and brightest varieties of head gear, their turbans being jauntily stuck on one side, generally over the left ear.

We drove through the Chandi Chowk, which is very wide, with an aqueduct in the midst; it is the main street of the city. On one side of it is a little mosque of white marble, with three gilded domes, memorable enough, for when Nadir Shah invaded in 1739, the reigning sovereign of Delhi went out to meet him, they entered the city together, and Nadir quartered his nobles and troops on the inhabitants (being much such a guest as Napoleon proved when he came to give freedom to Germany), but with the strictest order to do no injury. One morning it was bruited about that the dreaded Persian King was dead. Immediately the people of Delhi rose upon his troops, and many of the inhabitants gave up their guests to slaughter. But the lion soon showed he was not dead. Nadir gave the order for indiscriminate massacre. He drew his sword, and sat there in that little mosque, with the symbol of vengeance in his hand, till the streets of Delhi ran red with blood, and the king and his nobles came down from the palace, and besought him to put an end to the work of death. Then Nadir sheathed his sword, and the slaughter was stayed. He returned to Persia laden with the spoil of the imperial city, which had hardly recovered from this misfortune when the Mahrattas came like a flock of vultures to prey upon the game struck down by the mighty hunter.

Monday, February 15th.—Started soon after gun-fire in a very English fog (Miss M. accompanying us), for the Kutab. The roads all round Delhi are detestable, though Mr. R. is doing his best to get them mended. The country is most interesting; full of ancient tombs and mosques.

We passed a huge ape, "sloping along," as an American would say; there are numbers of wild monkeys in the neighbourhood. About halfway to the Kutab we stopped to see the tomb of Safder Jung, the founder of the present dynasty of Oud, who called in the Mahrattas to deliver the country from the Rohillas. He was Vázir to the King of Delhi, and to this day the people speak of the Sovereign of Laknao (who is a king of our making), as the Vázir. I did not much admire the tomb: one becomes very fastidious after seeing such admirable buildings as we have lately done.

We changed horses; a Rajah in the city having lent us a pair. Two of his Sáses ran the whole way; it is quite a pleasure to see these men run, they do it so well, very near the ground, and, at the same time, with indescribable lightness, and with a regularity of pace that looks as if they would go on for ever. A Múhammadan woman was standing at the gateway, whose whole dress consisted of a pair of trousers, and a cloth wrapped round her head and the upper part of her body, so that I took her for a man.

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We arrived at the Kutab about nine o'clock, and while waiting for breakfast and for Mr. R. (who left us *en route* to inspect a piece of new road, the roads and villages being under his superintendence as magistrate and collector of the district), I went with my husband to look at this famous tower. It is truly magnificent—said to be the highest in the world (not reckoning China), being 246 feet in height. It is built of red stone in five different shafts, each crowned by a gallery of the most exquisite workmanship, and adorned with bands of colossal Arabic inscriptions in relief. It is fluted the whole way up, narrowing as it ascends. The lower story has twenty-seven volutes alternately round and angular; in the next story the volutes are all rounded, in the third all angular. The carving under the galleries I can compare to nothing but the exquisite wood carving of some of the stall canopies in the Belgian churches; at the distance at which we saw it, it looked like lace-work.

The Kutab stands near two courts of a very ancient Hindu temple. Both these courts are surrounded by ruined cloisters, through which we walked. The columns are of fantastic form, something akin to the Egyptian, but wanting their colossal size, being not more than twelve feet high, having slender columns, each differing from the others, and elaborately and delicately carved with figures of their gods, all of which the Múhammadans have conscientiously defaced. Just in the middle of the temple are three magnificent arches, the beginning of a mosque which Shaháb-u-Dín Ghori (cir. 1200 A.D.) intended to build. They are pointed much like the Gothic, and both in majesty of form and extreme delicacy of ornament are most admirable.* The contrast between the Múhammadan and Hindu architecture is very great; the former is as majestic as perhaps man in his fallen state is capable of conceiving; the latter is wholly devoid of this quality, and in spite of the beauty of some minor details, the effect of the whole is grotesque confusion. The pillars are such as one might imagine in an uneasy dream.

It seems as if no mind, unaccustomed to dwell on the Unity of the Godhead, were capable of any truly sublime idea even in temporal things; as if this, the most simple and sublime of all ideas, were needful for the education of the intellect and heart before man can conceive anything of unity and harmony, or represent them in his works. No man can imagine aught higher that that which he worships: in no ancient Greek or Roman building that I have seen is there anything to raise the mind from earth;—their majesty consists chiefly in their size; their harmony is the harmony of earthly beauty, but there is nothing which solemnizes one as a Gothic building does.

Now the Hindu mythology being far beneath that of Rome and Greece (especially as held by their philosophers and artists), their architecture and sculpture is proportionately debased; the latter is worthy of a New Zealand war club, the former is fit for the revels of sorcerers. There is something diabolical in it, and in viewing it one's sympathies are all with the fierce Mussalmans, who gloried in the title of idol-breakers. The only part of the temple I at all admired were two small domes, which the Hindus, being unable to make an arch, formed by laying the stones horizontally one on the top of the other, the top being finished with four pretty shells. In the centre of the temple is an iron pillar, with a Sanscrit inscription, the purport of which is, that as long as this pillar stands, the Ráj or kingdom has not finally departed from the Hindus. The Múhammadans therefore endeavoured to melt it, but in vain, and at last desisted from their attempts to destroy it after firing a cannon-ball

* Query.—Did Gothic architecture come from the East?

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or two against it. Beyond the mosque is the tomb of Shamshudín Altamsh, one of the slave kings. Its date, according to Elphinstone, must be about A.D. 1240. The tomb itself, which is of white marble, and no doubt carved, has, I grieve to say, been covered with plaster, *out of respect*, and with as much propriety as when Jacob called the Queen *he* for the same reason.

On the other side, close to the Kutab, is a magnificent dome, built by Akbar as a college; and passing through it, we came to the tomb of a saint, for whom Akbar had special regard. It is, as usual, within a latticed chamber, beautifully carved. The name of a young officer was scribbled on its walls; just beneath, a few months after, another hand added, "killed at Sobráon."

We found an excellent breakfast awaiting us, Mr. Roberts's servants having started from Delhi about two A.M. with the requisites for it. What a hardship an English servant would think it, to walk twelve miles on such an occasion in the middle of the night! Then, being invigorated, we all returned to the Kutab. The old Chaprásí who attended us in the morning was a Ját, a very simple industrious race of Hindu agriculturists who do *not* steal,—for this practice runs very much in families. The Játs are found in Sind, and are the original inhabitants and peasantry of the Punjáb and the protected Sikh States, Lodiana, Firozpûr, Patiale, &c. Dr. Wilson considers them to be the descendants of a Scythian tribe and synonymous with the Getæ. We ascended to the first gallery of the Kutab, and anything so utterly abominable as the odour of the bats never offended my nostrils before. It made me quite ill, in spite of closing both nose and mouth with my pocket-handkerchief.

We could not see further than Delhi, but a radius of twelve miles in every direction is not a small one. The whole country is thickly covered with ruins, more or less perfect. Behind the temple are the remains of a huge Hindu fort, underneath whose protection the temple and old Hindu Delhi reposed in safety. A great part of the city still remains, containing as many ruins as houses. This fort belonged to a Rajput chief, and the Hindu legend regarding the erection of the Kutab is this: The chief, Pithora Sing, had a beautiful daughter, and as it is, or was, the custom of the Rajputs never to marry their daughters without a fight, he sent word to Udal Sing, King of Canouj, that he had a marriageable daughter, whom Udal might carry off if he could. Having, in this truly Irish fashion, done his best to get into a scrape, he bethought himself that Udal was a very powerful king, and that it would no longer be safe for the young princess to go daily to the Jamna, about seven miles off, to worship as she had been wont to do. He therefore built the Kutab, from the top of which she could see the Jamna and make Pújá to it as effectually as if she were on its banks; but I am sorry to say I do not know how Udal sped in his wooing. The Rajputs in the neighbourhood say they are descended from Pithora Sing, and there is a standing quarrel between the Hindus and Múhammadans as to who built the Kutab. On the Mussalman side are the Arabic inscriptions, and the fact that many of the openings for light are arched, which the Hindus were notoriously incapable of doing. But, on the other hand, the tower is not on a Chábutra or platform, which all Minárs are. Secondly, the style is unlike that of any other Múhammadan tower, besides which the beginning of a corresponding Minár, not far off, which is undoubtedly the work of Mussalmans, is on a Chábutra, and is one-third larger. The door of the Kutab faces the north instead of the west: the said arches might easily have been added, as they are only one stone deep: and that the inscriptions have been added after the tower was built is manifest by the fact, that another

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inscription near the base has been begun and left imperfect; thus showing that the original surface of the stones was on a level with the letters which are now in relief. It seems probable (as Mr. Roberts thinks) that this famous tower is a Hindu work, and that the Múhammadan invaders arrived before it was finished and added to it, and then afterwards may have intended to make it one of the Minars of the mosque which they commenced.

We saw men beneath us making salám to the iron lát or pillar. Between the Kutab and Delhi lies what is commonly called Old Delhi (but which, in reality, is Delhi the Second) and its suburbs. It was built by the Patans, as the Indians call their Afghán invaders, and their descendants, after Hindu Delhi began to decline, while the modern city is the work of the later Múhammadan conquerors, who are known by the name of Moguls, but who, in reality, were Turcoman Tartars, of the same origin as the present Turks. You will find in Elphinstone, that the so-called Mogul Emperors always spoke of the Mogul Tartars with aversion and contempt; but the Indians, not knowing the difference between the two races, and having been accustomed to *real* Moguls under Teimúr Lang or Tamalane, applied the same name to their new invaders. The Patan buildings are easily distinguishable from the other by their massive character. There is something grand in their solid simple forms and low domes. A very fine old Patan tomb is close to the Kutab. Their mosques have frequently innumerable domes: Mr. Roberts counted eighty-five domes on one which is now inhabited by a numerous population.

During the Mahratta invasion, the people took refuge in these old buildings, where the solid masonwork enabled them to make some defence; and many mosques and tombs have thus become dwelling-places. At some distance from Pithora Sing's fort is a very fine Pasan fort, built by Shir Shah, the Afghán king, *cir.* A.D. 1540; and another called Toghlakabad, built by Gheias u Dín, the founder of the dynasty of Toghlak about A.D. 1325. This king pressed the whole population into his service to build his fort; but a certain Saint Nizám-ud-Din, being at that time employed in digging a great well, the people preferred working for him. Toghlak forbade this; the people then worked for the king by day, and for Nizam-ud-Din by night. Enraged at this, Toghlak forbade any one to sell oil to the saint; but, owing to the prayers of the latter, the water of the well burnt like oil, and the work went on as well as ever.

Múhammad Toghlak, son of this perverse monarch, was a magnificent prince; but his caprice amounted to madness. He twice took it into his head to transfer the capital of his empire from Dehli to Doulatabad, in the Deccan, and twice caused the whole population of the former to transfer themselves to the latter city, and then gave them leave to return, causing by these forced marches (one of which was during a famine) the death and ruin of thousands.

If we had stayed on the summit of the Kutab all the time it has taken me to tell you what we saw from thence, we should have been roasted; for even at this season, when warm winter dresses can be worn all day, and when fires are pleasant, the sun is intolerably hot in the middle of the day, although the wind is cool. After descending this immense tower, I quite forgot my first impression of it, which was, "How short!" Went to Akbar's college, of which I made a sketch; but photography is the only way of giving an adequate idea of the beautiful and elaborate carvings with which all these buildings are adorned. The latter Múhammadan domes rise higher and higher than their Patan precursors, until they assume a horse-shoe form, and those of Shah Jehán's time, such as the Táj, are raised on a low cylinder. Mr. Roberts pointed out to me a

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kind of bell pattern on the Kutab, which is found in a ruder form in the Hindu temple adjoining, and is again repeated on the walls of Shamshudin Altamsh's tomb. From this it appears, that the Múhammadan conquerors made the Hindu artificers work for them.

We adjourned to Altamsh's tomb, the interior of which I sketched. It is octagonal; and the semicircular dome at each of the four corners is built in the same manner as those in the Hindu temple. There were some beautiful pigeons in the court-yard, with feathered feet, such as I never saw before, long feathers growing out of each toe. The stable was formerly a mosque. We had a refreshing drive through a country quite crowded with old tombs and other ruins. Saw some young wheat crops full of green paroquets; they are so pretty that one forgets the mischief they do. The people here frighten away birds by shooting clay pellets at them from curious bows, with a double string, between which the ball is placed.

We met a whole army of ants marching in close column, each with a grain of some kind in its mouth. They were so numerous that they had made a little smooth path down the hill to their nest. Passed a large building with high walls, now called the Arab Serai: it is inhabited by Arabs, who have been long settled in this country, and are descendants of some of those Arab mercenaries who have played such a conspicuous part in Indian warfare. One of them, a fine-looking old man with a venerable white beard, joined us. They are quite fair in comparison to the natives. As we walked through the narrow streets of the village, we saw a poor Múhammadan woman spinning; she had a small wheel, and, in a marvellous fashion, contrived to spin thread out of a mere lump of wadding. I gave her half a rupee, at which she was delighted. She had a bright, pleasing face: her whole dress consisted of trousers and veil. All, even the poorest, wear bracelets, armlets, and rings of some kind or other, sometimes of coloured clay stuck over with little beads, sometimes of brass, sometimes of silver. The Thánádár, or chief of the police of this village, joined us with his men, Mr. Roberts being his superior. He was a very handsome, delicate-featured young man (the son of an impoverished Nawáb), and wore silver rings on his toes. The police preceded and followed us, spears in hand. We entered a marble court, in which stood the shrine of Toghlak's opponent, the Saint Nizám-ud-Din, a very fine old Patan mosque, and divers square lattice-work enclosures containing tombs of the royal family. The shrine was built about 535 years ago, by Khiza Khan, a brother of Toghlak, and a disciple of the saint. It is square, with a pointed dome, and stands within a colonnade, the ceiling of which is painted (chiefly blue and gold) on copper. Between the pillars are scarlet Pardahs or curtains. The inner wall, which immediately surrounds the tomb, is of beautifully-carved open work. We were not allowed to enter, but stood at the door. The tomb, about the size of a coffin, is on the ground, covered with a spangled stuff, and surmounted by a canopy, much like that of a four-post bed. A row of ostrich eggs hangs over it, each being the offering of some merchant; perchance Sindbad brought one. A desk for the Kurán stands at the head of the tomb.

The adjoining mosque has only one external dome. It is of Toghlak's time, and remarkable for its simple grandeur of form. The only ornaments within are fine Arabic inscriptions in relief. There is a very fine echo in it. We then hurried to the tomb of Jehánira Begum, the celebrated daughter of Shah Jehán. It stands within a beautiful marble railing eight or ten feet high. The tomb is an oblong square of white marble, about five feet long by twelve or sixteen inches broad, and as

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many in height. It is open and filled with earth. At the head is a white marble screen, on which are inscribed some verses written by herself, to the effect that the humble, the transitory Jehanizá was a disciple of the holy men of Christ—supposed to be the Romish priests. Two other tombs have since been placed in the same inclosure. One is of the prince, who went to meet Lord Lake's army when we took possession of Delhi, and delivered the poor old king from the Mahrattas.

Another of these inclosures, containing the tomb of the King, Muhammad Shah, has marble doors, which Lord Hardinge has had copied to replace those which the Mahrattas carried away from the railing round the tomb of Mumtáz Begum (*i.e.*, the Táj): they are very elegant, one side is divided into three compartments, each containing a branch of lilies; the other side has one long branch running the whole way up. Another tomb opposite, of the two elder brothers of the present King, which has been finished within the last twelve or fifteen years, shows that the present generation have in no degree lost the skill which characterised their ancestors, for nothing can be more graceful than the design and workmanship. Flowers were lying on most of the tombs, and a tree or two is suffered to grow in the court, thus gradually adding to its beauty: this is generally the case in court-yards; that in the palace has some palms. Passing through a narrow passage or two, I heard Mr. Roberts say, "Now, I think, she will be astonished, she does not know what to expect," and, accordingly, I was surprised a moment after, on passing through a narrow passage, to find myself overlooking a very large well about sixty feet square, surrounded by houses of several stories, and with a lofty flight of wide steps opposite to where we stood. A crowd of people were sitting or standing on the house-tops to our right, who looked most picturesque in their garments of many colours, with the bright blue sky and the green foliage behind them. Mr. Roberts had just said, "This is the well of Nizám-ud-Din," when, to my utter amazement, a man joined his hands over his head, and leaped from the house-top into the well: another and another followed, from this house-top and from that, from thirty to sixty feet high they sprang, and, before I could recover my breath, a perfect shower of men and boys came flying down into the water. At last they reappeared from their plunge, and swimming, by throwing each arm forward alternately as far as they could reach, they gained the steps, and gathering up some addition to their very scanty garment, ran round to the passage in which we stood, so that on turning I beheld a crowd of half-naked, dripping men and boys looking as cheerful as they could with chattering teeth: two rupees sent them away fully satisfied. As for me the suddenness of the act and the novelty of the scene completely bewildered me, and my husband and Mr. Roberts were quite pleased at the success of their secret plot. Some of the leapers were little boys of twelve years old.

From thence we walked past many fine buildings of which not even the name is known, some of them with painted domes, to the tomb of Hamáiún, erected by his son, Akbár. The sun was just set as we reached it: nevertheless, there was light enough to enjoy the view from the stately terrace of the surrounding country, with its noble domes and feathery palms. This tomb is of red stone or granite, peculiarly simple and grand, just fit for a warrior king. There is no inscription whatever on the tomb itself. It was curious to find the Masonic symbol of the two triangles interlaced, inlaid most conspicuously on the building. The old Arab said that two knobs in the centre of these figures, one on each side of the centre arch, were meant to represent eyes. I should like to know if this were built by an European architect, or whether there were freemasons in

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India at that time. Almost all the Arab masters of ships are freemasons. Some vulgar Europeans have defaced this magnificent monument by foolish inscriptions and drawings worthy of an ale-house. Such creatures ought to be sent to the treadmill, for they sadly require chastisement and employment.

We re-entered the carriage, feeling convinced that to see the environs of Delhi would require weeks, and afford ample work for both pen and pencil, with calotype to boot, to give anything like an adequate idea of them.

After all our fatigues, poor Mr. Roberts had to go to a Hindu wedding. He could not avoid it, as the Rajah, who gave the marriage feast, and whose little brother of ten years old is the bridegroom, had sent us the pair of horses which took us on from Safder Jang's tomb.

Tuesday, February 16th.—Mr. Roberts brought home divers chains of tinsel ribbon, with false stones, and a little bottle of atta, from the feast. The Rajah bewailed the trouble and expense of the marriage ceremonies, both of which are very great. The entertainments last eight or nine days, or rather nights, at the end of which the bridegroom is conducted in state to visit the bride, who in the present instance is a little girl of seven years old. The ceremony is indissoluble, but the bride is not brought home to her husband's house for six or eight years more, though, if he die in the interim, she is considered a widow, and prohibited from marrying again, a custom productive of a thousand evil consequences, and of great hardship to the poor girl. Mr. Roberts asked the Rajah why he did not break through the custom he lamented, of lavishing so much money on the ceremony. His answer was just the reason given all over the world for most of the foolish and extravagant acts committed: "Oh," said he, "So-and-so spent so much on the marriage of his son or brother, and if I did not do the same, I should be considered stingy." The procession is to take place this evening.

About five o'clock we drove to a house in the Chandí Chouk, belonging to one of the native sub-collectors, a Mussalmân, who had prepared seats for us, whence we could see everything. The Chandí Chouk is a double street, and divided down the middle by a stone watercourse, the edges of which were crowded with people. The procession was passing down the side furthest from us, and, turning at the top of this immense street, it paraded before the bride's house, which was a little way above us, and then came close under our windows. It was more than a mile long! The balconies and flat roofs of the houses, which are generally low, were covered with people; here was a variegated group of men and children, there a bevy of shrouded Muhammadan women, the first I have seen, and the appearance of the crowd was that of a bed of tulips.

Just as we had seated ourselves numbers of empty palkís were passing, then a crowd of Tonjons, some empty, some with one or two children in them. Many of these were gorgeously dressed, in brocade or velvet, with Greek caps of gold and silver, and some of them were borne by four men in scarlet, and attended by a man on each side, with Chouries of the tail of the Yak or Thibet Ox, to keep the flies off. All the friends of the bridegroom's family do him as much honour as they can, by sending their led-horses, elephants, vehicles of every description, and their children richly dressed, to form part of the procession. The ladies of the King's harem were there in bullock carts, with scarlet hangings, to see the show. His Majesty had also sent his guards, and his camels carried small swivel cannon, which were fired at intervals. The led-horses formed a very picturesque feature in the procession; some of them were painted; a white one had his legs and tail dyed red with henna, and splashes of the

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same on his body, as if a bloody hand had been repeatedly laid on his side. Then came a whole body of men clothed like soldiers, at the Rajah's expense, with a band that was executing a Scotch melody. Then appeared a whole tribe of magnificent elephants, their faces elaborately painted in curious patterns, and gaily caparisoned in scarlet, green, and other bright colours.

On a small baby-elephant, most richly adorned, sat a little boy, with an aigrette of jewels in front of his turban. His dress was a robe of lilac gauze, edged with gold, reaching to his feet, and most carefully spread out, fan-wise, on each side, as he sat astride on his elephant. Then came the little bridegroom, who was a mass of gold. He sat alone in his howdah, with a careful servant behind him; his turban was covered with a veil of gold tissue, which he held up with both hands, that he might see all that was going on. Bearers of peacock fans, and others with gold pillars, walked by him, while his elephant was as splendid as he could be. A few other elephants closed the procession, the beginning of which now passed under our windows on its return. It consisted of huge trays filled with artificial flowers, the effect of which, as we looked down the street, was extremely pretty, like a parterre of the gayest colours. Then there were moving pavilions, with beds of flowers in front of them, peacocks on the top, and bands of musicians inside. Such music! fancy flutes in hysterics, drums in a rage, violins screaming with passion, and penny trumpets distracted with pain, and you may have some idea of it. A crowd of women and boys, of the poorest of the people, then appeared, carrying little flags.

Eastern processions are like Eastern life, they comprise the greatest contrasts of poverty and magnificence. They seem to think everything, no matter what, helps to make a show. After, and among the moving flower-beds, came trays of huge dolls, and others of little puppets, one set of which represented a party of European officers at dinner, with their Khitmadgars waiting behind them. Another was a little regiment of soldiers, such as children play with at home. Suddenly the mob rushed in upon the bearers, and down went the trays; one snatched a great doll, which, in the struggle, had a leg pulled off; he seized the dissevered limb, whirled it round his head like a shillelah, and valiantly defended the rest of his prize with it. The trays were seen swaying about till they were torn in pieces, and the fortunate ones rejoiced in having got a bunch of flowers, or perchance a doll's limb. I believe they are stuffed with some kind of sweetmeat, and the people think it lucky to get any fragment of these trays, which are always given up to be scrambled for, after they have passed the house of the bride. It was the first time I had seen the natives in a state of excitement, and I certainly thought they managed the scramble with much good humour, and nothing like the angry fighting that would have taken place in England on a similar occasion.

After this appeared several Nách girls, splendidly dressed in red and gold, their muslin petticoats full of gathers, and very wide, and their long hair hanging down their backs, each carried on a canopied platform, by men. One of them was very handsome, but they stood in theatrical attitudes, beckoning, smiling, and joking with the populace, and had a boldness of manner most unpleasing in a woman. By this time it was dusk, and the blaze of torches opposite the bride's house was very pretty, as seen through the trees, of which there are a good many in the middle of the street. We returned to the carriage, and drove to a spot opposite the house; the bridegroom soon arrived, and looked most brilliant by the glare of the torches. We watched him slowly entering the gateway, and which was immediately shut, reminding us strongly of Mat. xxv. 10. It was very interesting to *see* it.

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Wednesday, February 17th.—Mr. Roberts told me that when he was encamped at the Kutab a few months ago on his usual cold weather tour through the district, a young man came to see them, and foolishly amused himself by firing with ball in the direction of a village. He aimed at a dog, and kept following it as it ran, of course not seeing anything between him and it; the consequence was that when he fired he killed a donkey and a cow with one ball. Compensation for the cow was accepted by the owner, a Brahman, but in a short time he brought back the money, and said that his fellow Brahmans threatened to expel him from caste, if he accepted any remuneration for the death of so sacred an animal, and nothing could induce him to retain the price, for they looked upon the death of a cow as a sacrifice.

Mr. Pfander told us at Agra that the Hindus despise Popery for its very affinity to their own system, saying that if they are to have idols, they may as well keep their own. I saw a speech made by an educated Brahman the other day, in which he dwelt upon the numerous points of similarity between Romanism and Hinduism, and came to the conclusion that it was of no use making each a slight change. The general tenet of the Hindu is, that each nation is right in having a religion of its own. The Muhammadans utterly abhor what they consider to be the open idolatry of the Romanists. They never speak "*candidly*" of image-worship in any shape. One cannot but acknowledge that the spurious liberality which leads some of our highly cultivated infidels to plume themselves on their philosophical spirit in looking with serene and self-complacent indifference on all religious distinctions, is really far more opposed to Christian feeling than the natural impulse of an uncultivated mind,—say that of a child or a Muhammadan—who sees, as if by instinct, that if one religion be true, the opposite must be false, and, therefore, detests it; and who could, by no possibility, be made to comprehend the state of mind which does not approve of idolatry, yet thinks it "very enthusiastic," narrow-minded, and bigoted decidedly to condemn it. The *cultivated* natural mind is still more at enmity against God than the uncultivated one; it has turned away from the light, and has added the bandages of sophistry to its own natural blindness. It is among the former class that the majority will be found, who

"non furon rebelli
Ne furon fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro."

C. drove me in a buggy before dinner, the first time I ever was in one. A two-wheeled carriage appears very unsafe. Buggies are the same as gentlemen's cabs in England. The cantonments always appear to me the ugliest and most uninteresting part of every station. The Bungalows, though very comfortable and prettily furnished within, are very ugly without, being one-storied houses with verandahs on two or three sides, and immense thatched roofs.

The next day, Thursday, February 18th, our kind friends persuaded us to stay and dine with them, and then drove us about four miles to overtake the palkí. The roads were so bad between this and Loodiana, that, much to our regret, we are obliged to leave our comfortable palkígáría and proceed in palkís. C. has bought a duli or litter for himself, and one for the Ayah whom I have engaged. These are much larger, lighter, and, in some respects, more comfortable than a palkí, being merely charpais or bedsteads made of tape, and with a frame-work for the curtains; they are carried by four men, like a palkí, but the bearers do not require to rest so often. Eight bearers are allotted to a palkí, four of whom work at a time. Each palkí or dúli has a Massalchi or torch-bearer, and our baggage is all

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carried in Petarrahs or square tin boxes with pyramidical tops, which are slung at each end of a bamboo, each bearer carrying two. We now had ten men for the palkí, four for each dúli, three Massalchies, and seven Petarrah carriers, making twenty-eight in all.

We have laid a private dák which is rather cheaper than when the post-office supplies the bearers; the latter receive five annas a stage; under the post-office they get rather less. Sevenpence seems rather little for carrying a heavy burden ten miles, but here the people live well on a rupee and a half or two rupees a month. Since leaving Delhi we give them one rupee a stage as "bakshish," *i. e.* present, but they seem quite satisfied. You may judge how much less expensive a palkígárí is than palkís, as the former holds two, and only requires ten men to push it.

This was my first night in a palkí; I slept very well, though not so comfortably as in the gárí; when we went evenly the motion was by no means unpleasant, but when the bearers ran it was like winnowing corn in a sieve, such jolting could only be adequately described by the muse when "she on dromedary trots."

Monday, February 22nd.—Karnâl was formerly a very large station, and very healthy, but like every other place in India, subject to occasional epidemics. Lord Ellenborough was here during a week of rain, when fever was prevalent: he hastily decided that it was an unhealthy station, and removed it to Amballa, leaving the barracks, go-downs, storehouses, and other buildings (a church included), erected at incalculable expense, to go to ruin. Only three families are now stationed here. Just opposite the Dák Bungalow is an old Serai of the time of the Moghul emperors, built for the accommodation of travellers: it is a square enclosure, with lofty walls and handsome gateways.

While we were at the Bungalow, two men with dancing snakes came to the door. They blew their little pipes vehemently, but one snake remained inactive; the other, a cobra capello, raised its hood as if angry; the man patted and soothed it, and it then waved itself about to the music. Then came a beggar—on horseback! who certainly had no one "der für seine Bekleidung sorgt."

We did not reach Kanakaserai until two o'clock P.M. on the 25th, at which time the heat is very great. The country is intersected by ditches full of water, and the road is wretched, being a succession of high ridges: the country is of such bad repute north of Delhi, than an escort of Sepâhis is usually given to those who are marching. One was offered to us, but declined, as we were going Dák. We had a sawâr, or trooper, instead: these men are changed at every station like the bearers.

Just before reaching Ambala, I had my first view of the Himalaya Mountains. At the distance we were, they gave one the idea of a low line of hills, owing probably to there being no manifest irregularity or boldness of outline. I do not believe there is a green field in India at this season, except of wheat: the grass has disappeared, and in the place where it ought to grow is dust. We have met several persons: one or two ladies riding early in the morning, which is a pleasant way of marching; they go about ten to fifteen miles daily.

This morning we saw a thief, or what had been a thief's body, hanging by the heels from a tree close to the road: he had crept into a camp, stolen something, and on going away, knocked down a Sepâhi sentry with a bludgeon. A patrol of European soldiers came up at the moment, cut the marauder down, and then hung him up *in terrorem*. After this we passed Sirhind, formerly an extensive city, but one of the Sikh Gurús (or spiritual teachers) having been cruelly murdered here by the Muhammadans, the Sikhs destroyed the place, vowed it should never be restored,

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and since that time every Sikh who passes carries away a brick, which he throws into the Jumna. The ruins are very extensive and solid. The travellers whom we now meet are all armed. At one Chouki the bearers were not forthcoming. The headman or chowdi, therefore, walked on with us, to try to get some at a village near. In talking to him, C. found that he had heard the missionaries at Loodiana preach. He said he believed there *was* only one God, and gladly accepted some tracts, one of the Gospels, and a copy of Dr. Wilson's "Confutation of Hinduism, in Urdu." Having dined, we left Kanakaserai about half-past six: it seems from an inscription written on the wall, that in the room we occupied, the measures were agreed upon, December 13th, 1845, which led to the battles of Sobráon, &c.

February 26th, 1847.—We reached Loodiana in the night, but I slept in the courtyard of the hotel (a bungalow so called) until six o'clock, when C. woke me to take tea. We walked in the little stiff garden, with its young cypresses looking like paint-brushes with their tips spoilt, and enjoyed the pure fresh morning air, and then proceeded to the Compound of the American mission, where we were most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Janvier, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and soon after by his wife. Went out of the Compound gates. On one side of the arch is written, "Jesus said, I am the door; by me if any man," &c.; and on the other, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," in English, Urdu, and Panjábi. We saw a catechist working in his garden, and spoke to him, found he was a Bengáli named Haldhár, converted about twelve years ago, and therefore probably an older Christian than either of us. The Mission Compound is a very large enclosure, contains four houses (each with a good space around it), and also the chapel, school, and printing-office. It is in a very pleasant, open situation, away from the smoke of the town.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28th, 1847.—C. went to the Hindustani service, and was much pleased, the preacher, a Bengálí, gave an excellent sermon. A woman was baptized, she is the wife of a convert, and the Missionaries have known her for two years past. My husband was much pleased with the simplicity and seriousness with which she gave her answers.

The native Church here consists of about sixteen, whom they consider real converts, besides some of the people employed in bookbinding, and the orphan girls who attend the public services. They are all, except one, the fruits of the Mission. In the evening we all partook of the Communion at the Mission Chapel, where the service was partly in English and partly in Hindustaní. The American Presbyterians allow any strangers who choose to partake of the Sacrament; they give an invitation and a warning, and then leave it to the communicant's own conscience: but they exercise very efficient discipline in this respect over all who are regular members of the congregation. About fourteen native Christians communicated with us, and the minister who administered the Holy Ordinance was a Bengálí, Golak Nath, an old pupil of Dr. Duff's, but baptized here.

Monday, March 2nd.—Sáleh Muhammad called. I do not like his face. He was the commandant of the guard whom Akbar Khán commissioned to convey the hostages and prisoners to Turkistán, and who was bribed to bring them into the British camp. He had deserted from us at Bámián in 1840, so that he is a double traitor; but my husband received him

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civilly, considering the service he had rendered, and not the base motives thereof. This man has lately taken to drinking. He is fat, self-indulgent and crafty, without firmness. He brought a friend of his to recommend to C., and some half-dozen rough-looking followers. The Afghâns seem fully as tall and strong as any Europeans. They are much less ceremonious than the Hindustanís, and make a very slight salám, just raising the hand to the head carelessly. C. gave one of the attendants a small Bakshísh, he just took it without any acknowledgment whatever. Sáleh Muhammad prefaced his visit (as is the custom here from an inferior, or from any native short of a Rajah) by sending a Nuzzar, which in this case consisted of a round tray of pomegranates with scarcely any seeds. They taste, I think, like raw peas, but are sweeter. In the evening, a much more interesting visitor arrived in the person of my husband's devoted friend and follower, Muhammad Hasan Khân, who sealed his fidelity to the British with his blood, and lost everything by so doing. My husband and he met outside and embraced *straitly*. He is a noble-looking man, with lofty features, piercing black eyes, and a most beautiful and varying expression.

Just as I was writing this, in came Hasan Khân again. The other night he was richly dressed, to-day he wore a shawl, turban, and white chogah with white cotton gloves. This snow-white dress contrasted well with his dark complexion and jet-black beard. He told us of the difficulty which he had here in obtaining any remuneration for his losses; they were as great as those C. encountered on his behalf at home. At last he said to Mr. Currie, the Secretary to the Government, and some other person who had made promises to him: "If I have done bad service give me a paper saying so, and I will never trouble you again; but if I have done such and such things then reward me, or I will kill some of you, or be killed myself." His eyes were fiercer when he related this than you can well imagine; and yet in speaking to us his expression is peculiarly sweet. He was with poor Major Broadfoot at Firóshahar, and had a horse shot under him. Major Broadfoot said to him: "Now you have done great things with Mackenzie, do as much with me and I will write him an account of it." Hasan Khân said he never saw such confusion as in that battle. He kept by Broadfoot as long as he could, but at last completely lost himself, caught and mounted a Sikh horse which was running loose, and for some time rode hither and thither, not knowing where the Europeans were, or where the Sikhs—for there was nothing but dust, noise and smoke, until he came to the place where the Governor-General was sitting. Colonel Garden, the Quarter-Master General (who was suffering great agony from being struck in the side by a spent ball), and several other officers, were with him: Hasan Khân sat down among them. Sir Henry Hardinge remained for some time in deep thought, with a very sad face, and at last burst out into an exclamation to Colonel Garden. Hasan Khân asked what he had said, and Colonel Garden told him. "Had one of my sons fallen, I could have borne it, but the loss of Major Broadfoot is irreparable."

Saleh Múhammad sent me an Afghân dinner. This consisted of three or four round trays, each containing a Pillau surrounded by smaller dishes: I made a point of tasting them all. The Pillaus were very simple, with no spice, and coloured with saffron, which looks better than it tastes. There were divers dishes of Kuftas, which are just rissolles (only bun shaped) with sauce, in which I strongly suspect there was a spice of assafœtida, of which seasoning the natives are very fond. However, they were not bad. There were vegetables not unlike green slimy sea-weed, which C. pronounced *very* good, and the rest of the party "not

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very bad," and little saucers full of sují and milk, extremely like pap. Sují is a preparation of the very heart of the wheat. There were also some excellent sweetmeats—one a kind of compôte of apples, the other made of apricots.

We have bought a cow for sixteen rupees and a half, which is reckoned high. She is very pretty, small, but such a high caste looking thing, with head and legs like an Arab horse, eyes like a gazelle, a deep hanging dewlap, and a hump between her shoulders which is very becoming. I never saw such beautiful cattle as in this country. It is necessary for every lady here to be her own "milkman," as Lizzy would say, and to keep her own fowls and sheep, bazár mutton not being fit to eat, as, from want of pasture, the sheep which are not shut up and fed on gram and bhusá, are driven to act as scavengers, in common with pigs and páriáh dogs; besides which, when you buy mutton, you generally get *goat*. C. breakfasted the other day with Hasan Khán, who sent me some of the breakfast, Pillau as before, two kinds of Afghán bread—one, like bad pie-crust, the other like a bannock with butter in it. The Shahzádah Shahpúr sent to know when C. was coming to see him, and accompanied his message by a tray of sugar-candy.

Saturday, March 6th.—We got into our house, which is just opposite the Janviers, and has a verandah on three sides. A short distance from the house is a row of mud rooms, one of which is the cooking-room, and the others are for those servants who, having no families here, do not return to the city at night. The east verandah is generally full of people; the orderlies, bearer, tailor, khalási (or tent-pitcher), and any stray people, sit there. All the principal rooms have fire-places: the bed-room contains nothing but the bed, which is a four-footed frame, the foundation for the mattress to rest on being broad country tape, interwoven, which is very elastic; and I think when the hot weather comes we shall be obliged to take off the mattress and sleep upon that. We have two Khidmatgárs, who are properly waiters at table, but who act as cook and butler; likewise a Massalchi, who helps them; one Bearer, who is housemaid and valet; one Ayah, who cleans my room, makes my bed, and waits upon me; one sweeper; one Bhisti, or water-carrier (the sweeper takes care of the fowls); one Dhobi, or washer-man, to whom we pay twelve rupees a months, *i.e.*, twenty-four shillings, for washing everything we choose to give him; one chowkedár or watchman, who *sleeps* in the north verandah until we get our guard; one Khalási, or Lascar, to take care of the tents and to do anything which is required. Each horse has a groom and grass-cutter. I must explain that go-downs are store-rooms, of which we have four of different kinds. When Jacob comes he will be general superintendent; see that the fowls are fed and horses get their allowance of grain, and that nothing is wasted.

We get up at gun-fire, *i.e.*, early dawn: when dressed, I go to the store-room and give out flour, sugar, potatoes, rice, &c., for the day, and order dinner. C. has already long before gone to parade, which he attends morning and evening; then I write till he comes home. We have prayers before breakfast, which is about eight o'clock, dinner at three, tea at seven, prayers at nine, and go to bed directly after.

The weather is already too hot for me to leave the house in the day-time, but in-doors it is very pleasant: it is now, March 11th, 74° in this room, at half-past ten A.M., but outside the house it is 82° in the shade. Boxwallahs, or Kapráwállahs (literally clothmen), often come; they are like pedlars, and have every kind of wares, from European muslins, and even velvets, to the merest rubbish.

We went the other day to see the printing establishment, which is on

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the Mission premises. They print Persian, Hindustání, Panjábí, and English. I saw, among other Panjábí tracts, "Malan's Deux Vieillards." They have also a bookbindry. We also saw the boys' school, where boys of all ranks receive an excellent education in English and Hindustání: we heard them go through part of their ordinary studies, by reading, parsing, and explaining a passage of English prose. They showed a very good knowledge of grammar, and also of arithmetic; Mr. Rudolph teaches them.

The American missionaries are full of public spirit. During the Sutlej campaign they printed Sir H. Hardinge's Panjábí proclamations, there being no other press in India which could do it, and no English press nearer than Delhi. This involved great personal labour, as the missionaries themselves are obliged to correct the press, and even in a great measure to act as compositors; nevertheless they refused all payment, and I never heard that the Governor-General showed his sense of obligation by any donation to the mission.

Saturday, March 13th.—Did I ever tell you that in this country, if a woman and man walk together, no matter how wide the road is, the woman always walks behind? The Hindu women do not veil their faces; only sometimes, as one passes, they draw their veils across, but they are not muffled up as Musalmánís are. All the officers of irregular cavalry nourish beards: Captain F. called here the other day with a beard longer than my Khitmadgar's.

I am giving you miscellaneous scraps of information, so I will mention that all the bath-rooms contain several large earthen pitchers and water-bottles of the same material, with round bodies and long necks, all of which are filled daily by the Bhistí, who brings the water in a goat-skin slung at his back. Those huge Etruscan vases, of which I never could make out the use, were, doubtless, for the bath-rooms of the ladies of those days, for they are exactly of the same shape, only mine are plain red.

March 16th.—The other evening a very fine-looking Afghán called. This was Haider Khán, a nephew of Turábaz Khán, the old Momand Chief, and the very man who conducted Captain and Mrs. Ferris in safety on their perilous flight. As a reward this man, the son of a chief, and a gentleman both by birth and manner, is now superintendent of Major Mackeson's camels on a salary of twenty rupees a month. He told my husband he did not care so long as he was treated with respect, and had enough to keep life in him; but he was so ashamed of the smallness of the salary that he wrote to his uncle that he had an appointment of 120 or 150 rupees a month. The old chief wrote back, "Don't tell me lies; I have heard that you only get 20 rupees:" whereupon his nephew, in his answer, asked "if he would believe his enemies rather than himself?" All this our visitor related with the greatest simplicity, showing what a complete absence of the very idea of truthfulness there must be among his people. He had alighted and left his horse at some distance from the house, out of respect; C. called to the groom and made him bring the horse near. Haider Khán then seized the bridle and endeavoured to lead the animal further off before mounting; the matter ended by C. making him get up where he was.

March 17th.—We heard last night that about fifteen children of Sepáhís and others who perished in Afghánistan have been sent to the care of the missionaries. They and about ninety others, among them a European boy, have just been recovered from the Afgháns by the agency of Murtezá Shah, the same who was the instrument (with Ali Reza Khán Kazzilbash) of bribing Sáleh Muhammad to bring in the ladies and officers to General Sale's camp. C. went over to Mr. Rudolph's and saw the poor children,

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who can speak nothing but Persian. One poor little girl has lost both feet: C. and one of the missionaries carried her over to the Orphan-House, where she was to sleep. The boys and girls made bitter lamentations on being separated from each other, but my husband explained to them that it was only for the night. To-day I sent the little girls some pomegranates, and begged Mrs. Rudolph to provide a good meal for them at our expense. In the evening we walked over to see them, nine from Afghánistan and eight of the Orphan School; the latter quite busy helping the Pillau which they had cooked, the odour of which was excellent. The Pillau was brought in a large cauldron and then ladled out, first into two great dishes and then into brass plates, each of which served for two or more children. A table-cloth was spread on the floor, and they all sat round it and ate with their fingers.

The new comers look as if they had been well fed, but some of them are in a bad state of health, and several have lost some of their toes, or been otherwise injured by the frost. A native lamp, which is just a piece of wick lying in oil, was all the light they had. The two youngest of the quondam captive children were eating together, there was but one morsel of Pillau left on their plate, and neither liked to take it; at last, the elder one made it into a ball, popped it into the little one's mouth, and then coaxed her in the native fashion by stroking and patting her. It was very pretty to see the affectionate way in which it was done. Mr. Rudolph asked a blessing on the meal, and I inwardly prayed that they might soon be led to feed on the bread of life, to which, poor children, they are yet utter strangers.

March 18th.—After dinner, Usmán Khán, the Nizám-u-Doulah, or Prime Minister of the late Shah Shujah, called, a very noble looking elderly man. He it was who warned poor Sir Alexander Burnes of his danger, and got nothing but an insolent reply for his pains, which, however, did not prevent his putting himself at the head of the King's Hindustáni Paltan (or regiment), and fighting so gallantly, that had he been properly seconded by Colonel Shelton and the British force, the insurrection would, in all probability, have been nipped in the bud. He was afterwards imprisoned in the Bálá Hissar by Akbar, and left his country with Pollock's force.

In spite of his fidelity and rank, and although he was present at all the battles during the last campaign with the Sikhs, yet he has only within the last two days got any reward at all, and now it is only 500 rupees a month! The people in office here say they have written home for a larger pension for him.

There was a ceremonious struggle on parting: C. insisted on turning his slippers, which he had (as usual) left in the verandah, the right way for him to put them on, and then helping him up on his horse.

I must tell you a story which Mr. C. wrote us. A friend of his has just arrived in Calcutta, travelling for pleasure. A Parsí on board the steamer thus addressed him:—"You civil?" "No." "You military?" "No." "Then you write book." Is not this a good classification of Indian travellers? To skip to quite a different subject,—a conductor of Artillery was showing my husband a house in the 50th lines. You must know that each regiment has a kind of camp allotted to it, where (if it be a Native corps) the Sephâhís build mud huts for themselves—a line of huts being appropriated to each company; if a European regiment, they have barracks, and the whole, with the officers' houses, are called the lines. (We have just received a note directed "Missionary Lines!") Well, as I said, a conductor was showing C. the 50th lines, and in so doing remarked that the fall of the barracks last year, by which so many

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perished, seemed like an evident judgment from heaven upon them, for, said he, "in my whole life I *never* knew so wicked a regiment." It is remarkable that when the Sikhs attacked Loodiana in 1845, they burnt that part of the cantonments, but did not touch the barracks, and by thus leaving them uninjured that dreadful catastrophe took place. The regiment continued as depraved as ever after this awful event.

The Colonel of Her Majesty's — foot before the guns opened on the Sikhs the night previous to the battle of Sobráon, received orders through Lieutenant J. Spens to support the batteries, and drive in the enemy's picquets. He at first refused to obey such orders, unless they were given in writing, and then Lieutenant S. returned with the order *written*, desiring the brigade containing Her Majesty's —nd to do so and so, Colonel —— having previously detached the regiment to a little distance, said *that* regiment was not in the brigade, and he could not do it. Lieutenant S. then told him bluntly that he must recall the regiment, but nothing was done, and Lieutenant S. advanced without any escort, and put his guns in position, and it was then discovered that there were no picquets to be driven in.

Colonel Wheeler's brigade behaved extremely well—save a sergeant-major, who was discovered flying out of shot as fast as he could. In consequence, however, of his name being, by some extraordinary mistake, mentioned in dispatches, he was presented with an unattached ensigncy; but on his applying to General Gilbert for an adjutancy, the gallant old man, who knew the facts, refused to forward his application.

March 24th.—Last evening we took a walk by moonlight in the garden, where the perfume of the orange blossoms was almost too powerful. Indian gardens are very like those gaufres we used to get in Paris, being divided into squares by little ridges. They are intersected by little canals, and have ridges of earth raised round the roots of each tree or shrub to keep the water in.

March 25th.—It was very hot and sultry. Mrs. I. and I had headaches; the children were sick, and there was every appearance of a storm. In the middle of the night the I——s were obliged to take refuge in the house. We made a quilt into a bed for one child, and put the other into a basket. The wind was blowing with such fury that C. sent the whole guard and the watchmen to hold the tent-ropes, for fear the tent should come down before the I——s could get out of it. It was a dust-storm, and had perfectly filled the house with sand. Everything was a mass of fine dust, so thick that some papers which lay on my table were all but invisible. Towards morning rain fell, and it became calm, but the condition in which we were on rising was lamentable; water was turned to mud, our brushes and combs might as well have been dragged along the road; and we were all occupied half the day in washing our hair. Rain fell at intervals, and it is now much cooler.

Hasan Khán came here on Sunday morning, and while talking said to C., in a soothing way, "Your religion and ours are very much the same." C. said, "No, there is a great deal of difference," and lent him a Persian Testament, marking the Sermon on the Mount, which Hasan, who is a very poor scholar, promised to get read to him. He came again the other day and began the subject, by saying he had heard it read, and it was "*very* good; but," added he, "the Sáhib Lóg do not live according to their book. I have only seen one or two that do so." C. told him it was very true, but that still there were some here, and many at home, who tried to *walk after* the Word of God. To walk is the literal Persian expression. Is it not strange that the inconsistency of nominal Christians should be so palpable to a Múhammadan, and yet that they themselves remain so blind to it?

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March 27th.—We get four quails for threepence, and a brace of wild ducks for a shilling. Atta Múhammad, an Afghán, whom C. formerly knew as a merchant, but who is now Náib Rassaldar, *i. e.* native second in command of Captain Fisher's Horse, called last night; he said Afghánistan was soaked in blood. When we first arrived Hasan Khán informed us of Múhammad Akbar's death. It was said that he had been poisoned by Shujah-u-Doulah, the murderer of Shah Sujah, but it is now known that he died of fever, brought on by excessive drinking, for when he ceased to be a Ghází, he sought intoxication from wine instead of fanaticism. Our friend last evening told us that when he was dying he sent for his father-in-law, Múhammad Shah Khán Ghiljye, and said to him—"While I have lived I have protected you, and no one could hurt you, but my father hates you, so now look to your own safety." Múhammad Shah Khán followed his advice, betook himself to the hills, and is now in open rebellion. The road between Kábul and Peshawer is therefore closed.

I was much amused at our visitor's gesticulations; he was an immensely broad-shouldered, powerful man, not so tall, but probably as thick as Og, king of Bashan, and when he was descanting on his own patience and meekness, he crossed his arms on his breast, and leant his head and bushy black beard on one shoulder with such a ludicrous expression of extreme gentleness and sweetness, that he reminded me of Friar Tuck enacting the devout monk. C. laughed outright; he told me that just at that moment he thought of a story which Captain Fisher had related of this very man. Two parties of Sepáhís were fighting—the Náib Rassaldar went out to quell the tumult, and in the *mêlée* got a cut across his shoulders with a whip. This roused his ire to such a degree, that, seizing a huge tent peg for a club, he laid about him with such fury that both parties ceased their strife, and fled from him with might and main. Not satisfied with this, he pursued them with increasing rage, when the guard was ordered to seize him, but were speedily sent flying back again by this perfect Berserker. Captain Fisher, not knowing who it was that was making this terrible uproar, despatched a whole troop to capture him, but it was of no use; he demolished the troop, scattered them, and marched about like a lion rampant, I suppose until the rage went out of him. Now the recollection of this with such a huge meek face before one, was too much for any one's gravity. He is a very good-humoured man, but Afgháns, like Highlanders, when roused, are untameable.

Mr. Porter came in to get a cup of tea on Sunday, after evening service. There is a great mela or fair going on here, and we have lent our tents to the Missionaries—the large one to preach in, the small one to distribute books and tracts from. Mr. Porter told us that the people come most eagerly for books, asking for particular ones, such as the "Epistle to the Romans." A Summary of the Gospels in verse, published at Madras, seems a great favourite. Many of them, to show the exact book they want, recite a page or two at the top of their lungs. He says they sometimes find natives, who, from reading the Scriptures, are nearly as well acquainted with them as the missionaries themselves, and others who are *intellectually* Christians. Once, at a place about seven marches from this, he and his native coadjutor gave a portion of Scripture to a Fáqir. This man had been all over India on pilgrimages, seeking peace and finding none; the word of God proved itself like a two-edged sword, for about two years after he came to the missionaries, professed the faith of the Gospel, and has been for the last five years a catechist at Sabathu. All the missionaries here are teetotallers, and Mrs. Janvier told me that in America not one minister in a hundred of any denomination has intoxicating liquor of any kind in his house. We might well take pattern.

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of them in that particular, especially in Scotland, where the abominable custom of giving a glass of whisky to half the poor people who come to one's house is a fruitful source of sin. How many thousands perish annually from drink in our own beloved land, encouraged by those who take wine and beer in moderation? and how very few either of gentlemen or ladies do take wine in real moderation? How many are as fit for work, as clear-headed, as even-tempered, as fit for meditation and prayer, after dinner as before! How much time after dinner and after lunch is wasted, because we have taken a glass of wine, and cannot therefore apply to study or business! I have long thought we should abstain from wine and beer (for many ladies in India drink both) in order to redeem the time—to keep our bodies in *subjection*, and because, by denying ourselves this expensive luxury, we should be able to minister more largely to the wants of others; for I suppose there are few men in India whose cellars do not cost them from 60*l*. to 100*l*. a year at the very least, without reckoning any "company."

Friday, April 2nd.—Went over to the chapel, to see one of the orphan girls married to a teacher in the Sunday school: they are both nominal Christians. There was dinner at Mr. Rudolph's in one room for us and for two of the native catechists and their wives, and on the floor in the next apartment a feast for the bride and bridegroom, the orphan girls, and divers others. It was pretty to see them enjoying themselves, and to mark the difference of expression in the little captives, who now look as merry as any, and seem at home. Colonel Lawrence has proposed giving 200 rupees to the school, for the board and education of each of the rescued children.

Wednesday, April 11th.—Yesterday, Hasan Khán came while we were at dinner, and one of his men laid a covered tray on the floor, which excited my curiosity, especially as Hasan Khán said nothing about it. When we had finished, the cover was removed, and a very handsome Afghán dress appeared, laid on the top of a tray of sugar-candy and roses, which Múhammad Hasan had put in hand directly he heard of C.'s arrival in the country. He then began to dress him in it: it consisted of a purple silk skirt, a dark cloth coat, exquisitely embroidered in gold, red paijámahs, a shawl girdle, and a green turban. It is a most becoming costume. All the assistants cried in chorus, "Mubárak bâshad!" "May you be fortunate!" which they do on putting on anything new, or on mounting a new horse. Baedoollah always devoutly says, "Bismillah," "In the name of God," when C. put his foot in the stirrup; a thing few Múhammadans would do to a European. I never saw any gold embroidery equal that on this dress: it was done in Múhammad Hasan's own house, under the superintendence of a Kashmirí tailor. Of course we shall have to give them some handsome return for such a present, for it could not be refused without a complete breach with Hasan Khán, who looked so gratified on the occasion that it was quite pleasant to see him. He said, "as they were both well made men, he had had the dress cut on his own pattern, and that was why it fitted so exactly."

The Afgháns are certainly a very handsome race. Hasan Khán's Múnshí, or "man of letters," came in to read a letter of thanks from his patron to Mr. Mills, of the Indian House, comparing him to Plato and Lokhman, to which Hasan Khán listened with a face of simplicity that convinced me he knew as much of one as the other. The said Munshí and another attendant had most beautiful features; I never saw a more perfect nose than the Munshí's, and Múhammad Hasan's Peshkhidmat, or henchman, whom he sent the other day with his magnificent donation of eighty rupees for the poor Highlanders, was one of the finest specimens of manly

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beauty in its full maturity which could be imagined. Hasan Khán then told us that one of my husband's old Jezailchís was with him, Shábad Khán by name: he was one of those fifteen who were cut down in the attack on the Shah Bagh at Kábúl; thirteen were slain outright, but this one recovered, and C. showed me a frightful scar across his right wrist.

When he was introduced, C. warmly shook hands with him, and he in return pressed his old commander's hand to his forehead and eyes. He was greatly pleased when I brought my copy of "Eyre's Journal," and C. read the names of all his Jezailchís which I had written on the fly-leaf.

Hasan Khán then began to recapitulate Shábad's enormities; how he would spend twenty rupees in a day, and never send any to his aged father and mother; how, if he were not a man of his own tribe and his own place, he would have cast him off entirely, and he shook his garment vehemently; how he had beaten him, and said to him, "Begone, let me never see you more!" but that he stuck to him like his girdle. During all this time, Shábad Khán, who was sitting by, made such gestures of injured and belied innocence, that I could hardly refrain from laughing; at last he said, "You had better kill me, Khán, than give me such a bad character; besides," added he, "not a word of it is true!" Hasan Khán did not seem at all disturbed at being thus accused of coining about a dozen falsehoods, but went on to relate, that this man accompanied him to Calcutta, but on their return, another retainer of his being about to join him, who had a blood feud with Shábad, he told him of it, and said, "You had better depart, for he will kill you."

Now, Múhammad Hasan having sent his enemy on a message to Kábúl, Shábad Khán has emerged from his retreat and rejoined him; but when his foe comes back he must vanish again. My husband said, "This is an abominable custom; cannot peace be made between them?" Hasan Khán said that it was very bad, but it was the custom, and peace could not be made unless blood was spilt.

A Rassaldár also called, and C. showed them some of my sketches, which they admired, and cried, "Wonderful! It is a great science! The Feringhi are wonderful people? Wonderful that the Mem Sahib should do it herself. Wah! wah!" and then wagged their heads wisely.

In our drive passed a camp of Sepáhís on furlough; they always go in bands for safety; four or five have been murdered and robbed here since we came, so these have sentries.

Wednesday.—The senior Súbádar of our regiment came,—a fine-looking, white-bearded old man, to whom, at C.'s request, I gave a rose, and told him that, as my father was an old soldier, and I hoped my husband would live to be one, I felt an affection for old soldiers in general. This small speech C. translated, and the old man was greatly pleased, and told us he had two daughters (married to native officers) and five sons. It is a great compliment for a native to speak of the female members of his family, for they never do so except to those of whose respectability of character they have a high idea. I never saw more willing and obliging servants than ours; they have never yet made the least difficulty about anything: our household is almost exclusively Múhammadan, and the two Khitmadgars have been up to Afghánistan and Bokhára, which has enlightened their minds.

Thursday morning, C., Mrs. I. and I were at breakfast when Múhammad Hasan Khán's ladies arrived. They came together in a close palkí, not muffled up, and one of Hasan Khán's retainers carefully shut the doors after them. One was young and pretty, with a very sweet mouth; she had very lively, bright, expressive, large dark

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eyes, tinged with antimony, beautiful white teeth, with rosy lips, a colour in her cheek, and a complexion not darker than a Spaniard's or Italian's. She wore a little skull cap, embroidered by herself in gold and silver braid, her front hair in little thin curls pasted on her forehead, the rest of her tresses hanging behind in two plaits. She had a sort of loose shirt of rose-coloured satin reaching to the hips, with full sleeves and fastened at the throat, very wide green satin trousers, so full that they looked like a petticoat, and a row of silver bangles six inches deep on each arm, finished by a gold one, silver chains round her neck, pretty gold earrings, something like the Genoese filagree, but the top of each ear disfigured and made to hang over by the weight of half a dozen large gold rings. She had a crescent-shaped ornament of enamels and pearls (over the left eyebrow) and a little pearl thing like an earring top stuck in one nostril. She wore a large yellow gauze veil, and the palms of her hands were stained with henna. Her companion was older, with handsome features, though rather too much marked, she was dressed in the same manner, except that she had no cap, and the bosom of her purple satin tunic was covered on each side with half rupee pieces, put on just like military medals, close to each other. The veil was deep red bordered with gold, and like the other's large enough to envelope her whole person. She is the mother of a beautiful little girl, Hasan Khân's only living child. He has lost four, two boys and two girls. They were very affectionate and lively in manner, and we got on very well, especially after Mrs. Rudolph came over to interpret. And it was evident that Hasan Khân gossips with his wives of everything he sees or hears. They inquired what relation Mrs. I. was to my husband, and whether I had any sister, and thought it very sad she should be in England when I was here. I showed them different pieces of work which they admired. We looked at each other's dress, they examined my rings and hands, seemingly surprised that they were not stained. At last, each gently took hold of the skirt of my gown, pulled it up a little way, and seemed to marvel at the corded petticoat, *that* they then raised a very little, and on seeing my under garments cried approvingly "ah!" I never was more amused.

They would not take tea, but ate some pân and stayed about an hour and a half. We sent all the men away from the verandah, and deposited them in their palkís. They did not seem to mind the man who came with them seeing them, perhaps he is a kinsman, but he took care to summon the bearers only when they were safely ensconced in their box. Hasan Khân rode up just at that moment, I think he wondered what his wives had been doing so long. His Munshí comes to read Persian with my husband in the evening. They have been reading the Sermon on the Mount in "Gladwin's Persian Munshí;" and the scribe not only admired the Persian style exceedingly, but showed a perfect comprehension of the meaning of that divine discourse. He said the style of the Persian Testament was very inferior, that was full of awkwardness, but this was most beautiful.

I send you a copy of a letter I have just written.

"Loodiana, April 15th, 1847.

"My dear Mr. ——,

"Having extracted a quantity of information from my husband, I sit down to fulfil my promise of giving you an account of 'raising a regiment.' The first thing C. had to do was to understand half a dozen contradictory orders. He was directed to form his regiment half of Sikhs and the other half of Mussalmâns and Hindus; *Brahmins excepted*, as they are generally at the bottom of all mutinies and conspiracies.

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"He found on arriving that hardly any but Múhammadáns had been enlisted, with the exception of one hundred men, the very refuse of the Ambálla Police Battalion lately disbanded, many of whom were of the caste very properly excluded by Lord Hardinge, but now forced into the regiment by his express order.

"He then sent proclamations in Panjábi and Hindustání, throughout the neighbouring villages and country (as he was directed to do), stating that such a regiment was to be raised—the advantages of enlisting, seven rupees a month pay for Sepáhi, &c., &c., and inviting men to enter so glorious a service. Not quite 350 men were collected when we arrived, and desertions were incessant, as many as ten in one night. C. made the men a speech, in which he set forth the disgrace of deserting, and I suppose hinted at the penalties thereof.

"Lord Hardinge's idea in raising these four new regiments, was, that they would absorb the old Sikh soldiers; and, in order to carry out this plan without expense to the State, he disbanded thousands of our faithful Hindustánís. Hardly any of the old Sikh soldiers choose to enter our service, their habits of military license unfit them for our discipline—their national and military pride disinclines them to serve their conquerors, and above all, they are agriculturists, and always returned to their field-labours during their periods of furlough; they require, therefore, stronger inducements than we have to offer, to make them quit their plough for the sword, or rather the musket.

"Moreover, they all wear their hair at full length, which length I am assured commonly extends from three feet to six feet, and sometimes even to eleven feet!—four feet of hair is frequent. The whole is formed into a knot on the top of the head. Now, "here's a coil" which effectually prevents a man from wearing a very shallow forage cap; and, as Lord Hardinge gives them leave to keep their hair and beards, neither of which they ever cut, and at the same time insists on their wearing this obnoxious topí, the veterans positively refuse to have anything to do with a service which makes a saucer-cap a *sine quâ non*.

"Some of the finest recruits draw back, and will not enlist when the topí is shown to them; and truly the effect of it is most absurd. C. has risked the safety of his Glengarry bonnet, by sending it to head-quarters, with a request to be allowed to give similar ones to his men.

"If he like the appearance of any that come, he has them measured; he has fixed the standard at five feet seven inches, and takes none under that, except for special reasons, as in the case of a gallant little Ghúrká, who was at Charékár, in Mr. Haughton's regiment, and who, in company with a fellow soldier, volunteered to carry intelligence to the garrison at Kábúl, and performed the task, passing through the very heart of the enemy. He was severely wounded, and afterwards served with the Sappers and Miners, who, subsequently to Captain Laing's death at Behmárú, were under my husband's command. You cannot imagine a stronger contrast than that between the little square, sallow-complexioned Chinese-looking Ghúrka, and the tall, flexible Rajput Havildar-major.

"If the men are of the proper height, they are sent with a roll of their names, ages, &c., to the surgeon, who pronounces on their fitness for service. They are then put to drill, and when perfect in facing, marching, extension motions, &c., ought to get muskets and learn the manual and platoon exercise. I have only just found out that the manual exercise consists in learning to handle the gun in dumb show—the platoon exercise in learning to fire it.

"The only public personage who equals them in unpopularity is the unfortunate military auditor-general, whose title is the signal for a chorus of

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vituperation, for he is always cutting people's lawful pay, retrenching the same sums two or three times over, and recovering from three or four different persons that which only one is answerable for. C. has applied for muskets, numbers of his men being now ready for the manual exercise, but there are no belts in the magazine here, so that they cannot get any.

"This being harvest time, when the whole population are fully employed, recruiting goes on very slowly. Different native commissioned and non-commissioned officers are out in the district recruiting, and each recruit receives two annas' worth of food a-day. Now, when they arrive at Loodiana a large proportion are found unfit for service, and the auditor-general always disputes the payment of money expended in this manner, although the expense is unavoidable. This, however, is not so much his fault as that of the rules by which he is fettered.

"No pay abstracts of either officers or men have yet been passed, but the Treasury advance whatever money is needed, on the responsibility of the Commandant;* and Captain W. has had so much trouble and expense owing to these arrangements, that he ends a most humorous note of grievances to my husband, by saying, 'Catch me raising another regiment for them, that's all!' It is indeed very hard work, especially where, as in C.'s case, he has it all to do by himself. He rises before dawn to go to parade, and often cannot get back to breakfast. Then Native officers, Havildars, Sikhs, Afghâns and Ghurkas, come pouring in; official letters, indents, *ad libitum*, have to go out; and in the evening he is at parade again until tea-time.

"The new Adjutant has not yet joined. The Commissariat department is thus managed: A chowdrí is appointed at the head of the regimental Bazâr. Advances are made to enable him to furnish funds to such shopkeepers as are willing to settle in the regiment, and he is responsible for the quality of the provisions sold. The Sepâhis are generally required to supply themselves from their own Bazâr; and, as they pay a little more than they would do in the town, the extra profit induces the Baniâhs to go with the regiment wherever it may be ordered.

"C. turned out the first Baniâhs who came, for cheating the soldiers. They consequently endeavoured to form a conspiracy with all the other shopkeepers in Loodiana, to prevent his having a Bazâr at all, and the men not understanding the advantage of one, said they would rather receive their two annas daily to buy for themselves. C. managed to get two or three old Sepâhis, who had turned Baniâhs, to settle in his lines, and took much pains to explain to the native officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, the use of a Bazâr, desiring them to propound the same to the men. He also issued an order on the subject, which, after being read at three successive roll-calls, so entirely convinced the recruits that they rushed tumultuously to the shops, and well nigh plundered them.

"They are now marched up by companies, and each receives his allowance in due order; and, if the shopkeepers give them credit beyond the amount of two annas per diem, it is at their own risk. Some of the men, principally the Hindus, save a good deal out of their subsistence money. C. means to have ten Baniâhs, one for each company. Each shop contains everything the Sepâhis require in the way of food.

"All the native officers who have been out recruiting are in disgrace, for they have brought in the scum of the country, and pocketed the public money by the following process: They send word they have enlisted

* When the regiment received the first issue of pay it was *eight months in arrears*, but they were afterwards paid, like the rest of the Bengal army, every month.

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one hundred men, and require subsistence money accordingly; then they bring in fifty, and declare the other fifty have deserted *en route*, and within ten days twenty-five of the remainder have taken their leave. For the latter desertions there is no doubt that the topí is greatly to blame."

I insert a fragment of another letter on the same subject.

"Loodiana, May 13th, 1847.

"MY DEAR MR. ——.

"I must add a postscript to my Chapitre des Chapeaux, as I think my letter touching the Frontier Brigade and the Topí may be justly styled.

"In the first place Lord Hardinge, considering the Frontier Brigade as a Political Body, has placed it under the Political Department, at the same time constantly referring matters relating to it to the Commander-in-Chief and military authorities, who, rejoicing in the conviction that everything will get into confusion without their superintendence, refuse to have anything to say to it. C. applied for tents. The Governor-General directed that the regiment should only have *half* the allowance, because *when completed*, more than half would seldom be assembled at once, as it is his intention to employ them in treasure-parties and gaol-guards. Luckily C. had got the tents before this answer arrived, but if he were to leave, he would have to restore all but the scanty portion allowed.

"C. has represented that the regiment must be collected together and disciplined before they can possibly be detached on guards or treasure parties, and in the meantime one half of them cannot lie in the open air—the hot winds are blowing—the rains are coming on, and, of course, the men will desert.

"He then applied for hutting-money. The regiment is at present occupying some old lines, and the mud huts of their predecessors could easily be put in repair and thatched for them at a very small expense. This was refused, although granted to all the regiments of the line, to which Lord Hardinge is so anxious to assimilate the Frontier Brigade. It was stated that the men must do it at their own expense, but the political authorities might afford them any help in their power by convict labour, &c. The men have not received a farthing of pay beyond bare subsistence money (two annas a day), so how can they do it at their own expense? And it turns out that no convicts can be spared, and the political authorities have no other assistance to give.

"Again the Governor-General writes that Khalásís are not authorized* for these corps, and has required the commanding officer of one of the other regiments to pay twelve drummer-boys himself, saying that he had no authority for enlisting them, but allowing them a drum-major had been inserted *by mistake* in the complement of the regiment; I should say that the drummer-boys were the natural and necessary consequents of the drum-major, and that therefore Government ought to pay for their own mistake. They also refused buglers, but afterwards allowed two per company, and lo! no less than three of their own documents, previously issued, authorise the entertainment of both Khalásís and buglers! How can raw recruits be expected to pitch and take charge of their own tents, especially when all the other regiments have Khalásís to do it for them? The commanding officers have been invested with the powers of joint magistrates, and a Munshí is indispensable, not only to take down proceedings but also to write all Hindustání letters and papers connected

* Long afterwards, in consequence of vehement representations, Khalasis were at length allowed.

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with the regiment. The last orders from head-quarters disallowed the Munshí, so that C. has to pay his salary as well as that of the Khalásís out of his own pocket. The men have not yet got their arms, and the pay abstracts of February are not yet passed."

Hasan Khán came the other evening and said he was going to Simla to pay a visit to the Lord Sahib. He asked for letters to Colonel Garden and others, and said he thought it probable he should be requested to raise a thousand horse in the district of Peshawur; but added, "they wont obey me, I must have some European gentlemen, or otherwise all these Afghâns will be at sixes and sevens. Now I shall tell them that I wont serve under anybody but you." C. advised him not to say anything of the sort.

He came yesterday, the 16th, to take leave. He wore boots, and a tight-fitting embroidered "chapkan" (coat) with pistols and sword. As he sprang into the saddle and dashed away, his Munshí and attendants checked their horses to shake my husband's hand. The Munshí had a round shield slung at his back. One of the other horsemen had a long scarlet spear, and there were one or two fleet men on foot, and as they went off at full speed, there was such a pawing and prancing, such curvetting, caricolling, bounding, and behádering of horses and men as you never beheld. They teach their horses to rear and prance for effect, and very good the effect is in a picturesque point of view. My husband was advising Hasan Khân to lay by some of his pension. "Oh," answered he, "it would be a shame for me not to spend all the money I have." This exactly expresses the usual Eastern idea.

Innumerable passages of Scripture derive fresh force in this country; for instance, in reading the first Psalm the other morning, "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, &c.," on raising my eyes I beheld every tree in the garden planted by a water-course, without which, in this burning clime, it would not bring forth its fruit in due season, but its leaf would wither; and I felt how forcible an emblem it was of the absolute necessity of never failing supplies of the water of life, for the spiritual life and fruitfulness of the plants of the Lord's vineyard.

The other day I saw, for the first time, the Eastern mode of watering a garden. The well is at some distance, at the top of a little rise; a bullock-skin is drawn up by a pair of little oxen, who run down a short slope with much glee, and thus raise the water; they are then loosened from the rope and walk up the hill again, while the water is poured into a channel from whence it flows down to the garden, and runs from one little sloping channel to another; the mâlí or gardener carefully removing all obstructions from its path. It makes one understand the expression, "He watereth it with his foot;" for with the foot you easily open a passage through the little ridges of earth, or bar the progress of the tiny stream. So ought we to remove obstacles—our besetting sins, our worldly pleasures, which hinder the free course of Divine grace in our souls.

I was much amused yesterday in watching the patient, quiet camels I was sketching. All creatures in India appear to me much better sitters than at home, and have a much greater faculty of keeping still: cows, camels and horses will remain some minutes in the same attitude without moving an inch, so do the people: the very birds sit tranquilly and meditate on their spray. A state of violent action and excitement, and one of perfect repose, seem the two alternatives under which men and animals naturally exist in the land of the sun.

Our young Arab Motí is the most quiet, sleepy, lazy creature possible, as almost all Arabs are when not roused. He is as gentle as a lamb, and lets me stroke his eyes, and pull his ears, and coax him as much as I like. I have

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divers pets. Then there are two handsome Panjábí black goats, very large, nearly as high as the calf, with long hanging ears, who come for a bit of bread every evening, and the pretty little kid of one of them. The ears are white, and the rest of the creature perfectly black and like the softest velvet. They brought me a new-born kid this afternoon, whose ears I measured: they were fully twelve inches long, and will be eighteen in all probability when it is full grown. One of my goats is of a peculiar breed, and has what they call bands,—two pendants, like small ears, from its throat.

I have also a dumbá, or Afghán sheep, that was brought on a charpaí, carried by men all the way from Firozpúr. Its tail is more than a foot wide, and consists entirely of fat, which is considered a great delicacy. It is a very handsome white ram that eats out of my hand, and follows me into the house.

It is becoming warmer daily. Our phankahs are put up, and we have one pulled while we are at dinner; we must soon have it all day. The poor people in Calcutta had the thermometer at 96° under a phankah more than a month ago; and at Allahabad Mr. W. wrote us a fortnight since he was sitting without his coat, although his phankah was going.

C. drove me out the other evening. The country was just a waste of sand, like driving through a desert. We met many people returning from their labour,—many of the women with great loads of straw on their heads; some of them tall and handsome, and all of them with an excellent carriage and free step, their dress quite classical.

Hasan Khán has left C. in charge of his household. On the first of the month he is to get his private signet, draw his pay, and supply money to his people. It makes one's heart ache to think that such a man as Hasan Khán should be a Múhammadan.

The other morning I saw two officers shooting quails, the place of dogs being supplied by beaters, who take up their position ten paces from each other and then close in, thus putting up the birds; they had also hawks with them. I saw them throw a dead quail into the air, and the hawk caught it before it fell; but it is a cruel sport, I think, to let loose one creature upon another; and moreover, the beaters greatly injure the corn-fields, and the poor people are generally afraid to complain.

It is impossible to describe the corruption of some of the courts in this country. The munshís, chaprásis, or messengers, and other officials about a European judge, agent or magistrate, extort bribes from all who have causes, sometimes under pretence of speaking to the Sáhib, sometimes under pretext that the bribe is for the Sáhib himself. If none, or not sufficient, is given them, they prevent the proper witnesses from being called, keep them out of the way, and with unimaginable dexterity defeat the ends of justice. A man will give himself the airs of being high in favour and having great influence with his master, simply from the fact of being admitted into his writing-room, and will pretend he has pleaded the cause of a suitor, when he would not dare to open his lips on the subject. Of course an indolent man in office is the cause of unspeakable injustice.

It is, I believe, almost impossible to find a native who is either truthful or pure-minded. How can they be so with their impure creeds? You know the tendencies of Múhammadanism, but you are not aware of the unspeakable abominations of Hinduism, which are intertwined with all their religious rites. The "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation" shows that man can never be better than that which he worships, and if so, how thoroughly must the native mind be polluted by a faith which, I suppose, surpasses all others in depravity. On this account it is ruin to a child to

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be kept in this country, unless the mother can have it always with her, and yet, knowing this, half the parents in India commit the sole charge of their children, even girls, to native bearers. The bearers are, however, a shade better than the women. I could not repeat the dreadful stories I have heard of the early depravity and knowledge of wickedness acquired by children from their Ayahs, *even* under vigilant superintendence. I think it a plain duty for every one who can *by any means* afford to have a European nurse for their children as soon as they begin to speak; and the next best thing is an Afghan bearer, who will keep the child in order and not spoil it by excessive servility.

On returning from a drive we found the Nizám-u-Dowlah here in the midst of his prayers. He and two of his people were kneeling facing the west, each on his praying carpet, one behind the other, the Nizám being the fugleman. They took not the smallest notice of us or of anything else until they had finished. By-the-by, did you see that letter in the Record showing that praying to the East is an old Pagan custom, mentioned by Victorius on his rules for building heathen temples, that half of the sky being considered propitious and the other unlucky. The Nizám-u-Dowlah belongs to one of the most aristocratic branches of the Clan Popalzye. His father and grandfather were both Wazirs; one of his sisters married Shah Zémán, and another Shah Shujah. The latter, who was called the Wafá Begum (the sincere or honourable lady or princess), was his principal wife, and distinguished herself by her fortitude, wisdom, and spirit during her husband's captivity in the hands of Ranjit Singh. She was Shah Shujah's very soul; the Nizám spoke most warmly of her, and then added, "We were of one milk," meaning children of the same mother.

A few evenings after he brought his nephew, the Shahzadeh Súltán Husein, son of Shah Zemán, to see if my husband could procure a more equitable division of the pension allowed by Government to the family of the late Shah. The pension is only 2000 rupees a month; and of this the ladies take half. The Prince very naïvely said, "I have no objection that women should have food, and all that is necessary, but it is not right that they should take half, and leave hardly anything for eight sons, bearded men." It is curious that all these Afghâns, many of them like the Shahzadeh, personally unknown to my husband, should come to him for advice and assistance. The Prince was most simply dressed, with a plain white turban, his manner was shy, with a shade of awkwardness, and it is no wonder, if a son of the Sovereign who shook our Indian Empire to its basis should feel awkward in so strangely altered a position.

The difference between the Afghâns and Sikhs in manner and appearance is very marked. All the Afghâns of any rank that I have seen, are perfect gentlemen, in manner very courteous, but with none of the exuberant ceremoniousness and obsequiousness of the Hindu. The Nizam-u-Dowlah is one of the most dignified men I ever saw; the Sikhs, on the other hand, are rough, rude, unpolished, noisy soldiers, with loud voices.

A Sikh Colonel, Gajít Sing by name, called here the other day. Both he and his cousin were fine looking men, but with much less high caste features than the Afghâns. They were both dressed in gigot-fashioned white trousers, white muslin jacket, and the Colonel had a pair of gold bangles on his wrists.

Almost all Sikhs, Afghâns, and Hindus have very delicate hands and feet, in comparison to European ones.

It is now hot enough to use the phankah all day. Do you know what a phankah is? It is a wooden frame about three feet deep, covered with cloth, with a double flounce of calico at the bottom. It is slung from the ceiling, as low as can be done without knocking any one's head as he

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passes under it, and is pulled to and fro by a rope which generally passes through a hole into the verandah, where the bearer sits. It makes the room pleasantly cool. We have also Tattis, which are semicircular screens of thatch, made of sweet scented grass, called Kas, and fitting the doorway on whichever side the wind blows. This Tatti is sprinkled incessantly with water, and the hotter the wind of course the more rapid the evaporation, and the cooler the house.

We have had rain lately, which has made the mornings and evenings delightful. The house is kept closely shut from seven or eight o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening; but although the outer air is like that of an oven, I do not feel it at all too warm in the house; thanks to these admirable contrivances.

Dr. —— has just paid us a visit. He told us, as so many others have done, that there never was such confusion as at Firozshahar. The battle began about half-past three P.M., consequently it soon was become dark; there was no moon, and the only light was from the Sikh camp, which was on fire, and their magazines, which ever and anon blew up. He said there was no reason for attacking that night, as there was not the smallest chance of their running away. The Governor-General was seeking the Commander-in-Chief, the Commander-in-Chief the Governor-General; nobody could be found, and the conflict and confusion went on until near daybreak.

It was Dr. —— who, on the morning of the 23rd, recognized poor Major Broadfoot's body. It was lying just within the entrenchments, in no way mutilated, with the face perfectly calm and placid, and he it is who has lately caused the spot to be marked by a pavement of bricks with his name, otherwise it would soon have been obliterated. Colonel Ashburtham was anxious to mark the grave of Major Somerset in a similar manner, and three graves had to be opened before it could be ascertained which was the right one. The Doctor told me that before the battle of Múdkí, the Sikhs declared they would not stop at Delhi, but would march straight on to London. *After* it, they were not quite so confident.

He said, that in spite of Lord Gough's want of generalship, there was a great charm in him: his fine person, sweet expression, frank kind manner, sincerity of heart, are very winning. His example did very much for our success. He was always in the thickest of the fight, ahead of every one, waving his cap, and cheering on his men. The soldiers at Firozshahar were so much exhausted, that Dr. —— himself saw an officer ride up to a scattered party of Europeans, and exhort them to come on. Their answer was, "It's of no use, it is not in us, sir. We are done up." Many of the 62nd were fainting before they came under fire, having been marching from seven in the morning until three, P.M., when they came into action.

A regimental Khâlasi, whose vocation it is to be trustworthy, stole eight rupees from the doctor, whereupon all the other Khâlasies went in a body to the doctor, to say they hoped he would be punished, for he had brought disgrace upon their name. Strange to say, there are whole classes of men in India whose vocation it is to be honest, or rather perhaps, trustworthy.

The Mahâjans or native Bankers often send a common bearer from the bazar some hundred miles with a bag of gold, and unless the bearer dies of fever or is murdered, the money is as safe as if under charge of a regiment. So it is with Khâlasis; and my husband tells me he would entrust uncounted money to any amount to any Sepâhís from the Line whom he has in his regiment, and feel quite at ease regarding its safety, just as you would to a Highland cadie in Edinburgh; exceptions are wonderfully rare. They are ploughing part of the garden, and manage the matter

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very simply. A plank is first tacked on to two bullocks, a boy stands on it as they drag it along, and this is sufficient to make this light sandy soil quite smooth. The bullocks are then fastened to the plough, made of two pieces of wood nearly at right angles with each other, and caused to describe an oblong, inside which they patiently proceed, diminishing it every turn like a coil of rope, thus making no regular furrows, but turning up the whole ground.

CHAPTER VI.

May 4th.—On Saturday one of Hasan Khân's people came to tell us the youngest Bibi had been very ill the last three days, and had sent to the Bazâr for some medicines, which of course had done her no good; I promised to see her in the evening, and Mrs. Rudolph agreed to accompany me. We drove in at a narrow gateway, got two or three vehement jolts in entering the court yard, and stopped before a one-storied house with mud walls and no windows. Mrs. Rudolph and I were ushered in, and found ourselves in a good sized room with bare rafters and painted walls, full of little arched recesses, about four feet from the ground, which served for shelves and cupboards. A mattress, covered with a sheet, lay on the floor, and on it the poor little wife who had paid me a visit; she was very ill, her face drawn and pinched, unable to move without pain; she was dressed in a very wide pair of scarlet trousers and a short transparent little shirt of figured net, with wide sleeves, her black hair hanging down behind in one plait; a dirty elderly woman, with thick cotton veil, which may once have been white, and dark trousers, tight halfway up to the knee and full above, was sitting by her and coaxing her. I took her for a servant, but found she was her mother; two stout dirty boys of nine or ten years old, and several servant girls, one of them a very pretty young thing, were sitting around on the floor. The other wife, Bibi Jí, conducted me to an arm-chair in the middle of the room close to a little Phankah, but as I could see nothing of my patient at that distance, I speedily sat down on the floor by her side; they then brought me pillows and bolsters to lean upon. I gave her some medicine, and ill as she was she could not forbear taking another look at my petticoat, which is a source of great wonder to them from being corded. Bibi Jí brought us some tea made with cinnamon, which we both agreed was much nicer than when made our fashion. The tea-leaves and cinnamon are put into cold water, and placed on the fire to boil very slowly; it is taken off directly it begins to boil, and boiled milk and sugar added.

The room was painted with flowers on a white ground, a sort of imitation of Florentine mosaic; it has three doors opening into the inner court where the women sleep in the open air, cook, &c., and on the opposite side as many leading to the outer court, which, when the women occupy this room, are kept closed, with thick wadded curtains of yellow cotton, bordered with red, over them. As, however, the doors are very rudely made of planks, they have many chinks most convenient for the women to peep and listen through. At the head of the bed stood a rude lamp, a kind of vase, with four wicks, lying in oil, which require to be constantly trimmed; it stood on an old deal box to make it higher, and when I asked for water it was brought by the Pesh Khidmat, who seems to manage everything in his master's absence; he came only to the door, but he must have seen in very well.

Sunday morning, by five o'clock, a message was sent that the poor Bibí was worse. Mrs. Rudolph and I went again, and tried some remedies with

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apparently no good result; Mrs. Rudolph was obliged to go home, but before doing so she asked the poor sick girl how she expected to be saved, and on her making no answer, told her she ought to pray to God to enlighten her heart by His Holy Spirit, and then gave her a short sketch of the way of salvation by Christ. Leila Bibí kept her eyes shut with a kind of stiffnecked expression, and Mrs. Rudolph afterwards told me she always found that it was a very unwelcome subject, for they are sensible of having no sure ground of salvation, and do not like to think of it. How often is this the case with nominal Christians! Like the ostrich hiding her head in the sand, they hope to escape danger by escaping the sight of it.

When, however, Mrs. Rudolph returned with me in the evening, Leila Bibí's manner to her was very cordial. I stayed with her until half-past one P.M., leaving her better, although her strength was greatly prostrated. The Bibís brought me all sorts of eatables; they made me lie down on quilts in the middle of the floor, and pulled the Phankah over me, and in the evening they made a khana or dinner for us of pillau, and an excellent dish called Phirni, ground rice boiled in milk till it is of the consistency of arrowroot.

Every day since, I have been to see my poor patient, morning and evening, sometimes staying with her two or three hours. She has had very restless nights, and has eaten nothing the last six days. Mrs. Rudolph goes with me as often as she can, generally early in the morning.

Yesterday (Tuesday) she read the 53rd of Isaiah, and some of John, in Hindustani (which Leila, having been brought up at Loodiana, understands perfectly), and spoke of the sinfulness of our hearts, and of the only way of salvation. Leila Bibí said nothing, but one of the others listened most attentively. The mother and Bibí Jí walked about entirely unconcerned. When Mrs. Rudolph is not with me, Jacob or my husband comes to interpret; Jacob stands at the door, and the old mother speaks to him openly, but I observe they are much more particular with C. He modestly stands on one side of the door and the female speaker on the other, so that although they make up for it by peeping after him, he cannot see them. The Peshkhidmat always stands by, and all the younger members of the family post themselves against the walls, so as not to be seen. One or two are pretty intelligent girls, and they all receive me most affectionately.

It is pleasant to see how harmoniously they seem to live together, each vying with the other in attending on the invalid. Bibí Jí is a heavy figure, and not very "quick at the uptak." By-the-by, I remarked that Leila Bibí's little sark is sewn at the throat, so it is evidently not taken off every day. Their persons and hair seem clean, but their clothes are worn until they are almost worthy of a Romish saint. The *men* of any rank are much more particular. They use only one sheet on their beds and none over them, as they sleep in their day clothes; they seem very decorous in uncovering themselves before others; this was shown in many ways by the poor invalid when we were putting hot flannels on her, &c.

Now that Leila Bibí is getting better, they all show me every mark of kindness and gratitude, squeezing my hands, patting and stroking me; and, last night, two of them shampooed me. Leila Bibí makes signs for me to sit on her bed close to her, and then puts her arm round me, and her dumb thanks, putting my hand to her forehead and eyes, are very pretty. There seems little practical distinction of rank between the mistresses of the family and the servants, except that the former have a few gold ornaments, and wear very wide trousers and transparent jackets, with purple net veils thrown over the left shoulder and reaching to the ground

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behind; while the latter have blue cotton shirts, cotton veils, and ludicrous trousers, tight nearly to the knee and full above. One or two have a petticoat instead. They have their hair hanging down in braids behind, and one long curl on each side of the temple. Bibí Jí has silver bangles on her feet. An old fat servant sometimes comes in dressed literally in sackcloth. Bibí Jí brings everything eatable with her own hands, fetches water for the medicines, &c. Several that I at first took for attendants turn out to be friends, for it is the custom in case of sickness for some of the friends of the invalid to go and stay in the house, rendering all needful aid till amendment takes place, and a good custom it is. In England we can so easily buy service, that we have forgotten the privilege of *rendering* it.

Last evening the invalid was much better and quite cheerful. One of the maids, a merry-looking girl, hearing I was not quite well, took the Homœopathic Book and pretended to read in it to find out my case. The other day they asked me to read to them, having a great admiration for an art, which none of them possess. As C. was to receive Hasan Khán's pension for him, two receipts in Persian were prepared and brought to Leila Bibí to be stamped with her husband's private seal. She is evidently the favourite wife. A red little box was placed on her bed, with one hinge off; she unlocked it, (such a wretched padlock!) with a little key which hung on the sash of her trousers. The seal was rubbed with Indian ink, and the maid tried to make an impression and produced a great black blot. I tried with no better success, so the seal was confided to me that the Sáhib might make the impression himself. The Peshkhidmat followed me home with two fresh receipts, but neither he nor the "Sahib" could succeed; so they were obliged to have two others made out and bring the Munshí, who sealed them properly in a moment by putting on very little ink, and not letting any go into the hollows of the seal. This is the way all letters are authenticated; they are written by a Munshí and stamped with the seal of the person sending them, which seal bears his name and often his title. This of course opens a wide field for forgeries, especially as it is easy to wash out either the writing or the signature, and substitute others, both being in Indian ink on thick and very glossy paper.

Hasan Khán has a private store-room hung round with arms, among them I saw a shield, a cavalry sword, and the blunderbuss C. gave him. Some large chests I suppose contain clothes and resais, but Orientals seem to have no sense of order. The family possess only pewter spoons, and one or more very blunt clasp knives, and a red and white German glass. In order to return Hasan Khán's present, I sacrificed my amethyst bracelets and gave one to each Bibí. The little sick one's face lighted up with pleasure, and I really think it did her good.

Wednesday, May 6th.—When I went last evening to see Leila Bibí, I found a whole family of strangers there. She, who seemed to be the principal person, was one of the most lovely creatures I ever saw; eyes, nose, mouth, and teeth were beautiful, with a very fair skin like an Italian, perfect eyebrows, and eyelashes such as they almost all have, like a *thick* silk fringe. She was very becomingly dressed in snow-white pajamahs and veil, and a purple netshirt. This morning the Peshkhidmat, as usual, brought a lamentable account, but I found my patient no worse. I took a cup of sago with me, and gave her a few spoonfuls, as I was afraid of her remaining any longer without nourishment, and I dared not tell them to feed her, lest they should force her to eat, which they were much inclined to do. She called me her "bahin" or sister. You may be sure that I pray earnestly for guidance whenever I prescribe for

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my patient or give her anything, and, as C. suggested that it would be well to do so openly, I told them as well as I could that God only could make her well, and then knelt down and prayed silently for a few minutes before giving her the medicine. I thought it the only way I could take to give Him the glory of her recovery.

A very strange thing has happened to the son of Mrs. Rudolph's Ayah. The boy, who is, I believe, twelve or fourteen years of age, returned from the Bazár the other day howling and crying in a fearful manner. Mr. Rudolph went to see him; he was sitting with his knees up to his chin, crying out that a spirit was within him, and Mr. Rudolph said he never saw anything more frightful, or more exactly like the account of those possessed by evil spirits which the Scriptures give us. The people here all believe that in these cases, which are common, the person *is* possessed, and accordingly they have been keeping a light burning before the boy, and making offerings of flowers to the evil spirit within him. Mr. Rudolph's opinion is exactly the same as my husband's—viz., that in Heathen countries such as this, Satan still exercises a power which we know was formerly allowed him, but of which he is now in a great measure deprived in Christian lands.

May 7th.—Leila got better the next two days, and on Saturday evening we found them all quite joyful, as they had heard from Hasan Khán, that he had been extremely well received by the Lord Sáhib, who had given him very handsome presents, and promised him three medals, one for Afghánistan, one for Gwâlior, and one for the battles last year.

The next morning—Sunday—to my great amazement, as I drove into the court, Hasan Khán himself appeared; he must have ridden day and night from Simlah directly he heard of his wife's illness. He led me in; she seemed better, but shortly spasms came on, and she suffered greatly. This obliged me to stay with her till half-past ten, by which time *sepia* had relieved the violence of the pain. You may imagine I watched Hasan Khán very closely to see how Múhammadan husbands behave. He was most attentive to his poor wife, raising her up, giving her water every few minutes, and holding her head. He was dressed exactly as the women are—*i.e.*, with very full trousers, muslin short shirt, and skull-cap. Like all the Afghâns, he rushes about in the most energetic manner; and then, when his wife was a little easier, sat down and gossipped with the other women most sociably. He is well obeyed; he told his little child to go to me, and it came instantly, for the first time. He seems very fond of her. He gave his little wife some sago, and though she made wry faces, he caused her to take the whole, just as if she had been an infant. He is particularly pleased with a telescope which Lord Gough gave him. The Jungi-Lord (or war lord, as they call him) went to get the glass himself, and said, "I have used this five and twenty years, and I give it to you because you are an old and brave soldier."

May 14th.—I have been to see my patient every day. Her brother is still there, but comes no more within the Zenáná. It is droll to see Hasan Khán feel his wife's pulse. He does it with a face of such preternatural gravity, as plainly shows he thinks it incumbent on him to make up for perfect ignorance by wise looks.

He sent us a breakfast the other day, and then came to see us eat it. It consisted of a lamb roasted whole, just as it is described in Exodus xii. 9, a huge pile of rice, and some minor dishes. After breakfast, we showed him some electro plate, and C. endeavoured to explain the electric telegraph and the railway. The telegraph he found it very hard to credit; I am sure if any one else had told him of it, he would not have believed a syllable.

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We gave him two electro-plated curry dishes, with which he was greatly pleased. Hasan Khán was charmed with the blotting-book Miss J. embroidered for me, and seemed as if he could not examine it enough. All the natives are curious in embroidery. The Afgháns, also, seem fond of pictures, and understand at once what they mean—the Hindus never do; but if they see a lion drawn on a very small scale, probably take it for an insect. Hasan Khán greatly admired a little print in Anderson's "Maehrchen," of a hare running over the snow.

My husband tells me that the Hindus have no eye for beauty, whereas the Afgháns have a very quick perception of it, and admire Europeans exceedingly; it is the same with our melodies, with which the Afgháns are delighted, but the Indians prefer tomtoms to Mozart.

I do not perceive the Jewish caste of countenance so strongly as I expected; on the contrary, I should say there was no characteristic difference between Europeans and Afgháns, save the darker complexion of most of the latter.

Yesterday I sent a buggy and requested Leila's mother to come to me, as I wished to speak to her. It soon returned covered all over with a white cloth, out of which, after the Sais had been sent away, the Peshkhidmat extracted the mother and little Padímah Begum, Leila, and Bibí Jí, who had all crammed themselves into the buggy. Hasan Khán soon after arrived, and when C. reproved him for letting his little wife come out in the heat, he said, "What could I do? She *would* come."

I made her lie down, and afterwards showed them my Camera Obscura, arranging it so that they could see everything in the outer room without being seen themselves. Hasan Khán was as much delighted with it as any of them. He made Leila Bibí sit by him, and showed it to her. They had the satisfaction of seeing my husband in this fashion.

He takes very little notice of Bibí Jí, who, though a most good-natured creature, looked extremely discomposed. He had been all the time either looking through the Camera himself, or showing it to Leila Bibí; so to comfort the other, I showed her my store-room and my saddle. They particularly admired a black tulle dress, and above all a looking-glass, into which they all looked and smiled at themselves, and arranged their veils with great satisfaction.

Hasan Khán is every bit as full of curiosity as his women. While I am prescribing for his wife, he examines my gloves, bag, purse, and handkerchief; he generally brings me my bonnet and shawl himself, and always walks by my buggy to his gate. He has twice daubed me with sandal wood oil, the scent of which can hardly be got rid of.

He told C. that he went to Simla with his heart burning, determined to speak out. He says that he has rendered greater services to Government than any other Afghán, and thinks his pension ought to be made equal to that of Ján Fishán Khán (who has 1000 a month) and five rupees beyond it, just to give him the pre-eminence. "The pension I have was given me for my services in Afghánistan. I expended 2000 rupees in arming followers during these last fights, and I have got nothing for my later services but medals. When the Lord Sahib gave me his hand, placed a chair close to himself, made an oration in my praise, and gave me the pán (betel nut) and perfume himself, which is always done to a king, all this *shut my mouth*. I only asked for a letter in his own writing stating the services I have rendered, and said that I wanted my family from Kábul."

Lord Hardinge has promised him this letter, and is going to write to Dost Múhammad to desire him to send down the Khán's family.

So great was his indignation at getting no substantial reward for his

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recent good service, that he said he could have "torn the presents in pieces." Never was there a more fiery soul than dwells in his lean and wiry frame, at the same time he is full of strong affection. He kisses his little child's hands, and pats her most tenderly. It is pretty to see the small thing when he desires it to keep still, sit down and lay hold of one of his feet to coax.

He told us the other day, that after the battles last year, his sister "*of the same milk*," who is in Afghánistan, heard a false report that he was killed. She wept so much, that to use his own words, "darkness came on!" and she is blind. I find that the beautiful creature I saw at his house sometime ago, is a sister of Leila Bibí, married to Safdar Jang, a son of Shah Shujah's, and so utterly vile a character, that Hasan Khán never suffers his wife to return her sister's visits. He said, "I am a respectable man, and therefore do not prevent the sisters seeing each other; but I am of one of the first families in Afghánistan, and I should think myself disgraced if I crossed the threshold of such a man's house."

I am happy I am not an Afghán child. It is generally spoilt, and sometimes cuffed. Bibí Jí, who never makes her little girl do anything she is told, the other day gave her two or three slaps in anger, and carried her off hanging by one arm.

The other day we had a visit from a brother of Aminullah Khán, the chief who ordered my husband to be blown from the mouth of a gun. The brother, Sirfraz Khán, is a most respectable-looking, gentlemanly old man, who is at the head of Prince Sháhpur's household, and never suffers him to spend a farthing beyond his pitiful income of 400 rupees—*i.e.*, forty pounds a month. He came to consult my husband about a disagreement between Nadír Shah and Teimúr Shah, two of the princes; and also on the best means of getting an increase to Sháhpur's pension—asking his advice whether the Governor-General should be written to at once or not. A strange position of confidential intimacy for two men who had stood in such opposite relations to Aminullah Khán.

Atta Múhammad, who often comes here, told us the other day, that he had seen an Afghán who had been at Bokhara at the time of the murder of Stoddart and Conolly, who told him, that had General Pollock informed the Amir that if the two officers were not given up, he would despatch a force to Bokhara and take the city, they would have been sent in with all honour. This is exactly what C. always said, and what Isák Manáhem, the Bokhara Jew, also told us; adding, that the people of Bokhara not only expected us, but would have welcomed us with joy. Thus these two gallant men were sacrificed by Lord Ellenborough's timid policy.

May 18th.—A Persian horse merchant called the other day. When our friend, Major Mac Donald was in Persia, and so ill that he was thought to be dying, some of his servants deserted, and others plundered him; this man nursed him as if he had been his brother, so we felt bound to show him as much kindness as we could.

I met with a strong trait of honour the other day in a poor wood merchant. Jacob had bargained for some wood, and, I thought, had beaten the man down perhaps a little too much, so I sent him about sixpence more than the stipulated price. He would not take it, saying he had agreed to the price named, and could not go back from his word. I intend to employ him.

I have never told you about the lights we have. Candles are very dear; those from Patna, which are excellent, are a rupee a pound, even on the spot. We generally burn ghi, which is boiled butter, as it is cheaper than cocoa-nut oil. About a quarter of a pound of ghi is put into a burner with water in it (shaped like a tumbler, with a long stalk and no

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foot), in which is a little tin thing holding two wicks made of twisted cotton. The burner is stuck into the candlestick instead of candle; it has a glass shade round it, on the top of which is a tin cover full of holes, to prevent the light being puffed out by the Phankah.

Hassan Khán speaks with great contempt of his wife's family, just as Rob Roy did of Glasgow bodies. His brother-in-law came with him the other day to read a letter, but though a chair was placed for him, he did not sit down, and retired to join the other attendants as soon as he had finished reading.

I forgot to tell you of the "Niel Gow" I saw sometime ago. You will fancy I was charmed with sweet sounds—no such thing, a níl gao is literally a blue cow. They are of a bluish slate colour, and made more like the elk than the cow, and have that peculiar appearance as if the back were weak or broken. They are found in all the forests of India; the male has short straight horns.

Even after sunset the hot wind is now as scorching as if you were standing close to a huge kitchen fire, so you may have some faint idea of what it must be in the daytime. The house doors and windows are never opened until dark. Hassan Khán chose to have himself cupped at the back of the neck the other day, under no reasonable pretext whatever. He came the next morning to see us, and appeared so cast down, that C. asked what was the matter. "Aí Mihrbání" (O dispenser of favours), sighed he, "I have dreamed a dream."—"Well, what was the dream?" "I dreamed that I broke a tooth, and that is a very evil portent." My husband expounded to him that dreams generally arose from indigestion, and said we have a scientific book written on dreams, which explains the causes of them. "Ah!" said he disconsolately, "so have we, and it gives the meaning of each dream, and this is a *very bad* one."

An Afghán came who had behaved most faithfully during the disasters at Kabúl, so we kept him all day and feasted him at night. He is a most intelligent man, thoroughly understood the whole Afghán business, and marvelled at the incomprehensible blunders of the English commanders. He is of the Ishák Khail near Kandáhar, and he is the first Afghán I have seen who wears his hair long. He was well dressed, with a turban, half of his hair brought forward over one shoulder and half over the other nearly down to his waist, "like the hair of women," Rev. ix. 8.

Loodiana, May 26th, 1847.

The hot weather has now so completely set in, that for the last month I have never left the house, save before seven A.M. and after seven in the evening. From my frequent visits to Hasan Khán's family, where I can go when it is cool, I see, as you may suppose, a good deal of "Life in the Harem," and would undertake to refute authoritatively, as I always felt inclined to do on *primâ facie* grounds, the fine theories of Mr. Urquhart regarding the superior happiness of Múhammadan women. What *can* a man know of the matter? Did he go about visiting in the form of an old woman? Had he friends and acquaintances in half a dozen Zenánás? Would any Mussalmání woman speak freely to a Feringhí, even if he did obtain speech with her, or are the Turks to be taken as competent and impartial witnesses as to the relative happiness of their wives. I do not think their secluded life makes them objects of pity. They are hardly more devoid of excitement than I am myself; they see their female friends and their dearest male relations, and the tie between brother and sister seems to be very strongly felt by them; but it is not in human nature to be content with being only the fourth part of a man's wife. They are far from viewing the matter as we do, and I should suppose Hasan Khán's Zenáná a favourable specimen, as both Leila Bibí and

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Bibí Jí seem very good tempered and very friendly to one another. Still, as no man can love two or more women equally, and as no woman can bear that another should share her husband's affections, I plainly see there are heartburnings innumerable, even in this family. Leila Bibí is the favourite: she is a very pretty, merry, clever little creature, who laughs and talks with Hasan Khán much as an English wife would do. He is evidently very fond of her, but he takes not the smallest notice of poor Bibí Jí, who says nothing, but has an expression sometimes in her face which pains me to see. Luckily for her, she does not seem at all a sensitive person; she is a good, warm-hearted creature, who is very much obliged for any little kindness, but not very bright. But then she has a little girl, and Leila Bibí, who has been married four years, has none. It is the old story of Hannah and Peninnah over again: the one is so anxious for children, and the other indirectly boasts of hers, by always talking of children and pitying people who have none.

It is surprising how we manage to talk, considering my want of knowledge of Hindustání. The other morning I was alone with Leila Bibí and a servant. Leila Bibí asked me about marriages in our country; I explained the ceremony to her, and then she said, "Only one Mem Sahib to one Sahib!" "*Of course* only one." The servant loudly applauded so excellent a plan, and Leila Bibí said, with a little pout and in a pitiful tone, "My Sahib has got six! four at Kábúl, and the Governor-General has promised to apply for them!" I fear when they come there will be great difficulty in reconciling the claims of the 'auld love' and the new, the one of noble birth, whose wisdom and prudence her husband extols so highly, and the young pretty creature, who now has things all her own way, as much, at least, as any one can have under such a disciplinarian as Hasan Khán—for, with all his warm feelings, the savage nature of the lion peeps out whenever he is in any way provoked.

Leila Bibí's brother, a very nice polite boy of eleven years old, who is very kind to little "Fatima" (whom he coaxes and pets as if he were her nurse), and as gentle and quiet as a tame mouse, let one of my books fall this morning: Hasan Khán picked it up, and then deliberately gave the poor boy a slap on his cheek as hard as he could. The child said nothing, though I am sure any English boy of his age would have roared. I was so angry that I shook the Khán by the sleeve, and only wished I could have spoken Persian enough to have "flyted" him. By-the-by, every Afghán is a living refutation of the favourite English idea, that boys must be sent away from home to make them manly. All the great men of our own country in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries were brought up at home; and here, under our own eyes, we see one of the most manly races in the world brought up in the Zenáná almost exclusively among women, and therefore as boys wholly devoid of the bearishness and odious manners which characterize most English boys from ten to twenty. The only bad result of the presence of the boy in the gynæcium is, that they talk of *everything* before him just as if he were not there; and, although very modest in behaviour, they are much more unrestrained in speaking of many subjects than any of our own countrywomen I have ever known, though I have heard wonderful stories of what "Indian" ladies will say.

The Khán was eating his supper when I arrived the other evening, in the court-yard, with a white metal tray with three or four dishes on a tea-poy before him. He had a chair and a spoon brought for me, and we ate lovingly out of the same dish, he picking out bits of meat (very nice roasted mutton cut in small pieces) with his fingers for me. When he had finished, Bibí Jí, who waited on him, brought a little thing like a teapot without a handle, made of metal, and enamelled in blue, green, and

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white: he drank water out of the spout of it, which is the usual Afghân fashion. He is very polite to me, brings all I want, and always escorts me to the gate on foot. I thought how amused you would have been, could you have seen me gravely eating kabobs with Hasan Khân, or driving home in the buggy, with one Saís to lead the horse, another (Baidullah) to take care of me, and escorted by Leila Bibí's brother on horseback, and the Peshkhidmat with a blazing torch on foot, all at full speed.

I happened to go one morning to the house of one of the native Catechists, when they were engaged in family worship. The Catechist prayed most fervently in Hindustaní, and it was pretty to see his little children, an old grey-headed woman, with his wife, and the wife of another Catechist who is absent, all scattered about the floor, with the head, in the Native fashion, resting on the knees, an attitude that would give most Europeans a fit of apoplexy.

Our Havildar Major is from Oude. C. explained to him the other day that we had no holy days, except the Sabbath, and that ought to be consecrated wholly to God. He said, "Ah! in my country we also observe the Sunday—we eat no salt on that day."

That gentlemanly old man, Sirfrás Khân, came to see us the night before last, and brought with him a Saiad, or holy man, the bearer of a letter from Múhammad Shah Khân, who saved my husband's life at Sir William MacNaghten's murder. Since the death of his son-in-law, Akbar, whose property, to the amount, it is said, of seven laks, he carried off, he has been at open war with the Amir, Dost Múhammad, who has lately taken and razed his fort of Baddiábad (where the hostages and captives were confined), and obliged Múhammad Shah to fly to the mountains of the Kaffirs, in all probability descendants of Alexander the Great's army, and inhabit the Hindu Kush range, to the north of the plains of Jellâlabad and Laghmân (Hindu Kush means Hindu killer, the mountains being nearly inaccessible, but with delicious valleys between). The poor Khân in extremity writes a loving letter to C., reminding him that they had always been friends, and wishing to know if that friendship continues. According to their custom, when they are doubtful as to the relation they stand in towards any one, he had given the Saiad a token, whereby he should know my husband's disposition towards him.

The Saiad began,—"Múhammad Shah Khân says to you, when you were in peril of life by the fort of Mahmud Khân, how did I behave?"

C. immediately answered, "When the sword was raised to strike me, he put his arm round my neck, and took the cut on his own shoulder."

And thus the Saiad knew that he was willing to acknowledge the service, and not as some of their own countrymen would have done, deny that he had ever seen such a person. C. told him that Múhammad Sháh Khân had been a bitter enemy, but always an open one, and therefore he would meet him in battle without enmity, and if he came to his house would treat him as a friend, and make a feast for him. Is not this like a little bit of the olden time.

C. has been writing letters vigorously the last two days, endeavouring to get justice done to some of the many Afghâns and refugees who have received little or no thanks at our hands for their fidelity ahd services. They all viewed Shah Shujah as our tool (which he undeniably was), and in sacrificing everything in his cause they served us and not him. I will just give you two or three instances of the way in which they have been rewarded by our short-sighted economy.

First, there is the Shahzádeh Shápur, who, after being proclaimed King at Kabúl, and being foolish enough (the gallant boy was but sixteen) to

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trust to the repeated assurances given to him and the friendly chiefs, that the army would at least winter at Kabúl, found, when too late, that he had been made a mere stalking horse, and was left to shift for himself as he best could. After the retreat of the army the Shahzâdeh was attacked and plundered, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he succeeded in escaping with life and honour to Hindustân, where the Government assigned him the paltry allowance of 400 rupees a month for his mother, himself, his brother Nadir, and a host of ruined dependents.

Again, Ali Reza Khân, the Kazzilbâsh, whose exertions as Chief-Commissariat Agent at Kabúl were the means of supplying the force, came here yesterday from Lahore, quite weary with waiting for justice. The Government owe him the sum of 30,000 rupees, which he cannot get paid; he lost in our service between two and three laks, and although he has a pension of 400 rupees a month, it is wholly swallowed up in paying interest for money, which, owing to his Government bad debt, he has been obliged to borrow.

Then again, there are some Afghân soldiers of Sâleh Múhammad's to whom Major Pottinger gave a paper, pledging the Government to employ them permanently, in reward for their services in the liberation of the captives. When they got to Kabúl they were talked into accepting, or rather *ordered to receive, four months' pay* instead of perpetual service; and now, when having nothing else to live on, they apply for employment, and produce the paper given them by Major Pottinger, they are told that their claims, which are still *morally* valid, cannot be listened to, because they are of five years' standing. How could these poor men apply when Lord Hardinge was in Calcutta, and they had no one to speak for them? Why, for the sake of saving a few thousand rupees, should the Government act as petty pedlers, chaffering about strict dues, and evading *all* claims that are not *legally* valid, and many that are so, instead of rewarding in a liberal and generous spirit (which would be the best policy) those who have sacrificed everything to their fidelity to our cause? As Hasan Khân truly said, "It does not become a great Government to *dole* out its gifts and rewards."

That long-haired Afghân, who came the other day, told us that on the retreat from Kabúl he had escaped by passing himself off as a servant of Shujah-u-Doulah, and he himself heard Akbar Khân cry out in Persian, "Cease firing! Do not touch the English!" and then add in Pushtu, "Slay them! Slay them!" This he related as a piece of information, not knowing that C. was aware of it. Major Pottinger, soon after they had been given up as hostages, turned to my husband and said: "M., remember, if I am killed, that I heard Akbar Khân desire his people to slay the English in Pushtu, though he was calling to them to stop firing in Persian."

May 26th.—A present from Ali Reza Khân came; we had before told him that it was impossible to accept it on account of the Government regulations, but he wished me at least to *see* the things. It was grievous to be obliged to refuse them, they were so pretty,—a beautiful Kashmir shawl, with pattern all over it, a green Kashmir scarf, and a little poshtin or jacket made of drakes' feathers, so pretty and glossy! Ah! what sacrifices public duty requires when one may not take a little jacket of ducks' feathers! Atta Mahamúd brought me a very pretty piece of pink crape some time ago, and was so grieved at our refusing it, that yesterday, determined we should take something, he sent us half a small cheese which he had just received from Lahor. On C. telling the messenger he was much obliged and would eat it, the man answered in their usual primitive fashion, "Stuff yourself well!"

One of C.'s orderlies belonged to Woodburn's force, when, near Ghazni,

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Captain Woodburn and most of his men were cut to pieces. This man was among those taken prisoners—was carried about to different parts of Afghánistan as a slave, and was in the mountains just above Istálif at the very time General M'Caskill took that place. He said that all the mountains in that part are full of Hindustání, Ghurkás, and even some English prisoners, Sepáhis, camp followers, &c. The Subádar of his own company, who, at the time of Captain Woodburn's murder, killed several Afghâns with his own hand before he was captured, was kept in chains and extremely ill treated for a long while, and at last sent off with many other of our unfortunate men to Balkh, in Turkistan, *where they now are.* It was in vain that Major Pottinger urged General M'Caskill to wait only three days at Istálif, when all these prisoners would have been brought in,—he would not take the responsibility of doing so; neither would General Pollock, fettered as he was by Lord Ellenborough's vehement injunctions to retreat, take the responsibility of allowing him to remain. It is very odd that people have no fear of "responsibility" for doing *nothing.* The fact is they fear *blame*, for *responsibility* must be borne whether they like it or not. The consequence is that, to our great disgrace, numbers of our faithful soldiers and fellow-subjects are pining in slavery to this very hour. The orderly himself only escaped with a comrade of his a year and a half ago; they entered the Amballa Police Battalion, from which they were transferred to our regiment.

June 2nd, 1847.—Thermometer 87½° with Phankah and Tatties.

The Nizâm-u-Doulah paid us a visit last evening. He made some observations about my industry, for I was working at something for C.'s horse. C. said that sometimes he thought I did too much. "Ah!" said the Nizâm, "for a person of intelligence it is a grief not to work; but let her take two or three pearls, pound them very fine, and then mix them well with water, containing a little gold and a little silver; let her drink that, and it will cure her of that hot zeal of heart which makes her overwork herself. Thus it is written in books of Grecian science." I could hardly believe that this exceedingly clever, clear-headed man (whom Sir William MacNaghten always spoke of as the most intellectual, sound-minded Asiatic he had ever known, in which verdict my husband fully coincides) should have gravely recommended so droll a prescription.

You see I have but very small incidents to relate, but I think even trifles are worth recording if they help to give you an idea of the people or country. I am often reminded of that excellent distinction between stupidity and ignorance, "on est âne par disposition, on est ignorant par défaut d'instruction"—for the Afghâns, though fully equal to Europeans in natural capacity, make the most ludicrous mistakes as to what is possible or not, simply from being too ignorant to form any judgment in the matter. They therefore jump to a conclusion (Dean Swift would say, "like the ladies in England"). For instance, nothing but a firm trust in my husband's veracity induced Hasan Khân to believe the possibility of an electric telegraph, and yet he shortly afterwards inquired if we had not a machine which enabled us to see *through* mountains, and would have believed any one who had confirmed his precocious idea that we had such a thing. I have just heard a very shocking thing which proves the opinion of the European soldiers as to the behaviour of H. M.'s 62nd. Poor things! there was great excuse for them. Of the men of the 62nd, who, on the corps quitting India, volunteered into other regiments, four committed suicide, stung to the quick by the taunts and jeers of their new comrades. One was in H. M.'s 10th, another in the 53rd, a third in the 80th, and a fourth in some other.

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The people of the annexed Sikh states on both sides the Satlej are prospering under our rule. One proof of it is, that waste lands, which were the common property of everybody, are now become so valuable for agricultural purposes, that they are incessant objects of litigation. The people here used a short time since to import grain for their own use; now, like Sind, they export. Traffic is so much increased, that the value of the ferry tolls has risen immensely; and Hasan Khân told us that he had been talking to some people from the Jalander Doáb (which is situated between the Satlej and the Biás), and they all declared that their falling into the hands of the British was the most fortunate event that could have happened for their interests. Although on this side the Satlej I believe the assessment is nominally rather higher than it was before, yet, of course, a man would rather pay 10*l.* than be assessed at 5*l.* and plundered of 20*l.*, which was pretty much their condition when under the Lahore government.

The servants are a constant source of amusement to me. For instance: the other day I peered through the screen, and found the bearer in the next room lying flat on his back in the middle of the floor, and pulling the Phankah in that fashion. They often pull the string with their toes. The heat the last few days has been very great: it was 90° in this cool room at half-past nine last night.

I take three lessons a week from a Munshí. Hindustání seems to me a very harsh language, full of gutturals and aspirates: the German *ch* is the softest of the Urdu gutturals, and there is one which I despair of,—in fact, they say none but an Arab can pronounce it properly: then there are innumerable specimens of b'h, t'h, d'h, gh, and kh, and double aspirates without number. The word for "good," which is the only way of saying thank you, is "Ach-ha," which, if properly pronounced, sounds very much like a sneeze. The verb is sent to the end of the sentence, as in German; the verbs are simple and easy, with a very full complement of tenses. The prepositions and verbs vary their gender like nouns and adjectives; and the nouns and adjectives are declined like in German. Hindustání is a mere *lingua franca* for the different races which inhabit this great peninsula. It is composed of Persian and Hindui, and to the south it has Mahratti and to the north Panjabi words mixed with it. They say Persian is a very beautiful language, but most of the Afghâns speak it as they do Pushtu; so that it gives a stranger about as much idea of the sound as the broadest Scotch would of polite English. I am learning to write the Persian characters, but, as usual, find it much more difficult to read them.

Saiad Murtezá, who was sent by Alí Reza Khan (at Mohan Lal's suggestion) to Bamián, to negotiate the release of the hostages and captives with Sáleh Múhammad, was with us yesterday. He is a Kashmiri, and except for some defect in the shape of the mouth, is an extremely handsome man, full of intelligence. His young grown-up son, who is very gentlemanly, wrote a few lines as a specimen of penmanship,—an art much prized in this country. He also embosses words, flowers, and birds on paper, with his thumb-nail, in a most skilful manner. The way in which Murtezá Shah happened to be here yesterday was this:—He lent a certain man 5000 rupees, and received a house in pledge. Now his debtor refuses to pay, and Saiad Murtezá cannot sell the house to reimburse himself, as it does not legally belong to him. If he bring the matter into Court, he will have five per cent. to pay as fees, and five per cent. more as a reward to the judges for doing justice. Is not this last a very wonderful regulation? The Court here is said to be one of the most corrupt in India; and thus, although Murtezá Shah's papers are most clear, the

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agreement being witnessed by the Kotwál (or native Mayor) himself, his chance of getting justice would be very doubtful; for not only is the Deputy Commissioner completely in the hands of natives, but he never makes an example of a man who is convicted of perjury, and therefore false witness flourishes.

Under these circumstances, Murtezá Shah went yesterday morning to the Deputy Commissioner to consult about this suit. C. happened to be present. Murtezá Shah, like all the Afgháns, spoke freely, as one man would to another, but in a very moderate manner, and with great courtesy, as his manners are excellent. Captain ——, with the impertinence but too common among Englishmen towards the poor, their servants, and all whom they imagine to be in any way beneath them, would hardly listen, leant back in his chair, repeating, "I can't do anything, I can't do anything," and at last cried imperiously, "Jao!"—Go. Murtezá Shah departed instanter, without even making him a Salám. C. overtook him at the gate, made him get into his buggy, and brought him here. The Saiad's remark was, "What a vulgar tyrannical man!" I really think that neither Scotchmen nor Irishmen (I mean gentlemen) are so overbearing and discourteous as the universally-by-foreigners-disliked English. There! I feel better for that long German adjective, for it vexes me to see our national reputation thus tarnished by the behaviour of men who, as the Spaniards say, "have neither formality nor politeness."

The Nizám-u-Doulah, who would be remarked in any society for his perfect manners, and whose family might vie with any in Europe, speaking of the English authorities and officers here, said, "I never go near any of these people, for they don't know how to behave." And his brother-in-law, Atta Múhammad, described their behaviour in a very lively way, saying, "Whenever they see a man with a turban, they cry, 'Oh, *here's* an Afghán or a Kashmirí,' adding a most significant shrug, which implied, 'to worry me out of my life.'" Is not this the same complaint that we have so often heard from every class of persons abroad? and it has always gratified me greatly when foreigners who knew enough of the British to distinguish between them, remarked, as Herr K. did, that the Scotch were so much more courteous and "zuthuend."

Khán Sahib, a nephew of Ján Fishán Khán, brought a letter from his uncle to my husband, which out of respect was sprinkled all over with little triangular bits of gold leaf. He sent me "many compliments on account of my virtues, affability, and excellent qualities." I could hardly reply with proper gravity when this speech was translated to me.

Sahib Khán is going on to Peshâwur to seek his fortune, and on taking leave yesterday, asked C. for some money, as he had none for his journey. They always ask each other for aid when they want it: C. of course gave him some, for if he were to ask any money from Ján Fishán Khán, that gallant Chief would borrow it at a high interest, and lend it to him without any. Murtezá Shah, too, though he knows that my husband has little means of being of service to him, volunteered the other day to supply him with any sum he might want.

Last night we had a dust storm, which convinced me that the accounts I have heard of people having candles for two or three hours in the daytime were in nowise exaggerated. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the sun of course high, when it suddenly became very dark. I had just time to shut my ink bottle, and throw a handkerchief over my work, when it became so dark that we went groping about as at midnight. The dog ran up against me without seeing me, and I only found where

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my husband was by his voice; it was impossible to see one's own hand. It lasted about two hours.

I forgot to mention that the sand storm the other evening was of a deep red colour, something like a very red fog in London. This is a rare thing, and Mr. Blackall tells me it has much disquieted the superstitious natives. His old bearer said he had never seen a red storm since the Siege of Bhurtpur; but another added, that there was one just before the Gwalior Campaign. By-the-bye, what do you think of a military man in high office here, and who has seen service, spelling campaign without a *g!* Báedullah cut his wrist very badly yesterday, but that excellent *Matico*, or "Soldier's Herb," stopped the bleeding at once. One of Hasan Khán's men happened to bring a tray of melons from his master just as C. was bathing and bandaging the wound. Báedullah, who had suffered a great deal of pain, and doubtless felt weak, walked away with a languid, feeble air, which in such a huge creature was a little ridiculous. The Afghán, who had watched the whole operation, looked after him with much contempt, and then turning to my husband, said: "These Hindustánís are so 'Názuk,' tender. In Afghánistan we get wounds of all kinds from our enemies, wounds from swords, and from guns, and from stones, and never care a bit. Here we are obliged to be quiet for fear of the Sáhib Lóg (the lordly people, *i. e.* the British), but if it were not for them we would soon make short work with some of these folks." C. told him that Afghánistan was soaked with blood, and that from every man's blood a voice went up before the throne of God. He seemed struck by that, and when C. asked him if that was not more likely to bring down a curse than a blessing upon a country, he at once acknowledged that it was. By-the-bye, both Hasan Khán and Murtezá Shah's son have accepted Persian Testaments. C. also sent one to Múhammad Shah Khán. If it does him no good, it may fall in the way of some one else.

A man came here the other day who rendered good service to my husband when he and the other hostages and captives were on their way to Bámián, and as they then believed, to almost hopeless slavery in Turkistan. His name is Amed Khán, a brother of Mahmúd, the Herâtí servant of Major Pottinger, and afterwards of Major Broadfoot. When the insurrection broke out at Kabúl, the two brothers, who were on leave in Kohistán, became objects of much suspicion, and saved their lives by enlisting with Saleh Mahomed. They thus came to be among the guards at Bámián. He begged C. to take no notice of him, as it would render him suspected, and then quietly managed to supply Jacob with such provisions as he could get—sometimes a few eggs, sometimes a fowl, &c. He is now a Sáwâr in Captain Quin's regiment of Irregular Horse.

I told you that one effect of an officer putting himself into the hands of natives is, that he is sure to be accused of bribery. I have just heard a fresh proof of it. Captain J., whom my husband believes to be a most honourable man, is yet considered corrupt by all the natives; for not only was he completely infatuated by a very clever Munshí, but when this man was convicted of having taken bribes to an enormous amount, and sentenced to a lengthened imprisonment, Captain J. had the imprudence to continue his monthly salary of 100 rupees, and of course all the natives say that he dared not do otherwise, lest the Munshí should betray him.

So great is the vanity of some people, that they seem to consider it a personal insult if either a hint or a proof is offered that any of *their* people are dishonest or corrupt; and as they choose thus to identify themselves with their underlings, they are most completely identified with them by general opinion.

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A committee sat the other day to examine the arms supplied for the use of his regiment. The president of the committee, after carefully examining them, remarked that they were only fit to be broken up. The muskets were old and worn out, so that it would be impossible to fire them; out of 360 only 188 could be found not *utterly* useless. The sewing of the belts gave way at the first touch, and the sheaths of the bayonets were so bad that the first shower of rain would complete their destruction. Imagine supplying a regiment with such arms and accoutrements. At the first meeting of the committee, the president was the only officer there, the two juniors, according to the custom of the Bengal army, thinking it too much trouble. C., being accustomed to the strict discipline of Madras, where, if an officer did such a thing, he would be reprimanded in orders, or ordered to attend every day, at twelve o'clock, at his commanding officer's quarters, in full uniform, for a week at least, expressed his astonishment to Major F., who is an active and excellent officer, but who, having been brought up in this lax school, was astonished at C.'s astonishment, and asked if he really meant to say that he always attended a committee when appointed to it; and, when answered in the affirmative, declared that, of all the committees he had been on, he had never attended more than two or three.

Such is the lax discipline of the Bengal army. Yet the *men* are naturally so martial, and at the same time so docile and so gentlemanly, that their efficiency is unimpaired by it, and they are undoubtedly the finest Sepáhis in India.

June 17th.—Will you believe that in this weather, with the rains just setting in, and the thermometer at 91° in our cool sitting-room, C. has just received an order to return all the extra tents which he got for his men? In all regiments one tent is allotted to each company; but Lord Hardinge chooses to allow only half that number to the Frontier Brigade, and as they have no huts, C. retained the full number of tents, which he had got possession of before this absurd order came. By the end of this month he expects his regiment will be raised to its full complement, 800 rank and file, who are to be crammed into five tents, each tent being fitted to hold only eighty men.

Dr. Walker, the surgeon of the regiment, has made an official report to my husband of the great hardships the men have suffered from being exposed to the heat and sand-storms in tents, and from having no hospital. It has produced numerous cases of ophthalmia. Even the sick have no shelter but a tent; a dust-storm comes and blows it down, and they are left exposed till morning. Dr. Walker is in temporary charge of the 70th Native Infantry, who are properly sheltered, and he gave the following abstract of the state of the two regiments, showing the suffering entailed on our poor men:—

The daily average in hospital for the week ending June 11th, 71st Native Infantry, 13¼; 4th Frontier Brigade, 26.

The ratio per cent, (the 71st having its full complement) was, 71st Native Infantry, 1⅚ per cent.: 4th Frontier Brigade, 4 per cent.

In the 71st hospital there is only one case of ophthalmia, caused by an accident. In the 4th regiment of Frontier Brigade hospital, there are six cases of ophthalmia, none arising from accident.

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CHAPTER VII.

June 18, 1847.—Poor Jacob was taken suddenly very ill yesterday, with violent fever.

June 19th.—Yesterday the hot wind came back, so it was cool and comfortable in the house. We were in great anxiety about poor Jacob, but to-day he seems decidedly better, though still very seriously ill. Three native officers are now sitting in this very room in committee, upon a brass dish of flour, which is placed at their feet. One of them is the old senior Subádár I told you of; another is a Hindu, with only a little moustache, fat and sleek as a banker (I think he must be of their caste); the third is a very intelligent-looking man, with high marked features, a Sikh. C. is just now making a speech, to which the Chowdrí listens with his eyes cast up like a martyr, the Havildar-Major with his eyes cast down like a schoolboy hearing his next neighbour fearfully lectured, and the three officers with much attention, and I hope edification.

The Havildar Major amused me by making what I suppose was a statement of facts, and when he had finished, curling up all his toes backwards. You cannot imagine what an expressive action it was.

Three different kinds of flour are made from the same wheat. The wheat is ground between two stones; the coarsest part, which makes brown bread, is called "Attah," and is that on which the people principally live; the finest, which is very white, and reduced to an almost impalpable powder, is called "Maidá;" and the most precious of all, which is merely the heart of the wheat, which from its hardness, instead of being reduced to powder is more like very fine grain, is called Sují. Their relative value a little time since was exactly 3, 5, and 7. Three sirs of Sují being worth seven of Attah. We now get 22¼ sirs of Attah for the rupee. The sir is equal to a quart. Sugar is almost as dear as in England, about 1½ sir of sugar candy, or 3 of very fine soft sugar, for the rupee. There is no loaf sugar.

I must give you a trait of Hasan Khán's generosity, and his attachment to my husband. C. happened to mention our debts, he asked some questions as to their amount, and then said gravely, "You must take 200 of my 600 a month until they are paid off." When C. replied that he could not think of such a thing, but that it was more than many a brother would do, he answered very earnestly, "Don't say such words to me, but take the money." How many of one's friends would offer a third of their income to free one from debt?

The Nizám-u-Doulah came this evening in great indignation and perplexity, having just received a notification, worded in the most uncivil manner, from the Deputy-Commissioner, that, owing to instructions from Láhore, "Múhammad Usmán Khán, pensioner," was to have his pension stopped till further orders, without affording the smallest clue to the reason of this proceeding. C. promised to write immediately to Láhore on the subject. Captain ——'s missive was peculiarly insulting from the position of the seal (a huge official seal), stuck at the top, as if it had been a King writing to a Kuli, common politeness requiring the seal to be placed at the bottom of the page, or at the back of the letter.

Hasan Khán on hearing of this, although he does not like the Nizám-u-Doulah, expressed great indignation at such treatment, and seemed to think no one's pension was safe under such a Government.*

On Monday night C. was roused by the servants (three or four of whom were sleeping or watching round Jacob) by the alarming intelligence that

* The Nizam soon after got back his pension, as there was no ground for withholding it.

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he was quite delirious. We both got up and found that what they call symptomatic hydrophobia in a slight form had set in; his strength was extraordinary, his teeth clenched, his eyes wild, and he endeavoured to bite those near him. C. spoke to him of Jesus, which quieted him; we gave him Belladonna, and you may imagine how earnestly we prayed that Satan might not gain any advantage over him. He had but one more slight paroxysm after this. He would not suffer his dear master to leave him, but held him by the hand, and when C. asked if his faith were strong in Christ, he squeezed his hand and nodded. He then struggled greatly to say something to Baedullah, who was sitting by him. He pointed to his heart, and then to heaven, as if he wished to exhort him to believe in Jesus if he would be saved; and full well did Baedullah know his meaning, for when C. asked him if he understood what Jacob meant, he answered, "Oh yes, this is what he has been saying to me for many days." What a happiness to have spoken so fully and so conscientiously of the only way of salvation to those whom we love, that we need only remind them of our former exhortations when we come to die! How great would have been poor Jacob's anxiety, if he had deferred speaking to his old friend until sickness prevented him doing so. This was almost the last time he spoke.

I saw him at four A.M., and at six on Tuesday morning Dr. W., finding him greatly exhausted, recommended wine. Dr. C. soon after arrived. They wished him to have a vapour bath. Two of the bearers, Mrs. Rudolph's tailor, and I, set to work immediately, and soon finished a large flannel bag, in which Jacob was put, one end tied round his throat, and the other round the neck of a large pitcher of water, which was set on a portable stove at the foot of his bed. The bag was soon filled with steam, and thus he had a vapour bath while lying on his bed. He perspired profusely, but without any good result. They covered him with two quilts, and shut up the doors of the room; but the fever only increased; they put on a large blister, and at night put another at the back of his neck, and gave him an opiate; but from the moment the homœopathic treatment was left off he grew worse, the fever returned, the inflammation extended, and the next morning C. roused me about half-past three A.M., thinking he was actually dying.

He lay apparently unconscious, the mouth half open, and breathing very hard. We continued giving him arrowroot by spoonsful every two hours, and water every now and then; he had sometimes great difficulty in swallowing, I think from weakness.

Quartermaster Sergeant Wharton, who, as usual, was here at his office, fed him more cleverly than any of us, and all the servants tended him in a manner which showed how much he had won their affection. The Native doctor of the regiment, who had sat up with him all night, was most gentle and tender to him. C. had told the servants the grounds of our strong confidence that Jacob would soon be in glory. Baedullah assented to everything his master said, as a matter of course. Vazirá, the bearer, listened earnestly, but spoke not; while the poor old Khalási answered in a melancholy tone, "We are only khidmatgars; we are only khidmatgars (servants); what should we know?" The two doctors said all must soon be over, and left. I think the effect of the opiate wore off, for there was more intelligence in the eye; and he seemed to see us, and to hear the texts which we spoke distinctly in his ear, in hope of giving him support and comfort, but he could give no other sign.

We sat by the bed alternately or together till about eleven or twelve o'clock, when C. persuaded me to lie down. Hasan Khân came, and nearly shed tears. C. told him how it was that we knew Jacob's salvation to be

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secured; and an expression passed across the Afghán's face, as if he did not feel himself in a state of safety. As C. left the room, he followed him, and said earnestly, "Read to him out of your book; it will do him good; read to him from your book." C. explained, that although he had not been reading, yet he had been repeating short passages from that Holy Book, which satisfied Hasan Khán. I slept a little on the sofa, for I was very weary, till C. bade me come quickly. The hard breathing had become softer, the pulse lower, and just as I got to his bedside, the eye fixed, and with a gentle sigh our good faithful Jacob breathed his last on earth. C. said, "Jacob is in heaven," but I could hardly believe he was gone; only the chest was quite still. The Native doctor and bearer both wept; C. closed his eyes, and we bound up the falling jaw, and then I came away that they might straighten the limbs.

I had been reading the Hymns on Death in Montgomery's "Christian Psalmist," while sitting by him in the morning, and that one—

"In vain our fancy tries to paint,
The moment after death,"

expressed exactly our feelings. There was nothing but joy when we thought of him who was once our servant, now being a son and heir of God, entered into his inheritance, and walking with Christ in Glory. "His name shall no more be called Jacob, but *Israel*, a Prince with God;" but for us, no one can tell how we shall miss his cheerful, loving service—his watchfulness for our comfort and interests—his hearty sympathy with us, and all whom we loved—and his constant reference to the things of God. Sometimes he would bring a hymn to show me; sometimes a passage of Scripture which he did not fully understand:—he was unwearied in endeavouring to make known the Gospel to all the servants, and to every one who came within his reach; and he had won the love of all of our people by his kindness and helpfulness.

Some of the texts wherewith we endeavoured to comfort him were:—"Let not your heart be troubled," &c., John xiv. 1—4; "Fear not, then, thou worm, Jacob," &c.; and "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c.; "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world;" "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," &c. &c. Near the last, one of us was almost always with him, thinking that it might be a pleasure to him to see always one whom he loved close to him

The next morning my dear husband nailed up the coffin himself. The face was still unchanged. Hasan Khán came again in the afternoon, and earnestly entreated C. by no means to allow the body to remain in the house all night; but when he found him immoveable, although he told him that all bad things came to a corpse, meaning evil spirits (little knowing how the Lord watches over the tabernacle of his saints), in the height of his friendship he valiantly said he would come and watch it himself. He would no doubt have come armed to the teeth, if C. had not told him that we meant to spend the evening in considering the Word of God and in prayer.

The servants were evidently full of superstitious fears, and the old Khalásí was overheard saying to another, "When he departed one of the bamboos which supported the jhamps (*i. e.* a kind of screen of matting) was carried away," evidently believing that the soul had carried away the stick. "Yes," said the other, "and what is more, all the bamboos fell down." The fact was, that a little whirlwind came which blew down one of the jhamps. The chapter we happened to read to-day was Isaiah lvii.; nothing could be more appropriate, if we remember what Owen says, that "The righteous is taken away not only from the evils of judg-

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ments, but from that of temptation and sin, which ofttimes proves the worst of the two:" that he did "enter into peace," or go in peace, is our firm belief. Captain C. stayed with us all the evening, and the next morning at five o'clock the funeral took place. The Quarter-Master Sergeant, Wharton, who said he was so accustomed to such scenes, that he felt quite ashamed of not feeling Jacob's death *as he ought*, the Sergeant-Major, and two other artillerymen, bore the coffin. A company of artillery wished to volunteer their attendance to show their respect for Jacob's character, but C. thought it best to decline this. Múhammad Hasan Khán came with Abdulrahmán, son of a brother-in-law of the Nizam-u-Doulah, who out of respect arrived counting his beads, and repeating the prayers for the dead, so that he would not even shake hands with C. I put on a white dress, feeling that there ought to be nothing gloomy about Jacob's funeral, and a black silk scarf over my head. Major Fisher, and the two doctors, and good Captain C. came; Mr. Porter was the minister on the occasion. The chapel was filled; many of our servants and of Hasan Khán's attendants were present, as well as the orphans. Múhammad Hasan Khán and Abdulrahmán sat on each side of me; the former offered to kneel when we did, but C. motioned to him to sit still. Abdulrahmán sat with his fingers in his ears the whole time; yet even on him the impression was so far favourable from the simplicity of the worship, that he remarked to Hasan Khán, when it was all over, "After all there is not much difference between us and them." At any rate he saw that we were not idolaters. Mr. Porter read the 15th Corinthians, expounding as he went on. That beautiful chapter never seemed to be so full of beauty and comfort before. A hymn was sung and Mr. R. prayed.

We then resumed our march to the little burying ground. C. helped to lower the head into its last resting-place until it shall rise again in glory. Then Bishop Heber's Hymn, "Thou art gone to the grave," was sung, that and the whole service being in Hindustaní, and it was all over.

In the afternoon the hills were distinctly visible from our house, and a most beautiful sight they were, the highest range capped with snow, and appearing quite near, though more than 200 miles distant. C. took me out for a drive. In the night we had a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain, and we heard the next morning that C.'s poor men had been obliged to hold on outside the tents while it lasted, to prevent them from being blown down upon them. It is great cruelty keeping them in tents in such a season. Dr. McC. visited our hospital tents the other day, and was so shocked at the suffering and discomfort, that he offered a vacant ward in his hospital for their accommodation, and I am happy to say they are now there, with cool and lofty shelter, and with accommodation for the native doctors and attendants, and room for the medicines, of all of which there was an utter want before. Dr. Handyside, of "Tait's Horse," on visiting them one day with the regimental surgeon, Dr. Walker, found those who had blisters on, with the blister completely *dressed with sand.*

July 3rd, 1847.—Two Punjábis called here the other day with a letter from the Sirdar Lená Sing, asking for C.'s interest in a cause which is now before Captain ——'s court. One, a Mussalman, is Lená Sing's Munshí, a very clever looking man, with a remarkably fine forehead and rather handsome features, but such a crafty, false expression and manner!

An order has lately been received from head-quarters, stating that the men transferred from the Umballa Police Battalion, old soldiers of four or five years' standing, are to be paid *as recruits*,—a great injustice to

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them, and very small saving to the Government. Lord Hardinge has disbanded between 20,000 and 30,000 men; among others, a Sikh battalion of Artillery, *just* raised, the men of which were real Sikhs, that people being particularly good artillerymen. C. has got about thirty of them. Another was the Bandlekand Legion, a very fine body, who volunteered for service in Sind, when the regiments of the line mutinied and refused. Another was the Shekawatti Brigade, which was almost entirely composed of robbers. They made excellent soldiers, and now being let loose will doubtless make better and more daring robbers than ever. When we were at Agra, a certain petty Rajah had just been rescued from the gaol there by a party of desperate followers of his, and no sooner was the Shekawatti Brigade quite out of the way, than this very individual and his men made a daring attack on the Commissariat at Nasirabad, which had been thus left defenceless, killed the feeble guard of Sepáhis, and carried off all the money in the treasury. Reductions of this kind have *never* been made without the whole number disbanded being raised again from necessity, in a very short time. But there is what Mr. C. calls "financial pressure," which influences the home authorities.

Last night we drove into the great Serai for native travellers. It is a very large one-storied quadrangle of low rooms, each with a separate door opening into the court. It is entered by an arched gateway, with a recess or chamber on each side for the guard in troublous times, and with a chamber above for the watch to look out. There was an interesting scene within. Hindus and Múhammadans all peaceably together, but sitting apart from each other; some cooking, some lighting or fanning their fires, some lying on their Charpâis, some feeding their cattle. Here were patient camels; there, little rough, wretched-looking ponies, or a magnificent pair of stately white oxen, rather the worse for a long journey. Two Mussulmâns were praying on the housetop, with their figures in strong relief against the glowing evening sky: a party of travellers were just proceeding on their journey in covered bullock carts, and a strong scent of sandal-wood from one corner told that there were women within; while two Faqírs were melodiously chanting some monotonous song, and receiving alms from the temporary inmates of the Serai. The great Múhammadan sovereigns used to build magnificent Serais all along their trunk roads, partly out of policy for the encouragement of merchants or the shelter of their troops, and partly as a meritorious act of charity. Each traveller pays two pie a night, for which a charpai is provided for him, and his food is cooked, he providing the food and fuel. Those who are very poor and sleep on the ground instead of on a charpai, pay only one pice, or less than a halfpenny. Choukedars, or watchmen, move about all night to prevent thefts.

After tea, C. and I, attracted by the lovely moonlight, took a walk round our premises. Our horses, four in number, were tied to trees in front of their stables, and all the servants, except two or three who have houses in the city, sleep on their charpâis in the open air, my Ayah among them. We threaded our way gently through them, and found one or two, who are very poor, sleeping on the ground, so that our night's walk will get them a present of charpâis—for they are likely to get fever without any. In one verandah the bearer sleeps with "Bow-wow," our great dog, chained to a pillar near him; on the other side is the guard, so that we can leave our doors open.

Thursday, 8th July, 1847.—I told you of Hasan Khân offering C. a third of his monthly pension. He actually brought the 200 rupees, and very nearly cried, he was so vexed when C. assured him that it was quite impossible for

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him to accept it. It was really worth while having a debt, that one may learn the difference between one man and another. Our evening drives through the city always divert me. The whole population is out of doors, either sleeping or smoking, or roasting and fanning Kabobs. They use so little fire that they are obliged to fan it all the time, and our Sáis has hard work in clearing the way of people, children, and cattle, the latter of whom lie down in the very middle of the road.

Some of our rooms having leaked a little; eight poor little Kúli children, both boys and girls, were employed all day carrying earth in small baskets on their heads to the top of the house, to make it water-tight. They are paid three or four kouris for every basketful. There are sixty kouris to a pice, which is rather more than a farthing; but in the evening we gave them a rupee as bakshish, with which they were overjoyed.

Instead of being able to buy things ready-made in the Bazár, one generally has to send for a man to come to the house and make them. Two Kúlis have been all day making door-mats. They stick four pegs into the ground, and fasten two bamboos to them: thus forming a frame on which they work the mat. I have also had some cotton cleaned. You buy it dirty, and a man comes with a thing somewhat like a bow, the wooden part is slung to the roof of the verandah, and the cotton is brought against the string, which is made to vibrate forcibly by striking it with a piece of wood: the cotton is thus thoroughly sifted and divided. I wanted a tin box soldered; for in the rains, everything must be carefully packed in cloth or flannel, and then in tin. A Kúli came and formed a little furnace close to the verandah, by lighting a very small fire of charcoal, making a little hole about two feet distant for the nose of his bellows (which were made of the skin of a goat, with a slit at the back, which he alternately opened and closed), and connecting the bellows and fire by a little underground passage. I was quite pleased with this simple, ingenious contrivance.

July 9th.—Hasan Khân's Peshkhidmat came yesterday, to announce that a son had just been born to his master; and when we expressed our satisfaction, he said, "Glad! of course you are glad; who is to be glad if you are not?"

C. has been engaged the whole day paying about 460 of his men. It has been a curious scene. They came about 10 A.M., and a fine set of men they are, mostly tall. Four officers came with them; one, a Sikh, looked very droll in his English uniform, with very short white trousers with straps, a long beard, Jewish physiognomy, and yellow and purple turban. The men were mostly in their "half-mounting," or undress, blue jacket, white dhoti (or cloth which serves instead of trousers), and red skull-caps, round which many of them had bound cloths of all colours, to protect them from the sun. They filled all the verandahs, and sat under all the trees they could find. I saw a group of perhaps fifteen or twenty, with one scarlet umbrella in the midst of them, flattering themselves, I suppose, that its mere vicinity was of some use. The money-bags, which I keep in a great red sea-chest in our bed-room, were brought out; the four native officers sat on chairs against the wall, some with one foot drawn up on the chair, and the non-commissioned officers sat on the floor and counted out the money. I occasionally went to spy them through the blinds. Those who had received their pay seemed quite astonished at the sight of rupees, they had been so long without any. One huge Sikh reminded me very much of a hairy merchant seaman: he had a loose blue jacket, and though his trousers were rather too tight for a tar, yet altogether he had much the look of one.

We drove out this morning with the intention of paying Hasan Khân

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a visit, but on reaching his house we heard such a noise of musicians within, that we went on to the "Fil Khana," where the Government elephants are kept, close to the fort. Here we got out, and walked among them. I thought how much interested our children would have been at seeing such a number of these huge creatures, each peaceably feeding on a little slope, with his face towards his keeper's hut; most of them being fastened by so small a rope that it could only serve as a hint that he was expected to stay there. We saw one which they said was eleven feet high. Another who was pointed out to us as the most sagacious of all, is only thirty years old, and therefore not come to his full strength: he had such a crafty, wise, wizened face, and a mild eye, just like a philosopher. One or two were wicked, but most of them very gentle. This wise one was fanning himself with the long stalks of grass given him for his food. It is curious to see the difference of expression and countenance in the different elephants; one near the philosopher had a foolish, good-natured, weak face, like dozens of people I have seen. At some distance, a very wicked one was chained to two large trees; he is so savage that sometimes he will not suffer his máhout to come near him, or even the bhistí who brings him water, so that he goes without any for days. He killed two men at Laknao; and watched us out of the corner of his eye in a way I did not much like. Not far from him was a sick elephant, ninety years of age; by no means past work. He was very thin, and his face like that of an old man, with sunken cheeks and rheumy eyes. My heart warmed to the good old creature; for I love anything old, for my dear father's sake, and I remembered the elephant was just his age. They had given him only the fresh green tops of the karbi, instead of the whole stalk, as they do to the others. Each elephant has two men to wait on him and manage him: his food costs two rupees daily; so that the whole expense is about seventy rupees a month for each.

On returning, we went to Hasan Khân's, where the music had now ceased. The uproar it made was enough to have killed both mother and child, if they had not had very strong nerves. You never saw anything so droll as the baby; it had a great aquiline nose, its eyelids were tinged with antimony, and its eyebrows painted so as to meet in the middle. It was swaddled, though not tightly enough to prevent its moving its limbs; but the arms are put *behind* its back, just as if for the first eight or ten months of its existence it was to be perpetually saying spelling lessons. Bibí Jí (its mother) was dressed as usual, sitting up in her bed. I gave her a ring and baby a piece of cloth, to make little chogahs for him. Three old Afghân women came in, who stroked and hugged Lala Bibí's head, and kissed little Padimah vigorously. They all rose and remained standing when Hasan Khân came in.

Monday, July 12th.—C. took me to the Fort in the evening. To us who have seen nothing but barren sand for so long, the country, with its patches of verdure and pools of water, now looks quite pretty. It is a view which we should pronounce "frightful" at home. The colouring of the sky, and indeed of every object, is, however, truly beautiful during the rains. Mr. Ryan, the Conductor of Ordnance, who has charge of the Fort, showed us where the Sikh army were encamped last year. All the ladies took refuge in the Fort, and the numerous fires of the refugees put Mr. Ryan in perpetual fear for the powder magazine. He truly said that if Sir Harry Smith had not gained the battle of Aliwâl he must have been disgraced for his want of common sense (to say nothing of generalship) at Baddiwâll, which is close to Loodiana; for by unnecessarily marching close to the Sikh force, instead of within cover of the fort, he lost every atom of his baggage, and had all his sick and wounded massacred in their

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litters—but of this not a word is now heard. Mr. Ryan spoke like a Christian man of our wonderful deliverance during the late war, for nothing but the panic which it pleased God to put into the hearts of the Sikhs prevented the destruction of our enfeebled force.

Saw many Kashmiris. Their skins are *literally* yellow; many of the women have beautiful features, and in spite of dirt and poverty, one can fancy that when young their complexions must resemble that of a peach. Some of the women were smoking—one of them with a baby in her arms. The women wear a red cap like a Constantinopolitan Fez, with a veil over it, trousers, and a sort of loose shirt fastened at the throat, and reaching nearly to the feet, which is *never* taken off while it will hold together! We passed a group of men gambling, of which they are exceedingly fond. The game "Pachísí" is played with markers on a cross made up of squares.

Tuesday, July 13th, 1847.—Two inquirers have lately come to the Mission—one a Jew from Herat; another a Mussalman from a village near this, who has thankfully accepted the office of Mr. Janvier's Phankah Wallah at three rupees a month, in order to be here and receive instruction in the Gospel. This poor man afterwards died of consumption, expressing to the last his trust in "Isa Masih" (Jesus the Messiah) *alone* for salvation. There were no particular marks of deep feeling, but all he said was satisfactory, and his conduct blameless and consistent.

The public press in India seems to me in a very low state. You cannot imagine the nonsense, the twaddle, the petty gossip, and the vulgar mess-table and barrack-room jokes and slang, with which the newspapers are filled. "The Friend of India" is one of the few which assumes a higher tone: usually they are filled with petty professional squabbles, attacks of the coarsest kind on rival Editors, by name, questions on the most trifling points of etiquette, *e.g.* whether the wife of a Major and C.B. ranks above the wife of a Colonel who is not a C.B., whether a rifle will carry 1760 yards, inquiries for deciding bets, accounts of every ball, and how many proposals were made, and some hopeless efforts at wit, and in some of them occasionally an infidel letter on some point of Christian doctrine. But however defective the newspapers are in many ways, they are invaluable auxiliaries to truth and justice in others. They make known abuses, and cause inquiry into many affairs which would otherwise never see the light of day.

Every one's character in India is fully known to the whole community, so that the bad example of many in positions of great influence is most pernicious.

The heat has been greater than we have yet felt it, for there has been no rain for the last ten days, and as the hot winds have ceased we cannot use Tatties. The thermometer has been from 91° to 95° daily, but the evenings are always pleasant.

A very remarkable man came just as we were going to drive out the other night—an Afghán of the name of Suleyman Khan. I was quite struck by his countenance, which is full of quickness, talent, and decision, with magnificent eyes and eyebrows, a sweet and winning expression when pleased, and a small, well-made, wiry frame, fitted to endure any amount of fatigue. His boldness, intelligence, and determination, render him the first of spies and scouts, and he was high in the confidence of Mr. George Clerk and Major Broadfoot. He is just returning from a visit to the former at Bombay, and told with much satisfaction how well the Governor had received him, embracing him before everybody. He spoke of the confidence Major Broadfoot had placed in him, but added, "If I had committed a fault he would have hanged me in five minutes."

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By birth Suleyman Khan is a poor Afghân of good family. He had hurt his foot very much, so that whenever he mounted on horseback the blood gushed out; but he did not seem to care for it. He is just the kind of man you read of in a novel, who guides the hero through unimaginable difficulties, and gets himself in and out of unimaginable dangers.

The other evening I happened to go to the back of the house, and found a most curious assemblage. The orderlies, all our servants, and some sepâhis, were there together, with an elderly peasant, and near him a woman on her knees. My husband was speaking loudly in an indignant tone, and the old Ayah, as usual, was sitting in the verandah with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her hands, seeing what was to be seen. Suddenly, just as I arrived, C. ordered the woman to depart, and our people unanimously ran at her, each man flourishing a duster, and waved and pushed her away with every mark of indignation, while the Sikh peasant seemed much obliged. I found afterwards that this poor man had come to complain that a Sepâhi had carried off his wife, and that she was then in the lines.

C. sent the Havildar-Major to arrest the Sepâhi, and to turn the wretched woman out of the lines. The soldier was gone to the Bazâr, but a party was sent after him, and the woman was brought here. C. told her, if she was caught again within his lines he would shave her head (I was sorry he did not have it done at once). She began to defend herself, whereupon he ordered her to vanish instantly.

The Sepâhi was put in the guard-house, and afterwards publicly *kicked out* of the regiment (literally so), as a warning to others. C. published a Regimental Order on the subject, which was explained to the men at two successive roll calls.

Saturday, July 17th, 1847.—Abdulrahman Khân paid us a visit. Speaking of Shah Shujah, he said his own fondness for reading had been cultivated chiefly by him. The Shah, who was an accomplished scholar, used to take him on his knee, make him read and spell, pat his head, and give him a Chogah to encourage him. "He made me what I am," continued he; "he gave me learning, he gave me honours, and now if I were to go back to that country, and they were to give me thousands, it would be nothing to me; and except that I know that it is God's will that I should live, my life would be a burden to me." As you might see, by his behaviour in the chapel at Jacob's funeral, when he sat with his fingers in his ears, Abdulrahman is a bigoted Mussulman; but having mentioned the name of Pharaoh, C. told him the history of Joseph, and of the deliverance of Israel out of Egypt, saying that all these things were written in the Tourah or Old Testament, and offered to lend him a Bible, for which he said he should be much obliged.

In speaking of the Scriptures he used the term *Kallâm ul illah*, or "Word of God," which they apply to the Kuran, and like all Mûhammadans, he never names our blessed Lord without styling him a "Prophet on whose name be blessings." He related a long story from the Kuran, which shows how the facts of the Gospel have been distorted by Mûhammed. He said that Jesus wishing to know if the owner of a certain beautiful garden were truly grateful to God, entered it and asked him for some of the grapes that were hanging in rich clusters from the vines. The owner refused, whereupon Jesus left the garden, and the churlish proprietor saw to his dismay, that every cluster of grapes had been turned into a human head dripping with gore.

He hastily overtook our Lord, and besought him to remove the spell, which he did by prayer, and then admonished the man, that whenever God gave blessings, it was that they might be shared with others. It is

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hardly possible to quote any moral precept of the Gospel to a Mussalman without the latter capping it, as it were, with a similar maxim from the Kuran; but these gems of truth are hidden under a mass of "profane and old wives' fables." We had a very pleasant drive on Saturday evening (towards Filor, crossing the old bed of the Sutlej and a nallah). Saw a small snake in a tree, which my husband killed with the butt end of his whip. It was above two feet long, beautifully marked, but with a flat head, and a tail tapering off very abruptly, two sure signs of a venomous snake. Several labourers and passers by saw its death with great satisfaction, especially a traveller with beads round his neck, who said with a kind of horror, "It is an excellent thing it is killed, for it might have come out in the morning thirsting for something, and have bitten me." On coming home we stopped at a great well, to see the elephants get their evening allowance of water. The docile creatures came forward or gave way to others, just as they were bidden—the Mahout turned one of them hastily out of our way, for he was "a smiter." The Bhistis put a leathern bucket of water before the elephant, who fills his trunk, and then blows it down his throat, making about two mouthfuls of the bucketful. Close by was a drove of camels, and on the other side some little mules, all forming a picturesque scene in the glowing twilight. The city police, which is generally drawn up for their evening muster about the time we pass, is a very ludicrous body, with no particular dress, but mostly armed with spears. We passed a little circle of men sitting on the ground and singing, or rather "crooning" a plaintive air in chorus.

I was very much amused the other day by one of the Havildars who came here with an English night-shirt for his sole upper garment. It was very stiff and clean, and looked more absurd than can well be imagined. He doubtless thought himsèlf arrayed in the newest mode. He had a white cloth bound tightly round his head and hanging down his back. He brought a Sepáhi to be reprimanded, and I did not dare to look up for fear the poor man who had misbehaved should think I was laughing at *him*.

July 23.—I will give you an instance of what would be called *trickery* in an individual, but which is styled a *Government Regulation*. The Quarter-Master-Sergeant related the other day, that a Company's recruit is told in England that he will get sixteenpence a day. When he arrives in India he finds this, under divers pretexts, diminished to fourteenpence, and monstrous to relate fifteen days' pay is taken from him—you would never guess why—to buy his coffin. Supposing that he lives to retire, he gets neither coffin nor his pay returned. Do you remember what the author of "Essays in the Intervals of Business," says of the different way in which men act as individuals and as members of a committee? and the same holds true of public bodies and governments. The responsibility is divided, and therefore they will commit acts *as a body* which they would shrink from in a private capacity.

In our evening drive we passed a number of men sitting on the sand much as if they were going to play at "honey pots." We asked them what they were doing. They said they had been trying a charm to see whether the monsoon (rainy season) would be favourable, and whether the harvest would be good—and it would be very good.

We continued our drive literally cross country. The landmarks are formed by little pyramids of mud. The evenings and sunsets, during the rains, are lovely, but the name "rains" is often a misnomer, when one gets so far north: as thus far we have only one rainy day in ten dry ones. The rains are considered the most unhealthy season of the year: swarms of insects and creatures of all kinds make their appearance;

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generally one particular species predominates for a few days. For some time we had white ants, with long gossamer wings, then black beetles, large and small, in such numbers that it was hardly possible to have family worship at night, we were so much disturbed: then numbers of hairy orange-coloured caterpillars come *galloping* over the carpet with wonderful speed: musquitoes are abundant, and so are a beautiful kind of moth, with scarlet bodies and white wings edged with red. Any sore is most difficult to cure during the rains, especially on animals; and horses are subject to a very infectious disease, called barsati (or monsoon) ulcer, which is considered incurable, as it is sure to return.

Hasan Khân came the other day chiefly, I think, to display a beautifully embroidered new dress. I do not know what made him speak of relationship, when he expounded to us that those who are "of one milk," that is, of the same mother as well as father, are more closely related than any others, nearer even than parent and child. One may easily understand that this is the case among the Moslim, where there are children by half a dozen different wives, each with rival interests and sharing in the rivalries and enmities of their mothers.

Thursday, July 29th.—In passing through the city the last two evenings, I have been astonished at the number of rockets going off in all directions; quite poor people indulging in the luxury of fireworks. It is very pretty, as we sit at tea before the house, to see them rising all round the plain, looking like fiery serpents chasing each other. To-day is a great Múhammadan festival, when they make offerings for the souls of the dead, and believe that they are in some way gratified by the fireworks which have been going on with redoubled vigour. We went out into the verandah after our drive, and about a dozen of our servants began their display. Besides rockets and a wheel, which greatly astonished Bow-wow by sending forth a shower of fire over and over again, just as he thought of attacking it, there were a number of little things which they call anâr, or pine-apples. These they place in rows, and each sends up a shower of fire like so many little fire-pots instead of flower-pots.

Suleimân Khân, the Kundschafter I told you of, was contrasting the present state of Loodiana with what it was under former agents. Formerly, any one who was convicted of selling a child was severely punished, and condemned to the roads for a term of years. Now it is openly done every day. Three men were found strangled on the high road, close to Aliwâl, about fifteen miles from this, and were buried at the back of our lines, and such is the supineness of the civil authorities here, that I suppose nothing more will be done. Dost Múhammad, the poor Kashmirí, whom we have been treating so long for ophthalmia, was assaulted yesterday in broad daylight, and most cruelly beaten and kicked by some of his countrymen. He is a Shiáh (who do not number above twenty houses in Loodiana), while the Súnís, of which party his assailants were, are 20,000. This will make it difficult for him to get justice. Hasan Khân and most of the Afghâns are Súnís; the Persians and Kazilbáshis are Shiáhs. Mr. Anderson, from whom we heard not long ago, on his return to Bombay *viâ* Persia, says the religion of the Persians consists in the poem of Hasan and Hoseyn. The two sects hate each other bitterly: I asked my Munshí some questions about the wooden camels I saw during the Muharram in Calcutta. His knowledge of English being quite inadequate to express his feelings, he turned to my husband, and begged him to explain to me, that it was "part of the idolatry of those abominable Shiáhs, and that many of the Súnís had been led into partaking in these ceremonies without understanding them."

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Thursday, August 5th, was a Múhammadan festival, in honour of one of their saints, who is buried here, and over whose body the British Government has built a tomb, because they thought that the prosperity of the place would be increased by the mélá or fair annually held at his shrine. This is, indeed, forgetting that "righteousness *alone* exalteth a people" The compliances with both Múhammadan and Hindu superstition, of which men calling themselves Britons and officers have been guilty, are perfectly marvellous. Almost every irreligious man, who has dwelt chiefly among the votaries of one or the other of these false religions, becomes more or less attached to it and imbued with the native prejudices against the opposite party, and in favour of his associates. At Delhi is a mosque built by Colonel Skinner; and Englishmen, in former days, under the influence of Hindu wives, have been known to paint themselves and perform Pujah, or worship at the river side like heathens.

My little dog is most perverse, and whenever there is a Múhammadan here, he insists on lying down on his feet, instead of coming as usual to me. But it is curious to see how all our servants overlook their Mussalmán prejudices in his favour. They pat him, play with him, and even carry him. We never *ask* them to do anything about either of the dogs, that being the sweeper's business. I remark, too, that the Múhammadans and Hindus are perfectly friendly with each other, talk together, sit side by side, and help each other to let off the fireworks; but Shiáhs and Súnís generally appear unbounded in their antipathies, though I believe less so among Hindustání Mussalmans than among those of other nations.

When my husband related the attack on poor Dost Múhammad to Hasan Khán, although the latter is full of generous feelings, as soon as he found the sufferer was a Shiáh, he lost all his interest in the story, and began to explain that Shiáhs were very bad people. C. told him that they were just as good Múhammadans as himself, for he had read the Kurán, which Hasan Khán had not, and that there was not a word in it from beginning to end about Shiáhs or Súnís, or about the Khalifas. "Yes," said Hasan Khán, "but they do not believe in the Char-i-Yar," or four friends. These are Abubekir Sadíq, or the Just, Omar, Usman, and Ali, and the word Cháriyár is quite a war-cry among the Afgháns. "But," said my husband, "there is nothing about that in the Kurán; it is enough if a man acknowledges that there is but one God, and that Múhammad is his prophet. Do you not acknowledge this?" he asked Dost Múhammad. "Of course I do," cried the poor man, and repeated the Múhammadan Confession of Faith. "Ah! but they don't acknowledge the four books," rejoined Hasan Khán. "Yes, I do," shouted the other; "there is the Kurán, and the Tourat and the Ingíl (the Old and New Testaments), and the Psalms of David." Hasan Khán was so confounded at this proof of orthodoxy, that not knowing what to say, he turned to C. and asked him if he acknowledged Múhammad as a prophet. "No, I do not," he answered; "one part of your religion is true, that there is no God but one, but one part of it is a lie—that Múhammad is his prophet." Hasan Khán's eye flashed fire, but C. added: "I will talk to you about this another time; now, we are speaking of Shiáhs and Súnís; and I tell you there is no difference between them: but you are all imposed upon by your Mullahs, who tell you whatever falsehoods they choose." This seemed to make some impression on Hasan Khán, who, like all Afgháns, has a horror of being thought priest-ridden; and my husband showed him that the Mullahs in Afghánistan cannot read the Kurán, as it is written in Arabic, which they do not understand, and they have no translation.

The assailants of Dost Múhammad have been fined and bound over to

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keep the peace, which pledge they performed by attacking him on his way home. My husband sent his two orderlies to escort him, and they found that his enemies had beaten his wife, and broken all his cooking vessels. Mr. D., the Assistant Magistrate, has therefore placed an armed man to watch over him. This business has caused a great commotion in the city, and Hubíq Khán, a poor Afghán whom we have often assisted, told my husband he had just been defending his character, for the people in Bazar said he was a Shiáh; "but I told them," added he, "you were not anything half so wicked." C. was roused at this, and asked, "Do you think if I believed in Múhammad, I would remain as I am?" "No," said Hubíq, "I do not think you would." C. told him that as there is but one God, so there was but one true religion, and *that* he believed to be the Christian faith, and he considered Múhammad an impostor. C. repeated what he had said to Hasan Khán, that the disputes between Shiáhs and Súnís were founded on the falsehoods of their Mullahs, and not at all on the Kurán. He added, "half of you do not know anything about your own religion?" and turning to one of our servants, several of whom had drawn near, he asked, "Who are the Char-i-Yar?" "Prophets," answered Vazira rapidly, whereupon even Hubíq burst out laughing.

Hasan Khán came to see us a few days after, and said, "The Ramazan will begin in a few days, but how can a man fast in such hot weather?" he exclaimed, with a kind of peevishness. I had just been prescribing for him; so my husband suggested that he was not well, and therefore need not fast. "How can I say I am not well when I come here, talk and laugh?" He finally announced his intention of going into the jungle to shoot and hunt, because when a man is on a journey or hunting, he is exempted from fasting if he make up for it in other ways. C. told him that Christians fasted differently; and on his inquiring our doctrine on this point, made the Babu read him what our Lord says of fasting, which he pronounced very good. An Afghán of high rank whom we often see, came here the other evening in the greatest distress, having sold even his sword, he said, to satisfy his creditors. Teimur Shahzadeh owes him a small sum, which he will not pay, and he was at his wit's end for fifty rupees. We could hardly do less than offer it to him. He said he knew of our debts, and nothing but dire necessity drove him to come; "but," said he, "who can I go to?" He begged C. not to give him the money before the servants, so the matter was artfully managed, and he departed with a lightened heart.

That gentlemanly old man, Sirfraz Khán, came to consult C. about his affairs, he too being wretchedly poor. C. told him he had little hopes of serving him, but that if ever it were in his power, he would gladly do so; first, because he had a great respect for him; and secondly, because his brother Aminullah had ordered him (C. himself) to be blown from the mouth of a gun, and we were commanded by our law to return good for evil. Sirfraz Khán said he believed he was sincere in what he said.

Abdulrahmán Khán (the slave of the Most Merciful), of whom I told you as such an intelligent man, and to whom C. related the history of Joseph, asked in consequence for a Bible. C. promised him one that is coming from Calcutta. He then asked for a New Testament in the meantime, "for," said he, "I have heard that the Gospel of John may be depended on." You know that although Múhammadans acknowledge our Scriptures, they assert that they have been corrupted. Of course a copy was joyfully given him.

My husband told Abdulrahím, Hasan Khán's peshkhidmat, that his master's child was so fine a boy, that he was convinced one of his ancestors must have been a son of Anak who had settled in Afghánistan,

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adding, "You know about the Anakim." "Oh yes," he answered, "they were a people sixty yards high." In spite of the perverted version of Scripture narratives which they have got hold of, they always defer to C.'s account of any of these things as the proper one, and stand corrected by him. Rahím, who has had fever, was doubtful if he might take medicine to-day, according to my directions, on account of the fast. C. told him he certainly might, as he was ill, and appealed to my Munshi if that were not the doctrine of the Kurán. The Munshi said, hesitatingly, "Yes, if he were very ill," whereupon C. expounded to them that a little illness was like a little lion; if you let it grow, it becomes too strong for you, and eats you up. It was also like a man finding a small hole in a dyke, and neglecting to stop it, because it was so small: he goes to sleep, and the next morning the waters have overthrown the dam, and flooded the country. By which illustrations they appeared quite convinced; and Rahím departed, thanking us much, and professing himself our slave.

CHAPTER VIII.

On Thursday evening, the 12th August, just as we were going to bed, all the Afghâns of the regiment rushed over in a body, having had a fight with the Sikhs, bringing with them a mullah whose beard had been pulled by the latter. C. forthwith turned them out of the compound, refusing to hear any particulars; and bade them go and lie down, without saying a word, good or bad, to any one. He also warned them that if there were any more quarrels, he would strike all the Afghâns off the strength of the regiment.

My husband being determined to quell this spirit of discord, took his measures accordingly. The next morning he put his plan into execution. The native officers were much to blame, as they should have prevented anything like a fight. After the regiment had been drilled for two hours (from 4 to 6), as usual, instead of dismissing them, he sent for the Granthi, or Sikh priest, to accompany the men; gave the word to march, put himself at their head, and led them, in the first instance, through two pools of water, past our house, where they evidently thought they were to stop; past the turning into the city, through which they probably flattered themselves they were to return; through a great piece of water which, as they were not suffered to break line, reached midway above the knee of many of them, and wherein one of the subadars, a very fat, clever man, stuck in the mud, to his extreme disgust, and was obliged to be pulled out by two Sepâhis; to a pillar on the Umballa-road, full five miles from their lines: when within a quarter of a mile from this pillar, he ordered the bugler to sound "double quick," and thus made them "charge" up to it; from thence he brought them back, leading them over the sandy, broken, rough ground at the back of our house. They did not reach the lines until 9 o'clock, thoroughly knocked up; so that, as the acting Havildar-Major confessed, each man drank a whole jarful of water. The Granthi was in a pitiful plight, from excessive heat, and the consciousness that the men were laughing at him. The old Senior Subadar's red coat had become black, and never was there such an expression of disgust and weariness as on the face of his fat comrade. At noon there was drill for stragglers; at 1 o'clock a roll-call: another at three; drill for the whole regiment from half-past 4 to sunset; a roll-call at 9, and another at midnight; and the penalty for non-appearance at any of these, instant dismissal from the regiment. C. issued an order to be read at ten successive roll-calls, in which he told them that the State required 800 soldiers, and not 800

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Mullahs, Pandits, or Granthis; and that any one who should in any way insult or attack another on account of his religion, be he Christian, Múhammadan, Hindu, or Sikh, was guilty of a high military offence; and that any more such occurrences as disgraced the regiment last night should be visited with severe punishment; ending by forbidding all Faqírs or religious mendicants of any description to come within the lines. He also told the Sikh Priest that if any more quarrels occurred, he would be instantly dismissed.

This morning, Saturday 14th, the men were in a great fright lest they should be put through a similar course of discipline to that of yesterday. After drill the regiment was drawn up in about sixteen small sections, to each of which the order was read in Urdu and Gúrmúkhi, and explained by the Munshi and Granthi. Eleven men, absent from roll-call yesterday, were inexorably dismissed, and as C. rode along the ranks he made divers pithy speeches on the iniquity of Faqírs in stirring up strife, describing them as men who said, "'For the sake of God, I eat other men's bread; for the sake of God I am filthy and unclean; for the sake of God, I am an unspeakable rogue;' only let me catch one in my lines," added he, "and he shall be beaten—so that it shall be terrible." On coming home he told me this, and grieved for the eleven discarded men, who of course lose their livelihood by being discharged. I suggested that Mr. Bean might intercede for them, and then he could safely pardon them; and accordingly I wrote to Mrs. Bean, asking her to persuade her husband to intercede for the men; an intercession with which (although quite a Roman Catholic one in its circumambulatory course) the Commandant was only too happy to comply. So now I hope they will all be good boys.

My husband having accused the Mussalmans of converting by force, my Munshi denied this, and said it was "*only when people would not listen to reason.*" C. had his sword in his hand, and making a lunge with it said, "And then they converted them in this way:" the Havildar-Major laughed, and added, "Half my caste (the Rajput) are Muhammadans and half Hindus. How came it that any left the faith of their forefathers? Why, they were made Múhammadans by the sword." And the Munshi was confounded. The regimental Munshi, who is a Kashmirí Hindu, said this morning that the Mussalmans were always boasting of their religion, but that he knew better. My husband said he had a book which he had once lent to two Jews; it was a comparison between Christianity and Múhammadanism, and it enabled them entirely to defeat the Muslim." "A good book to read," said the Munshi eagerly. "I will lend it you," returned C., "and you will be able to confute all the Mussalmans in Loodiana." So I must go and find the Mizan ul Haq for him.

The Afghâns appear one of the finest races on earth, both physically and mentally. They are very manly, full of intelligence, talent, courage, and with strong feelings and extraordinary energy. Their very vices, like gigantic weeds, show the richness and vigour of the soil which produces them. What a people they would be did they but know the Truth! Hasan Khân has been very ill, and finding he had taken some horrid Bazár medicine, all I could dŏ for him yesterday morning was to send him some arrowroot, which he ate in spite of the fast, and afterwards, thanks to homœopathy, he became much better. We went to see him last evening, and found that he and his handsome Peshkhidmat Rahím had had a grand quarrel and parted.

With his usual impatience he is not satisfied with knowing that the Governor-General is negotiating in order that his family may be allowed to join him; but he must needs despatch Rahím to Kabul, at the risk of his life, to see why they have not arrived. The Peshkhidmat naturally

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enough refused to go, and thence the quarrel. Hasan Khán, in spite of his weakness, waxed quite strong with indignation, and abused all Kabulies and Afgháns, as if he himself were not one of them. This morning, however, Rahím came to tell us that Sirfraz Khán had made it up between him and his master; but Hasan Khán having assured him that C. was exceedingly angry with him, he had come to clear himself, for that he being (literally) "a seizer of his skirt," *i. e.*, one who sought his protection (he touched my husband's thigh with both hands as he spoke), could not bear that he should think ill of him. C. explained that it was an exaggeration to say he had been very angry with him; he had merely said, "it is not good." Like a devout Mussalman, during the Ramazan, Rahím carried his beads in his hand. The rosary has ninety-nine beads, one for each of the names of the Most High; but he confessed he could not say them by heart, though he could if they were written.

The Munshí, in speaking of marriage, informed us that marriage with an aunt, by either the father or mother's side, is wholly unlawful among Múhammadans.

A man may marry his wife's sister provided the first be dead. The Ramazan should be kept by all men and women above the age of twelve or fourteen; even women who are nursing should fast, that is, as my Munshi expressed it "all good women." None of our servants appear to do so. They ought to abstain from swallowing anything whatever, even their saliva, from early dawn, *i. e.*, 3 A.M. to sunset; but Baedullah was puffing away at his pipe long after sunrise, and a young horsekeeper who goes out with us in the evening runs in front of the buggy with surprising vigour, for one who is supposed to have fasted all day. Owing to the Múhammadan year being shorter than the astronomical one, some of their months having thirty, and others only twenty-nine days, the beginning of the year, and consequently the Ramazan, falls at different seasons, and of course the fast is much easier to bear in winter than in the hot season. It was the Ramazan when C. was besieged in the Kila i Nishan Khan at Kabúl, and he took advantage of the enemy being engrossed with eating and drinking during the night to cut his way through them. The city is now a most lively scene just after sunset, every one being engaged either in cooking or eating, and whiffs of roasted meat and spices assail one on all sides.

August 19th.—Abdulrahmán Khán told us this evening that his sister had lately lost a little girl of nine months old. He said that children of that age being sinless, present themselves before God, and their innocence is reckoned to the account of their parents. It is curious to see that the doctrine of imputed righteousness, to which so many unbelievers in Christian lands object on the score of injustice, should be so prevalent all over the world in an erroneous form. That and the corresponding belief in imputed sin, are deeply rooted both in the Múhammadan and Hindú systems. Does not this show that man naturally feels the necessity and the justice of the doctrine of imputation both of sin and righteousness, and that consequently cavils are suggested by Satan from his hatred to the truth? He never objects to the doctrine when a false application is made of it, because he knows well enough that a soul will never be saved by the vicarious suffering of an animal or even of a Monk; and that the merits of Romish Saints and Múhammadan infants are alike inefficacious; but when men are called upon to trust to our Great Substitute who bears our sins and gives us His Righteousness, then Apollyon storms and rages, and finds fault with the principle itself as unjust, unnatural, and quite incomprehensible. There is a sad perversion of many Gospel truths in Múhammadanism. Abdulrahmán said the other evening that the Mes-

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siah would come again at the end of the world, making use of the Kaiba, or black stone of Mekka, as a ladder to alight upon the Earth, and that then he would convert all nations to Múhammadanism, and give up the government of the world to that now wretched Deceiver!

Atta Múhammad being here, asked my husband if he fasted? He told him that Christians were left to their own discretion in this matter; that he himself being far from strong, never fasted, for if he did his thoughts would be fixed on food and drink instead of on the things of God. "Ah!" said our stout friend, "that is the case with me. All day long I think to myself, could I but have a drink of water—could I but eat a kawâb! —could I but have a chillam! (pipe)." As for Hasan Khân he took a pipe here yesterday, and said, "he would make it up in the cold weather."

The Quartermaster Sergeant and Babu do all the Adjutant's work. They take the accounts of the regiment, make out indents or applications for arms, tents, &c. &c., pay abstracts, *i. e.* bills for the monthly pay, and copy all the official correspondence. When the Regimental Bazár was first established, large advances were made by C. to enable the shopkeepers to lay in stores for the regiment. He waited until the men had eaten up more than the advances, and then settled the accounts of the Baniahs (shopkeepers), who were thus entirely in his power. They had not only made out false accounts, but endeavoured to bribe the Babu to pass them, thinking that the Sahib would never look into the bills himself. The Babu brought the money to his master, examined all the accounts carefully, and found numbers of charges made for men of straw who had no existence; and relying on the ignorance of the recruits, especially the Sikhs, who did not know whether they had eaten two annas or six annas worth of meal a day, but only knew that they had had enough, endeavoured to cheat them also by charging them for immense quantities of food. C. had warned the Baniahs to give credit to no Sepáhi beyond two annas a day, telling them that he would only be responsible for that amount. He therefore struck off all the extra charges, turned off the man who had established the Bazár, and who had incited the Baniahs to offer the bribe, and told the remaining ones, that if they could not keep up their shops without advances (which they declared was impossible) that they might depart. Almost all of them have, however, stayed. My husband gets advances of 5,000 to 10,000 rupees at a time from the treasury. This money I keep in a trunk, and the Havildar-Major comes daily for 125 rupees, for the subsistence of the men. By-the-by, hutting-money, *i. e.* an allowance to enable the men to build huts for themselves, has just been granted; or rather, the news of its being granted has just come, though the order itself is dated June 7th. Thus the regiment has been kept in tents, during the whole of the hot weather and rains, chiefly owing to the utter confusion with which everything is managed.

Part of the Frontier Brigade is under Colonel Lawrence at Lahore; part of it under Major Makeson. This regiment and the 3rd, which is at Amballa, are under Major Mackeson; yet both get their pay from Lahore, though there is a Paymaster in Amballa itself. Perhaps the reason of this may be that these regiments are paid from money levied from the protected Sikh States, instead of the contingent which they were formerly bound to furnish; but surely the Government must have heard of such things as bills and drafts. All the pay abstracts of all regiments have to be sanctioned by the Auditor-General in Calcutta; as he and his subordinates have far more than they can do, the whole business of revising the bills falls on native clerks, who make innumerable retrenchments, perhaps more often wrongly than rightly; while the Auditor-General, who, as you may suppose, is the *bête noire* of all military men, can hardly manage

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to sign the innumerable papers presented to him. The bills are then sent back, with all the retrenchments marked in red ink, and the rest sanctioned. A correspondence generally ensues: the officer giving his authority for the charge objected to. Nothing goes direct; but every letter through the immediate superior of the writer; so that the delays are frightful.

I will give you some extracts from the letters of an officer who is raising another of the Sikh regiments:—"June 7th.—As usual, can get no definite answer from Government about anything, and lucky to get one of any sort in three months at earliest. How get you on with the Auditor-General? Of about 14,000 rupees advances I have had from the Treasury, 53r. 1a. 11p. is the sum total yet credited to me by passed bills. Pleasant that; and I meaning to walk off in October." [My husband drew nearly 100,000 rupees on his own responsibility, for the use of the regiment, before his bills were passed.] . . . . "Have you contrived yet to ascertain whether drummers are drummers or buglers? whether any tents will be allowed us or not, or Khâlasís to take care of them? I can ascertain nothing, although I put my questions in tolerably plain terms; and, under all this provocation, as impertinently in style as may well be."

"July.—Patience and impatience, civility and incivility, argument and persuasion, everything have I tried, and all to no purpose. The only reply I can get out of them is an imperturbable silence." (The writer, an excellent officer, is an Irishman.) "My arms and my accoutrements I have not received; my indent was kept two full months in Calcutta, in order to allow of the rain commencing, and the roads becoming impassable for carts; so that I shall probably not see them for the next two months, or five months after sending my indent. And they expect the regiment to be rapidly complete; and Mackeson—the innocent individual—writes to know if I am prepared to send out detachments, treasure escorts, &c. . . . . The Khalasi war still goes on, in the shape of furious letters on my part, and deathlike silence on others—satisfactory sort of thing, especially as I am paying the establishment myself all this time." Speaking of his authority as joint magistrate, he adds: "I have taken no notice whatever of their commission, or *diploma*, or whatever they call it. When a fellow is caught thieving, I give him a licking in front of the regiment, and kick him out without any form. This thieving is the only *civil* offence they commit; and for military ones, extra drill, guard, and reduction to the ranks, have sufficed without any court-martial."

There seem to be hardly any beggars here, except a few religious mendicants, one of whom rides his horse as he asks alms. Some aged and blind people come to the house every Monday, and one now and then during the week; but that is all.

August 31st.—The first death that has yet occurred in the regiment took place yesterday. When a Sepâhi dies, the men of his own caste in the regiment bury him; and this one was burnt early this morning by the river-side. As he left very little to send to his family besides a brass pot and a sheet, we have just paid the expenses of his funeral, amounting to three and a half rupees. It fills one with a feeling of indescribable pain to think of the dread realities on which this poor idolator has now opened his eyes. What an awful revelation of truth must that be which takes place (for the first time) on the other side of death! How this should make us pray with increasing fervour that the kingdom of Christ may soon come with power over all nations, and that the glory of the Lord may cover the earth as the waters cover the sea!

My Munshí was telling me this morning about the Mussalman Sabbath. No work *ought* to be done on that day; but the poor people continue their

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labours as usual, except that they often attend the public prayers, which begin about one o'clock, and generally last two hours.

After prayers, they have a sermon, and some people then go to the Bazár, and buy and sell as usual; but the Munshí said, "that was not very right." I told him about our Sabbath. He happened to ask me what a monastery was. I explained to him about monks and nuns; taking care to assure him that we had none, only Roman Catholics had; for he understands the distinction between the two faiths very well, and told me the other day that the Shías were like Roman Catholics, which I thought a most convincing proof that he had formed a very bad opinion of the latter, whom he considers as "But parast," or idolators. He then asked, very simply, "Nun—wife of monk?"

Loodiana, September 8th, 1847.—The Múnshi often diverts me. The Khansaman came with a very grave face to announce the death of a chicken. I did not hear what he said, so the Múnshi interpreted in a solemn tone, "Son of fowl—dead!"

He also tells me many things about the customs of this country. He gives a frightful account of the state of morals, and when I told him that marriage was for life among us, he answered warmly that that was a *very* good custom. You may imagine the degraded condition of the people here, when I tell you that we constantly pass women in the open street bare down to the hips, little children have generally no clothing at all, and many of the men the smallest possible quantity. They do not seem to have the least sense of decency. We daily see fresh proofs that the whole world lieth in wickedness.

The conduct of the Europeans, in many instances, is such as to make the natives despise and abhor them; for although worse themselves, yet they expect those above them to be better than they; and they know full well that our law requires a life of purity and holiness. Besides which, the usual haughty and domineering manners of the English makes them as unpopular here as on the continent of Europe, and as they are almost all in stations of some influence or authority in this country, evil conduct on their part is the cause of injustice and suffering to those beneath them. When a man in office is under the power of a native woman, she invariably takes bribes, and he gets the credit of doing so; for she of course gives out that the Sahib shares in her extortions. Thus, whether the wretched man does or not, he loses his character for common honesty. Now, putting the principles of morality out of the question, it is evident that an officer who thus places himself into the hands of a Heathen woman, is wholly unfit for any situation of authority.

The natives universally remark that the Sahib-lóg do not live according to their book, and therefore despise their characters, though they fear their power. And the evil example of the Europeans has doubtless been one great reason why the Gospel has not made greater progress in India.

Some time ago I read a very clever paper by a heathen Brahman, showing why he would not embrace Popery. His argument was, that he, as a Brahman, professed all that Popery offered; that they were too much alike to make it worth while to change. "You have your images," he said, "and we have ours; you have Monks, and we have Suniasis; you have the Virgin and the Saints, we have Kali and innumerable Deities; you have rosaries and holy water, and so have we;" and thus he went on, making a minute parallel between the two. Now I am sure that a similar prejudice is created against pure Christianity, when Mussalman and Hindus see that the lives of professed Christians are no better, and sometimes more openly scandalous than their own. It is impossible to overrate the importance of the influence of the most insignificant creature,

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either for good or evil. The difference in bigotry between the learned and unlearned Mussalman is very marked.

The feeling of the former regarding the unlearned of their own creed, seems to be exactly that of the Jewish Scribes: "This people who know not the law are cursed;" and if we did not remember the sovereignty of Divine Grace, we should be inclined to pronounce the conversion of a Mullah or Molevi (a priest or scribe) impossible. It is hard for a man to acknowledge with Paul, that all his learning is loss in comparison to the knowledge of Christ.

By-the-by, we have been endeavouring to get the Bible Society in Calcutta to print Bibles, so that they will be read. Some time ago we sent to Calcutta for a Persian Bible, for the purpose of presenting it to the Shahzadeh Shahpúr. It arrived beautifully bound; but all the Old Testament is in the Arabic instead of the Persian character, and, consequently, not one Múhammadan in twenty, either here or in Afghánistan, either can or will read it. The Arabic appears plainer to us; it is much stiffer and straighter, while the Persian is more flowing, like a written hand: but still many cannot, and more will not, read the former. Who would read a volume printed in italics? In vain the Missionaries have represented this; the Bible Society will not listen to them, for the Arabic is cheaper, and all the learned men down in Calcutta approve of it.

Arabic is the study on which an Eastern scholar especially prides himself, just as a European does on Greek; and European Orientalists are infected with the same preference: but not only are the people in Calcutta as profoundly ignorant of India in general as a Cockney, who has never left the sound of Bow bells, is of Ben Lomond, and more so, for the Cockney might read about Scotland: but what can a man read about Upper India? —the Cockney could get Scotch newspapers, but what can be found equivalent to these in Calcutta—but all the learned Molevis whom they consult, think of nothing but displaying their learning, and are wholly opposed to the Gospel. Now are *they*, or are the comparatively unlearned Missionaries, the best judges of which will be most acceptable, and most read. Would you consult Hannah More or Dr. Porson anent tracts for the poor or cheap Testaments?

My husband wrote vehemently to Dr. Duff, and told him that by this false economy rupees are saved and souls lost, so that I trust he may be able to influence the Bible Society to a better course.

My curiosity was aroused by a very animated dialogue between C. and our Khansaman at dinner time. It appeared that Saiad Khân, the Khansaman, although a Mussalman, had lent a large bamboo fan of mine to some of the men of the regiment to brush away the flies from an abominable idol of theirs. C. reproached him, and said, though he would do anything for the comfort of the men themselves, he would in nowise countenance or help them in dishonouring God. He then scrawled a hideous face on a sheet of paper, and said, "I know very well that Idolators say they do not worship the image itself, but God through or by means of the image; but suppose your son were to make a hideous picture like this, and then take it to the Bazár, and tell every one that it was your likeness, and then make salám and pay respect to it, what would you do? Would you be pleased?" "I would make him eat blows," returned Saiad Khân very decidedly. "Well, then," my husband answered, "do you not think it must be most offensive to God to have a vile image made by man worshipped as his likeness?" The two Mussalmans heartily agreed, and the old Hindú bearer, who was pulling the Phankah, broke in by vehemently declaring that idols were nothing but vanity and wickedness. This confirms what the Missionaries tell us,

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that both Heathens and Múhammadans will constantly grant many Scripture truths, without, however, making the slightest change in their practice. Just as we ourselves too often do.

Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, records that a large body of Hindús whom he addressed on the folly and sin of Idolatry, all, with one exception, assented to every statement he made. He adds, "I could not but regard them as the willing subjects of the Enemy of Souls."

Now that I have had some experience in housekeeping, both here and at home, I must say that I consider the excuse which ladies so commonly make for not doing fifty things that they are conscious they might do—viz., that they have so large an establishment to manage—quite futile. A large establishment need take no more time than a small one, and I am sure that a lady may look into everything herself, and keep her house in excellent order by devoting an hour a day to it; so from henceforth I enter a protest against all excuses on the score of housekeeping. I must tell you of an act of gallantry in Hasan Khân which quite astonished me. He was leading me by the hand across the court just as you would a child, when he suddenly fell down on one knee to tie my shoe-string which had become loose. I, however, preferred doing it myself, as the task would have puzzled him. Coming home the other night we saw six or eight Kúlis lying flat on their backs in the road with their heads close to our wheels, fanning themselves to sleep! Almost the whole population sleep out of doors. They just draw in a foot which is sticking out beyond their charpaís as our buggy passes. These light charpaís, *i. e.*, bedsteads, which are merely a frame on which a mat of cord or tape is stretched, show one how easily the paralytic could "take up his bed and walk." The houses are very miserable—I mean those of the poor people—being only a kind of stall or booth open to the street, and containing no furniture whatever. The walls are of mud. The ovens are sunk in the ground like wells, are first well heated, the fire is then cleared out, and the bread, which is not unlike bannock, pasted round the inside of the oven. It is then shut up and they are baked. Of an evening the streets are full of Kawáb sellers, each fanning his fire and surrounded by hungry purchasers. Every now and then the clink of brass drinking-vessels tells of the approach of a Múhammadan water-seller with his goatskin of water at his back. At sunset there are rows of Mussalmans at their devotions in front of the little mud mosques, while a loud bell announces the idolatrous rites of the Hindús. A native officer called the other day in full uniform, followed by a Sepáhi. With many salâms the officer presented the hilt of his sword and some rupees, first to my husband, and then to me. He touched them, and the Sepáhi offered two rupees in like manner. They came to pay their respects on promotion, the Sepáhi having been made Naig, and the Jemadár Subádar. The latter is a meritorious old soldier to whom C. is now making up for former frowns of fortune. The grace and self-possession with which natives acquit themselves on occasions of this kind are remarkable. Nothing could be more perfect than the manners of the Subádar.

By-the-by, dear L. attacked me in her last letter for what I said about ladies taking too much wine. But I am more and more convinced of the sad fact, and I no longer wonder that most people have bad health in India when, in addition to exposure, often unavoidable, to the sun, they eat and drink even more than in Europe. Meat twice and even three times a day, wine, beer, and porter, are enough to kill any one in a climate like this. Several people have assured me, that in the hot weather I should find it absolutely necessary to drink beer or porter, *because* I am delicate. I am quite convinced I should have been laid up

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with fever had I touched either, and I rejoice to say numbers in India are beginning to find out, that abstemiousness is the best way, both to husband and to increase strength. As to the question of total abstinence, I am greatly in its favour; first, because it is a Christian's duty not to put a stumblingblock or occasion to fall in our brother's way, and the force of example does wonders—*here* it is essential to health, and at home the example is still more needed, on account of the lower classes; secondly, a pledge keeps people steady to their own resolutions, and provides a sufficient answer whenever they are tempted to break them. There are inconveniences, but they must be endured for the sake of the great good both to health, mind, and soul, and especially to temper, which total abstinence produces. I do not think it *wrong* to take wine or beer in themselves, and in extreme moderation; but I think the evils arising from them are so great and so extended, that all Christians ought to come boldly forward, and endeavour to stem the torrent.

It will give you some idea of the depravity of the Natives, to mention that we passed to-day a pretty little girl, singing at the top of her voice; and C. told me that the words of the song were so utterly detestable and vile, that hardly any man among the worst in London would sing such, unless previously intoxicated. Múhammadans are practically as bad as the Hindus, though their religion is far better; for nothing, it is said, can equal the abominations of the Hindu deities and modes of worship.

The verses taught to children at school are such as cannot be repeated. I saw a letter lately from an educated Hindu, who after citing one or two, said that "decency forbade him to give any further specimens of the slokas or couplets he had been taught in his childhood." Think what must be the state of a nation, when children are systematically trained in wickedness, and their acts of worship consist of crimes. Mr. Janvier was saying the other day, that although the abolition of Sati is a thing to be carried through by all means, still that the condition of a Hindu widow is often so lamentable as to make death almost preferable. She is obliged to submit to all kinds of austerities and fasts, and from their patriarchal mode of living—(all the branches of a family live together under one roof, and under the authority of the father or eldest brother)—too many jealous eyes are over the poor widow to allow of her escaping any of these inflictions.

I now, with the help of the dictionary, manage to have long conversations with my Munshí. I was telling him the other day about the Algerines, and mentioned that they, as well as the Turkish and Egyptian Múhammadans, freely ate and smoked with Christians. He said at once there was nothing in the Kurán against it. Although a learned man, he knew nothing about the Egyptians beyond the name, nor about the Memlúks, or the Beys, or the Dey of Algiers. I endeavoured to give him some idea of Christianity, and in return he told me that Múhammadans believe in purgatory, which they call "Aráf," and which is tenanted by infants of Hindus and others, who dying before they have committed sin, are consigned to this abode, which is situated between heaven and hell. When the gales from heaven blow over them, they revive and live; when the gusts of hell reach them, they die; and this alternation continues for ever. I rather think wicked Mussalmans go to hell for a time, but I must inquire.

Many of their traditions and doctrines are childishly absurd, and others are rather poetical. For instance: Abdulrahman Khân, who often comes and sits with us in the evening, on our admiring the extreme beauty of the sky, deigned to enlighten us on the subject of the stars, by saying that all things were created with a reference to man, and that the stars

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were stuck in the sky for our pleasure, just as brass-headed nails are stuck in a door. Soon after, we saw one of those beautiful falling stars, so frequent in this climate; C. asked our Afghân friend what he thought of them. He said that the evil angels constantly endeavour to listen to what is going on in Paradise, but that the heavenly watchers at the gate hurl these fiery darts at them, and drive them back.

The Quartermaster-Serjeant mentioned casually the other day, that at the battle of Sobrâon only one mortar had a platform, without which essential appendage, a mortar, on being fired, goes head over heels and buries itself in the sand. Two or three howitzers burst for want of platforms, and the supply of ammunition was so short that the batteries were silenced for want of it, at the very time when they ought to have covered the advance of the infantry against the Sikh batteries. The consequence was, that the latter played on our troops with redoubled vigour and effect, and caused most murderous results. There were so few artillerymen to serve the guns, that most of the horse artillery were dismounted to man the batteries. When, therefore, the horse artillery were required, the guns were brought forward under the charge of bare-legged Saises (grooms), with here and there a dragoon whom they had picked up as they could, the horses kicking over the traces, and everything in confusion.* Major T., who you know is a kindly Scot, told C. the first enemy they met, that he never saw such *confoosion*. You may imagine that the authorities have not profited very much by the lesson they then received, on the danger of being unprovided with military stores; for the magazine here is almost totally denuded of everything it ought to have. The nearest magazine is that at Delhi, 200 miles distant, situated in the heart of the city, in the midst of a fanatical Mûhammadan population, three miles from the cantonments, with a slender guard, thus being open to a surprise by any daring adventurer or sudden outbreak.

Last campaign there was nothing to prevent the Sikhs pushing on to Delhi, except the good providence of God which kept them from doing it. Colonel Drummond, Quartermaster-General of the Army, who has just finished a very laborious work for the Governor-General, on the comparative salubrity of the different cantonments in India, was telling my husband of a curious instance of perverseness in the Governments of India for a great number of years. Chinsurah, near Calcutta, has been the depôt for newly-arrived troops. It has been remonstrated against on account of its extreme unhealthiness, ever since the place came into our possession, yet the successive Governments of India have persisted in maintaining the station, and have built barracks at an expense of 3 lachs of rupees (£30,000), where the men die by scores. Each man by the time he is fit for duty in India, is reckoned as having cost the Company from £100 to £120, so that the extravagance of maintaining so unhealthy a station, to say nothing of its inhumanity, is obvious. Colonel Drummond is a very fine old officer, full of energy. He told C. that although a

* Quartermaster-Serjeant W. C. Wharton, who related the above, was a first-rate non-commissioned officer. He was afterwards transferred to the 23rd Bengal Native Infantry as Serjeant-Major: on one occasion, during Sir Charles Napier's expedition in 1850, he killed no less than seven men with his own hand, one after the other, chiefly with the sword. For a feat for which Napoleon would have given him the Legion of Honour on the spot, and which Sir Charles Napier, with his quick appreciation of military excellence of every kind, would have rewarded to the extent of his power, the only recompence he got was a coarse rebuke from a coarse commanding-officer, telling him he needn't expect to obtain a commission zabardast (*i.e.* by force) in that way. This excellent non-commissioned officer has lately fallen a sacrifice to the climate of Bengal (1851).

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Qui-hy* himself, he always inveighed against the want of common discipline in the Bengal army. He recollected the time long ago, when he was on service with some Madras troops, when he nearly got into several serious quarrels with officers of his own Presidency for openly asserting the superiority of the Madras system of discipline. C. however thinks that the incessant worry of the Madras system would never suit the Bengal Sepáhi; and even as it is, it chiefly falls on the shoulders of the unfortunate European officers, for the Government of the "benighted presidency" have long been in the habit of yielding to all the demands of the Sepáhis, who, being very low caste men, manufacture and obtrude their religious prejudices on all occasions, when the high caste Bengalís would never think of making an objection.

As an instance of this culpable weakness, a Madras officer related to us, that the Adjutant-General having determined to introduce the Kilmarnock cap worn in Bengal, in place of the absurd monstrosity hitherto in use, it was arranged to try it in one regiment, on the principle that if one sheep leaps a dyke, the rest will follow. The men cheerfully agreed to it, with the single exception of the son of the Munshí, who was incited to rebel by his father, a bigoted old Mussalman. The cap was no more against his creed than it is against yours, nevertheless, instead of at once dismissing the malcontent and serving out the caps, the authorities had the incredible weakness to reverse their own decree, to recall the caps, and restore the ancient monstrosity to its former "hideous reign."

I am happy to say the muskets C. rejected, have, on his representation, been changed by Government, who have ordered him some of a superior kind (fusils), but which are not to be had nearer than Delhi, so that he is not likely to get them until November, although he indented for them in May.

One of his old Jezailchis stopped us the other day as we were going out, with such a handsome open countenance, that I was quite interested in him before I knew who he was. Hasan Khán remembered him perfectly, and confirmed his assertion that he was one of the last men that remained with him after my husband was given up as a hostage. C. has now furnished him with clean garments, and is trying to get a pension for him. He has lost the toes of one foot from the frost on the retreat from Kábul. His name is Múhammad Khán. He lives here, and like Homer's heroes, is no less remarkable for his prowess at the feast than in the fray. Baedullah, who has acted as his purveyor, assured us that he never saw a man eat so much at a meal: he has devoured ¾ of a sir of meat, and 1½ sirs of meal daily, and as Baedullah added, "He made us all lay hold of our ears, and cry, 'Tobah!' when we saw him." This they do to express extreme astonishment. Now, as a sir is equivalent to 2 lbs., it is no wonder that the Jezailchi has grown visibly fat during the last week. He does nothing but walk about, sleep, eat as aforesaid, smoke, and look as meek and as happy as a lamb.

The 6th Native Infantry had a great wrestling-match, to which our regiment was invited. We stopped as we were passing their lines, but it was all over, except some of them playing at single-stick with very small shields, under the thick shady foliage of the spreading trees. Several of the 6th came up, as scantily clad as decent men well could be. They were evidently pleased at our stopping, and brought out a long-necked bottle of rose-water, wherewith they sprinkled my husband, and then,

* *i.e.* a Bengal officer; so called from the number of servants employed in Bengal, who are summoned by calling Koi-hy? Who is there? Bombay officers are called Ducks, from a fish for which their presidency is famous. Madras officers, Mulls; I know not why.

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having asked permission, they dexterously sent a showerful into my eyes. They then offered us a tray with slices of apples and spices, a few of which I took. This is the simple and courteous entertainment they offer to each other.

As we were coming home after the eclipse, we saw the Shahzadeh Teimúr, Shah Shújah's eldest son, preparing for a drive; and as I wished to see him, we left the buggy, and walked into William the Catechist's house, close by, from whence I saw this curious cortège, preceded by about a dozen men on foot, in scarlet, with spears; then came the Prince in a buggy, followed by some horsemen, while divers Saises scampered after them on foot. It was so dark that, being in the shade of the porch, they could not see us. A horseman came and asked for William as the "Chota Pádre," "chota" meaning little, junior, or inferior. Teimúr spoke to him in Hindústani—a great condescension, as a Sovereign is supposed to know no language but his own; asked after him and his family, and his brother, the other Chota Pádre, meaning Haldhar.

William told us that when the Sikhs came to Loodiana, Prince Teimúr sent for him and his family, told them not to fear, and most kindly kept all the women and children in his own zenána for safety. So much for the "*old Indian*" idea, which Dr. Duff exposes so well in the July number of the "Free Church Missionary Record," of native converts being considered as outcasts, and despised by their countrymen. Doubtless they are outcasts from their families and friends, just as a convert from Romanism is; but we see with our own eyes the respect with which the native converts are treated by their countrymen in general, when their lives are consistent. Múhammadans of course consider a Christian much better than an idolator; and Hindus think each man is to be saved by the religion he professes; if indeed they have any idea of what we mean by salvation.

September 30th, 1847.—A young Scotchwoman, wife of a bombardier, came to ask me if I could get a situation for her. She told us that coming up the country, the women and children were brought up in the river boats; and the voyage from Calcutta to Cawnpore was only fourteen days shorter than from Liverpool to Calcutta. They were sent up in June, the very middle of the hot season, in boats, as usual, pervious to the sun. The doctor (Macpherson by name) who was with them, took no charge of them whatever. Doctors seldom do give advice or warning to either the soldiers or their wives, thinking it of no use. The surgeon of a hussar regiment laughed at me for warning a ruddy young girl fresh from England, who was sitting bareheaded in the sun, saying, "We never give them any advice, it is of no use; we let them take their own way:" and of course numbers are sacrificed to their ignorance of the climate and its dangers. Many, doubtless, are obstinate, but not all. Money was given to these poor women for subsistence, but no one told them what food they would require, or what they ought to get; so that many of them lived on a little tea, without any milk or sugar, and thick, indigestible chapátis of wheat-flour and water. The consequence was that the deaths were frightfully numerous, five or six bodies of women and children being often buried by the river side in one morning; and yet no representation was made by their officers.

A poor soldier's wife is indeed to be pitied; she is often a young, inexperienced country girl: nobody cares for her, no one looks after her; her health is as likely to give way as any lady's in India; she is treated more like an animal than a woman, obliged to live day and night in barracks, in the same room with a crowd of rude, depraved men, married and single: probably her husband beats and kicks her; and when on

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board ship, she is worse off than a female convict. In India she is sent hither and thither at all seasons, and she may truly say, "No man careth for my soul," for hitherto I have only seen two chaplains who can be considered as truly Christian men; undoubtedly there are others, but they are rari nantes, &c.*

That huge burly Náib Rassaldar, Attah Múhammad, came here a few days ago; and on hearing of the loss I had sustained, he begged C. to tell me how grieved he was, and then opening his hands like the leaves of a book, said, "Let us have a 'fâtiha,'" or prayer. C. put his hands in the same position, and, with his face quite red with emotion, and his eyes full of tears, Atta Múhammad prayed that God would bless and comfort me, and that the blessing of Jesus the Messiah might come upon me. Then they both stroked their beards. The heartiness and earnestness with which it was done quite touched me. This kind man cannot read, so that he could not use a New Testament. But is not this a fine native soil, and will it not be a glorious harvest, when the good seed of the Word springs up to everlasting life in the hearts of these men?

Another of my husband's gallant little band of Jezailchis arrived the other day, Amir Khán, a naib (or deputy) jamadar, whom C. appointed to take charge of Captain Eyre's family on the retreat, and who brought Freddy Eyre on his horse, safe through the Kabúl Pass. He came to ask for a certificate. He is a stout handsome man, with, like most of his countrymen, the most beautiful long silky eyelashes imaginable. They are the handsomest race I ever saw. Hasan Khán is just what the Hindus would call him, "The Unquiet One." He is never happy unless in a state of fiery excitement; the other day he worked himself up to boiling-heat, in speaking of his old commandant, Captain F., and related several facts, which are certainly not to his credit. A sister's son of Hasan Khán's, who was with Captain F. when he was attacked at Peshbolak, fought to the last with the greatest gallantry, keeping the gateway, and as Hasan Khán said, "behaving like *a man*." At last he was killed. When Captain F. met his uncle afterwards he never said one word to him on the subject, expressed no sympathy, did not even tell him his nephew had been killed. Múhammad Hasan said, "If he had but told me, 'your nephew was killed fighting,' it would have been enough;" but he only heard this from some of the Jezailchis. Again, previous to Hasan Khán's momentous expedition to Kábul, a relation of his was dying, notwithstanding which Captain F. wished to detach him on a treasure party, and on his remonstrating, assured him it was necessary he should go, as there was no one else he could trust. When he returned he found his relation dead and buried. "I took up his body," he said, "embalmed it, and asked leave to go and bury it among our own people." I told him I should be disgraced if I did not do it; all my tribe would say, 'Ah! he is too busy making money, he does not care for his kinsfolk.'" It was in vain—Captain F. would not let him go. He describes everything in pantomime as well as in words, so that I can almost follow his narrative.

October 9th, 1847.—C. has lately promoted his Havildar Major to be Subadar, the highest rank of native officer in a regiment. When he told

* Orders have lately been issued for married soldiers to have separate barracks from the single men. Sir Charles Napier made great exertions to get 1000 cubic feet to be allowed for every inmate of a barrack. But still more recently the number of married men has been limited to twelve per company, which is beneath the present average, at least in the artillery. Now certainly any one who has the welfare of the soldier at heart would endeavour to increase the number of marriages instead of limiting them.

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him of it, the man, a very fine Rajpút, who has done excellent service since he joined, said nothing, only made a military salute, and when C. afterwards in private expressed his gratification at having the opportunity of promoting him, he merely joined his hands, and tried to mutter something, with tears swimming in his soft large eyes. C. was quite touched, for it was so different from the usual exuberance of verbal gratitude shown by the natives. He came soon after in uniform, to pay his respects on promotion, and looked very happy; an arm-chair was placed for him, and he sat down as a visitor for the first time. Since then he comes on business in his usual simple dress. His promotion, however, excited great wrath in another Havildar, who came and requested to be sent back to his former regiment. For this most insubordinate request my husband deprived him of his pay havildarship, reducing him to plain Havildar, by which he loses five rupees a month. He then ordered all the pay havildars to assemble here (such a fine set of men! none under six feet), and caused the regimental Munshí to read to them the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard. He told them this is the word of God; and explained to them that they had entered as Sepáhis on seven rupees a month, and ought to be contented if they remained so always; they understood the parable perfectly, and were quite pleased with it. It certainly appears to me that he has a most admirable way of dealing with people in general.

I was much interested in another regimental incident. A poor bhistí, or water-carrier, got leave to visit his mother, who was very ill, overstayed his leave, and did not come back till after muster—a heinous offence, and moreover no one gets pay, who is absent without leave on muster-day. He came just as we were going to dine out, and was most ostentatiously and imperiously desired to depart by the orderlies, who, in virtue of their office, are the most overbearing and despotic personages imaginable, for this was not the proper time to come. C. beckoned to him to approach, whereupon they cried, "Now halt, don't advance a step farther." The poor Sikh stood with his hands joined making his petition, and my husband's old bhistí, who was with him at Pesháwur, and who always amuses me by his grey beard being stained red, while the moustache is left white, was so moved that, although the delinquent was a Sikh and he himself a Mussalman, he could not help crying, "Oh, be merciful." I am happy to tell you the poor man was re-admitted and got his pay.

October 19th, 1847.—Sometime ago we sent a shepherd and a Choukedar of the regiment with 100 rupees to buy a flock of sheep for the Mutton Club. They were obliged to buy a large he-goat to walk at the head of the flock, for until they did so the sheep ran hither and thither, and could not be driven comfortably. Does not this illustrate the expression (Jer. iv. 8) in which the Jews are told to go out of Babylon, and be as the he-goats before the flocks, that is, set an example to others to follow?

Again, each of the servants has so many dusters in his charge, one of which he always carries about with him. Most of them gird themselves with it, and I seldom see one unfasten the end of his towel, if about to wash anything, without thinking of our blessed Lord condescending to do the same.

These are just some of the illustrations of Scripture that we see daily. The crowd of wild Pariáh dogs, which rove about the city, give quite a different meaning to the expression, "Dogs have compassed me," (Ps. xxii. 16), to what it has in our ears, who are accustomed to have only faithful and civilized dogs come about one. You remember how many passages speak of the tinkling of the anklets of the Jewish women: here

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they not only often wear a whole row of silver bangles, but sometimes they have little silver tassels attached to them, which of course make a great jingling in walking.

CHAPTER IX.

YESTERDAY was a great holiday of the Hindus; those of our regiment sent a request to their Commandant through the Havildar Major, that he would come and see the festival. He told the Havildar Major that he was a Christian, because he believed it to be the only way of salvation, and, if he went to the show, people would think he either did not believe in his own religion, or that he considered all religions alike; and bade him explain to the men that it was out of no disrespect to them personally, and that he would never interfere with any man's worship; but that he considered idolatry as sinful, and would, therefore, be acting against his conscience if he countenanced it. The Havildar Major understood perfectly, and said it was quite right, and I am sure the Hindus will only respect him the more.

I gave a Persian Testament the other day to Atta Múhammad, who put it to his forehead, and said he would read it, and take the greatest care of it. I thought his sympathy with me was a good opportunity of asking him to accept it. He was quite pleased, and told us a few days afterwards that he had had some of it read to him; he also showed a very fair knowledge of some parts of the Old Testament history.

C. has been reading the Gospel of St. Matthew in Persian with the Munshí, who is evidently shaken in some of his prejudices, and cannot answer C.'s arguments on the necessity and perfection of the atonement. But you can hardly imagine the gross and carnal manner in which they understand Scripture. For instance, Hasan Khân was greatly shocked at the beatitude, "Blessed are the peace makers, for they shall be called the children of God." He said it was very bad, and nothing could make him understand that the words "children of God" were not meant literally but spiritually.

The Munshí confesses that the more a Múhammadan prays and tells his beads, the greater rogue he is sure to be. All spies and adepts at intrigue make a point of carrying their beads.

My husband and the Munshí have had a great argument about Wâlis. These are supposed prophets, who have the power of working miracles, but who keep themselves very quiet and much abstracted from the world, and are only discoverable by the understanding few. The Munshí told these stories.

When C. asked him in 1840 to accompany him to Peshâwur, he was much inclined to do so till he consulted a Wali, who said, "Don't go—great dangers await you"—a very safe prophecy for any man who knew the state of Afghânistan. This C. endeavoured to show him, whereupon he brought forward another proof of the supernatural powers of Wali. He has a child who seems to be a kind of "natural," and two or three years ago, while thinking of this child, he heard of the arrival of a Wali who appears to have been insane, with sufficient cunning to take advantage of the respect paid him. The Munshí went to him and sat down. The unsavory Saint was very condescending to him, and even gave him a pipe to smoke, saying to his attendant, "Daughter give Daughter pipe," each of the so-called daughters being black-bearded Mussalmans. The Munshí then told his grief and received for answer, "Oh, daughter, be not discomfited, thy child will recover." "And," continued the simple

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man, "two years afterwards she began to say a word or two." C. then told him of the Wali of whom the Amír Dost Múhammad inquired when he should return to Afghánistan. The Wali said he must consider for a day or two, and in the meantime went to Captain Peter Nicholson, who had charge of the Dost, and asked him what he should say. Captain Nicholson gave him five rupees, and thinking it would keep his prisoner quiet, and prevent his trying to escape, told the Wali to answer he would return in four years. The impostor did so, and received rich presents from the credulous Dost, who really did return about the time specified, and the said Wali is in consequence looked upon as the greatest prophet in those parts. Captain Nicholson told my husband this himself. The Munshí could only answer, that *that* Wali was a great Dagha-báz or rogue, literally a "player with knavery."

Hasan Khán is really the greatest baby I ever saw, as impatient as a child for anything he wants—he never reflects whether there has been time for it to reach him or not, and when disappointed or cross, he pouts and sulks and shrugs his shoulders, and looks as if he were ready to cry, exactly like a naughty spoilt boy. He has not the least self-control. Sirfraz Khân, who is at the head of Prince Shahpur's household, came to consult my husband how an increase of pension could be obtained for the Shahzadeh, who at present subsists on the pitiful allowance of 400 rupees a month, and this after being acknowledged King by General Pollock, and having relations and retainers innumerable to provide for. Sirfraz Khán, although he must know that every one of his countrymen is full of enmity and jealousy towards all the rest, unwarily opened the subject in the presence of Hasan Khân, who, being already very cross, immediately burst out into a tirade against Shahpur, calling him a coward, and I know not what besides. C. immediately took up his cause, described the gallant boy's behaviour during the expedition to Istalif, when he and his body of Kazilbash Horsemen were placed under my husband's charge—how eager he always was for action, and the contempt he expressed for some of the Kazilbash Chiefs when he thought them inclined to hang back, and as Hasan Khân had nothing to reply, he leant back in his chair and sulked. Sirfraz Khân brought a Kassid (a messenger) with him, who was the bearer of a letter from Múhammad Shah Khân and Dost Múhammad Khân to my husband.

The Kassid was one of those wily men who are made the medium of all intrigues. His beard was partly grey, and his turban being pushed a little back showed that he wore his hair beneath it—he had a beautiful nose, and such brilliant, intelligent, crafty eyes. I saw one glance at Sirfraz Khân which convinced me the old gentleman had said something imprudent. It was a quick reproving look, such as a disguised Jesuit superior might give to a blundering novice. He was poorly dressed, with a ragged cloth for a Chogah, and his beads in his hand. He drew forth a small book, and took the letter from between the boards and the lining, and then sat down on the floor counting his beads and quietly surveying everything in the room, and marking all that was said or done. The letter was from Múhammad Shah Khân and his brother. The former acknowledged the receipt of C.'s auspicious letter, and what he had sent, *i.e.*, the Testaments, and professed that both brothers were ready to obey the slightest nod of the British Government, who, however, do not wish to have anything to say to them.

Abdulrahmán Khán was present when a poor Afghán came to say his little girl Assoa was very ill with high fever and delirium, and C. told Abdulrahmán that the poor child often came here, and added, "and perhaps she may die!" "God forbid that she should die!" cried he; "you

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are going to have prayers—pray for the child." And then turning towards him, he continued, "I wish you knew what was in my heart for you. It is great friendship. I see here purity of life;" and then he expressed a hope that even though not a Múhammadan he might be saved, saying, in a kind of soliloquy—"I have a strong hope that there may be a place for you in Paradise." C. took the opportunity of explaining to him the grounds on which he hoped for salvation, namely, through the blood of Christ alone. He and my husband always read the Scriptures together when he comes, and though he constantly caps a Scripture passage with some absurd legend or quotation from the Kúran, yet we may surely hope that the Word of God will not be wholly plucked out of his heart, but that it may yet bear fruit. The Munshí says it is *very* good that we should inquire into the right way, and when C. offered up a prayer in Persian that they might both be led into all truth, he added a fervent *Amín!* Amen.

The Sergeant-Major has been lately appointed to another regiment. On his going away C. spoke a few words to him, not, as he said, as his commanding officer, but as a fellow-criminal who must soon appear with him at the bar of God. The rough blunt soldier had tears in his eyes, and as the Quartermaster-Sergeant said that he was very anxious to be allowed to keep "The Church in the Army," which we had lent him, and which was the first religious book he had ever read, it was, of course, given to him; C. also gave him a Bible, and I "the Holy War," for his wife. Imagine the simple Havildar Major explaining to us why Múhammadans will take water from the hands of a Hindú, but not from those of a Sikh—that the Sikhs eat pork and fowls, and even EGGS! The two latter are an abomination to Hindús, but the Mussalmans themselves eat them just as we do. I could give you many other instances how ignorant one sect is of all that concerns the others.

We have just seen the Journal of the Catechists of the Free Kirk at Calcutta, which shows a most wonderful diminution of Hindú prejudices among the people they visited. Even Brahmans received them kindly, and gave them food.

October 21st.—I am not at all pleased with Hindustani. It appears to me to have a most wearisome sameness of construction, and to express things awkwardly; but I want to know if the imperative and indefinite future are not alike in Hebrew. They are so in Hindustani, so that this would account for many passages in the Psalms, which almost look as if David were imprecating vengeance on his enemies: whereas if the Hebrew be like Hindustani, there is no difference between the imperative "Let them be" or "may they be," and the future "They *will* or shall be." There are many Arabic words in Hindustani which are like Hebrew; for instance, "kúrbán," a sacrifice, I suppose is the same word as "corban." Pray tell me if it be so.

Saturday, October 23rd.—Breakfasted at Hasan Khán's with Colonel Speirs and Major Macdonald. I sat a little while in the Zenáná, and then Hasan Khán came for me. He had got table and chairs, and borrowed our plate and one of our servants, so that we might eat in our own fashion, but the meal itself was quite an Afghán one. There were kids and lambs roasted whole, pillaus, kuftas, which are like rissoles, and a variety of smaller dishes, besides fowls, so that the table was insufficient to contain such a feast. In vain Hasan Khán tried to make room by piling the large flat loaves upon each other, snatching a kid off its dish, and putting it on the top of the bread; at last C. and Major Macdonald established themselves on the floor, and Colonel Speirs and I amused ourselves with criticising their Afghán habits. Hasan Khán thrust a fowl

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into the hands of one of his men to take to us, and another to them, and kept loading our plates with choice morsels, dexterously tearing off a joint or gathering up a handful of sausages with his fingers. C. and Major Macdonald displayed their skill in eating with their fingers,—a very difficult art when rice is to be eaten, as it runs up one's sleeve. Everything was very good; the meat excellent; and a pillau, flavoured with lemon, is worthy of being introduced into Europe. They poured water on our hands before and after eating. Being in Hindústan, Hasan Khán could not well eat publicly with us, but he sat down by C. and Major M., and helped them to the best bits, until he was overcome by the savory odour, and could no longer refrain.

In Afghánistan, and everywhere except in India, Mussalmans eat freely with Christians, but here they have learned Hindú customs. Little Padimah (properly Fatimah) is quite fond of me, and sits on my side as she would on her mother's. It is much the easiest way of carrying a child: just try it. When we took leave, a horse was brought out as a present for Colonel Speirs, which, of course, he did not accept. Hasan Khán is just gone to Peshâwur to meet his other wives.

The Afgháns generally think nothing of the death of a wife. When my husband was in Afghánistan he was several times asked, "Are you married?" "No; my wife is dead." "We hear you are very sorry when your wives die: did you weep?" "Yes, I did." Whereupon they were struck dumb with astonishment, that any one could feel the death of a wife so strongly. "Why should we grieve," say they, "there are plenty of others;" and yet these are men of warm feelings, capable of strong attachments and sympathy: but this only makes the fact more evident, that any violation of the law written in the hearts of all, or of the arrangements of the Creator (to say nothing of his revealed laws), brings with it its own punishment. Polygamy has destroyed everything like domestic and family ties. Sometimes nature reasserts her right, and produces strong attachment between husband and wife, brother and brother; but this is the exception, and that this state of things is produced by polygamy, and not merely by ignorance of true religion, is proved by the example of the ancient Romans during the period when divorce was unknown, and when the wife, being the sole and life-long partner of her husband, gave him not only a help-meet but a *home* and a domestic hearth, ideas unknown to Múhammadans. There must be a *mater familias* before true family ties can exist.

In looking back to the Hindú Rajahs and others, whom we saw at Benáres, I cannot tell you how strongly the contrast strikes me between them and the Afgháns. The former seem so weak, so childish, such mere babies by the side of these manly, energetic *men*. By-the-bye, C. has been reading my Journal, and says that if I do not explain, you will certainly think the Munshí is a fool, when you read of his devotion to Walis. He is quite the contrary, being a clever and, as far as a Mussalman can be, a candid man. He brought his Molevi, *i. e.* a kind of combination of Múhammadan Scribe and Pharisee, whom he called "My Master," and assured me he was a "very learned and godly man."

When the Molevi came over, the Munshí immediately gave up his chair, which he took as a matter of course, while an intelligent-looking man, a scholar of his, stood beside him. The Molevi was very plainly dressed, with a quiet manner, but his behaviour was that of a man who feels himself superior to all around, and *therefore* had no pretension, while the respectful deference of the other two was quite that of disciples to their teacher and master. It was a relation of which I had never seen any other example, and interested me much. Both the Molevi and his

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scholar were suffering from over study and want of exercise. I told them the body was like a slave to serve the mind, but, if it was too hardly treated, it would fall sick, and could do no more. The sage was graciously pleased with my little parable.

Thursday.—Molevi came again to see my husband, and brought a book against Christianity by a famous Múhammadan doctor at Laknao. He mentioned some of the objections advanced in it, which were all of the most trivial description; such as one translation of "Behold my servant whom I uphold," having "Band," slave, and another, "Noukar," servant. He also objected to the passage in the Psalms, "Gird thou thy sword upon thy thigh, thou most mighty," and said that it could not apply to Christ, as he never wore a sword. C. told him that the Jews were as much opposed to Christianity as the Múhammadans, yet the Old Testament in the hands of the Jews all over the world is exactly the same as that which Christians acknowledge; now it cannot be supposed that the Jews would unite with Christians in altering or interpolating their own sacred book. To this he had nothing to reply. The different sects among Christians form a similar proof of the genuineness of the New Testament. The genuineness of either was never doubted until Múhammad's time; and they who bring the accusation of falsification should prove their assertion. I think the testimony to the truth of the Gospel writing from the unanimous consent of so many opposing sects, may have been one of the reasons why those divisions were permitted.

When Sirfráz Khân was leaving Afghánistan, the Amír, Dost Múhammad, met him, swore upon the Kurán that he was the best friend he had in the world, and tried every art to induce him to return. He afterwards married the daughter of Amínullah Khán (Sirfráz's brother), and then murdered the old man with his own hands, smothering him with a pillow. Sirfráz Khân says Shah Shujah's pride amounted to insanity. To such an extent did he carry it, that he never suffered any of his numerous daughters to marry; and when the King of Delhi, who, as the representative of Akbar the Great, is certainly the first Múhammadan prince in the East, sent to ask for one of them as a wife for one of his own sons, Shah Shujah was perfectly frantic at the insult! Just as if Louis Philippe were to despise the alliance of the Emperor of Austria.

Mr. Porter, who has been absent on a Missionary tour for the last month, told us that on the hill side, near Kangra, there is a most curious phenomenon, called the Jewâla Makki, or Fire-mouth. A subterranean stream of gas having found vent from many crevices of the mountain, and having been by some means set on fire, perpetual flames are seen, which the Hindus look on with great veneration. They have enclosed the principal ones in a temple, which they will allow no one to enter without taking off his shoes. The Governor-General, however, lately visited it, and of course did not take off his. Mr. Porter refused to do so, and told the Priests that if he did they would represent it as an act of homage to the idol, for so these jets of fire may be termed.

It happens that Lieutenent Lake, who has charge of these districts, rendered great service to the Brahmans of the temple by restoring to them some revenues that had been seized by another set of priests; when, therefore, Mr. Porter threatened to tell Lieutenant Lake that they refused to admit him and his children with their shoes, they at length consented to do so. He asked them what right they had to shut up this work of God that was free to all men on the mountain-side, and offered to put out their God: upon which they earnestly begged him not to think of such a thing.

Perhaps you do not know that the Vedantic doctrine is, that there is

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but one God, and that He should be worshipped without images and anywhere, and that people may eat anything, no matter by whom it is prepared. They teach further, that everything is a manifestation of God, and is God. This Pantheism is exactly that of Pope's "Essay on Man," see—"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, &c.;" and they say further, that it is better to worship Him through the medium of visible beings than not at all. Thus they sink into the grossest idolatry, and worship anything in everything.

Brahm, the supreme god, is said to sleep and wake alternately; from him all the other gods proceed; but after all they, as well as the whole of creation, are but "Mya," or delusion.

That temple we saw at Benáres is, perhaps, the most famous one in India of Siva, or the Destroyer, under the name of Mahadeo.

The Hindu Sepáhis commonly worship the colours of their regiment, a thing which even many Christian commanding officers take no steps to prevent; but which C. is determined shall never be done while the regiment is under his command. You will find a very good account of Hindu mythology in "Chambers's Useful and Entertaining Tracts," under the head of "Hindu Superstitions."

My husband was writing to Ceylon the other day, and said to his Havildar-Major, a high caste Rájput, "The Brahmans tell you that Ceylon is inhabited wholly by demons (or déos), and that every one who goes there is immediately devoured by them." The Havildar-Major acknowledged this. "But there are many English there, many troops, a British General, and a British Governor, and I am thinking of buying some land there. I am now writing to a great man in that island, and if you have any particular friend among the Déos, I will send your salam to him. I often eat grief on your account and that of your countrymen, whom I see worshipping idols; for there is but one God, who alone should be worshipped."

The Havildar answered: "True, there is but one God."

"Is it not lamentable, then, that men should bow down to images which they make themselves of wood and stone?"

"—— And mud," interjected the Havildar-Major.

"Your worthless Brahmans tell you these fables for their own profit, and not for your good."

"True," said he, "they do for their own profit; for the other day, when we gave a little feast to our brethren of the 11th, they came among us and extracted fifteen rupees from us, and then told us all the gods were much pleased." And the Havildar-Major finished with a little scornful laugh that spoke volumes.

The Mussalmans are very fond of speaking of Sikander Padsháh, *i.e.* Alexander the Great, and his two Vazirs, Aristún and Aflatún, (Aristotle and Plato), all of whom they devoutly believe to have been good Múhammadans. My husband was telling Abdurahmán Khán of Lord Ross's gigantic telescope, when he gravely replied, that it was nothing to one which Aristotle made for Alexander the Great, by which he could see all that passed in the heavenly bodies so clearly, that he was enabled to draw omens from them, and fix the proper days for marching, &c. Imagine assigning to the stars the office of Quartermaster-General of Alexander's army.

The result of this Múhammadan jumble of ideas was a most diverting dream of my husband's. He thought Plato offered to enlist with him, assuring him he was *only* 100 years old. C. considered this *rather* passé, but thinking he would still get some work out of him, decided on taking him, because he was "*so thoroughly respectable.*"

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November 11th.—C. has just received his arms which he indented for *six months ago*. However, in consequence of his vigorous remonstrances, he has obtained a better description of muskets than either of the other regiments except the Hill Corps.

I asked Mr. Porter if the late war had done much in the way of opening the Panjáb to the Gospel. He said "Everything;" previously no British subject could cross the Satlej without the permission of both Governments. Now, they may go and preach where they please. An old Subádár, who had served in Broadfoot's Sappers and Miners, recognised C. the other morning as his corps was marching into Loodiana, and came to see him after breakfast—a fine old man with many medals, he has been in forty battles—and while speaking, pulled up his trousers to show a wound on his brawny brown knee.

November 17th.—There is a very simple and excellent contrivance used here by carpenters for boring holes. It is a kind of iron stiletto, and a bow with a loose string, which is twisted twice round the handle of the former, and being moved rapidly up and down the borer turns and goes through the wood without any exertion.

A gentleman related the other day, that having killed a man by pure accident when out shooting a short time ago in the Jalander Doáb, he requested a Pancháyet (or council of five arbitrators) to settle the amount of compensation he ought to pay. They decided that "as he was a Sahib," he ought to give *ten* rupees; and a Lambadar, or ruler of the village, told him privately, that if he thought that exorbitant, he would try to get it lessened.

Early on the 19th, we went out on an elephant, which the I.'s brought with them. It is a very nice creature. I have fed her several times, and she now knows my voice and comes after me when I call her. It is very curious to see what steep places an elephant will go up or down. C. desired the Mahout to make the elephant knock down a wall for my edification. At first she did not understand what was required of her, and made a frightful growl or roar when the Mahout struck her, but when she knew, she pushed down a piece of wall about nine feet in height, and four broad, of *unbaked* bricks, with the upper part of her trunk, as quietly and gently as possible. Finding her so capable of the work, C. led us to his own lines, where they made her demolish some of the old huts to make room for the new ones, thus saving the men a good deal of labour. We passed through the lines, and I was much amused at the peep I got of them. Many of the Hindu Sepáhis were preparing their food, each man sitting in a little circle, with a small rampart of earth two or three inches high around it, within which himself and his bright brazen vessels remain untouched and unpolluted.

It is curious to see a Hindu Sepáhi with the front of his head shaved, twisting up his long black hair into a knot. I want to see a Sikh's hair, but that is very difficult, as I hear horrid reports of its never being taken down; I hope "*in public*" is *sous-entendu*. Most of the men seem to have Charpaís and good rezais or quilts. I played chess with Abdulrahman Khán a little time ago, and he would inevitably have been defeated, when he suddenly found out it was very late, and feared the game would last all night; so as it would doubtless have horrified him to have been beaten by a lady, it was best to agree with him and leave off the game. The only difference in their manner of playing is, that the pawns are not allowed to move two squares at first, and the king of one party is placed opposite the queen or vazir of the other, instead of the queen being always on her own colour.

I have never told you of a most gentlemanly Afghán, of the name of

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Agha Múhammad, whom we often see. When Akbar besieged Fattih Jang, Shah Shujah's son and successor, in the Bálá Hissár, the latter sent to General Pollock for relief, which he promised to furnish, but owing to Lord Ellenborough's orders *not* to advance, failed to do so. Fattih Jang held out a week or two beyond the time, and at last surrendered. Agha Múhammad was confined with him in the city. Akbar demanded his jewels, and threatened him with death if they were not given up. Fattih Jang promised to have them ready by the next day, but in the meantime Agha Múhammad made a hole in the roof, scrambled up himself, and drew the Shahzadeh up after him by his turban. They then hid themselves in the house of a friend, from whence Fattih Jang made the escape, Agha Múhammad lending him 5,000 rupees. The latter returned to Kabul afterwards with his father, to settle their affairs; they were waylaid by Akbar's emissaries, the old man murdered, and the son severely wounded. When he came back to Loodiana, he found the Shahzadeh had spent all he had, like a prodigal, and could not possibly pay him, so that he is, as you may imagine, in a lamentable position.

Wednesday.—C. went to see the Shahzadeh Jammur, who is on his way to Peshâwur. He offered to come here, but C. prefers going to the Shanzadeh's, as otherwise their visits would take up too much time. Prince Jammur is very intelligent; he has been living at Peshâwur, and gave exactly the same account of the state and prospects of things in that quarter as Atta Múhammad (the Friar Tuck of Fisher's Horse) did some time ago; and yet the Shahzadeh and Rasaldar have never seen each other. They both consider Peshâwur and its environs as in a very unsettled state. Súltan Múhammad, a brother of Dost Múhammad, and a former *protégé* of Ranjit Sing's, is living there, and is undoubtedly carrying on intrigues with his kinsfolk, the Barakzyes, though he pretends to be at feud with them. As Prince Jammur said, "*Why* does he give presents in money, shawls, &c. &c., to all the Afghâns round about—if not for some private end of his own?" C. thinks it is most imprudent to allow such a man to reside at Peshâwur. All the Afghâns consult C., and strange to say, *follow* his advice, speak freely and confidentially to him, and show him honour in every way in their power. The very Government seem to consider him as a kind of Chief of the Afghâns, for not knowing what to do with about 120 men who have been lately disbanded from Major Ferris's Police Battalion, and many of whom had been with C. at Kabúl, the magistrates of Banda sent them here, begging my husband to take steps for distributing them among the regiments of the Frontier Brigade. His own ranks being quite full, he was obliged to send most of them on to Lahore, where Colonel Lawrence will provide for them, and the rest back to Amballa to enter one of the regiments there. But this influence costs a good deal; for instance, so many of these men being old comrades, C. had to give a feast to the whole, which cost twenty rupees. Then one of those who was going on to Lahore was so deeply in debt to another who was returning to Amballa, that we had to release his Jellalabad medal for him with ten rupees more.

One of these men, Eyun-u-Din volunteered to carry a letter to Jellalabad from Sir William Mac Naghten, at a time when no Kassid could be bribed to make the attempt. He succeeded in spite of great danger and difficulty. He was a fine-looking man, with a lilac and silver turban, and red shawl wrapped about him. Another of this gallant band, who has lost both feet, is at Pethâwur, and one who has lost both hands and feet, is in his native mountains. C. has applied for pensions for both of them. Almost all the men who came to-day had shaven heads, and one of the officers speaking, as they all did, of the injustice

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of disbanding them (when Lord Ellenborough had promised that as a reward for their distinguished fidelity and services in Afghánistan, they should be for ever retained in the service of the Company), suddenly plucked off his cap with the utmost vehemence, and thrusting his bald head under C.'s very moustache, showed a scar that would have split any other skull but an Afghán's, an Irishman's, or a Highlander's, fore and aft; crying, "Do you think I took *that* on my head for nothing!" C. sent them all away pleased at what he had done and was trying to do for them. He has a wonderful way of managing them. That Afghán I told you of, whom he cut down for mutiny, and who came to see him on his way to join one of the other regiments, returned the other day, having asked for his discharge in consequence of not being promoted instanter. C. has more than his complement, and can do nothing for him; so he slapped his cheek, told him he was an ass, and then took him by the shoulders, and shook him until his head nearly fell off, all of which this sturdy mutinous creature with battle-axe in hand took most placidly, while the other Sepáhis laughed.

A Kashmirí Mussalmán, a gentleman by birth, came a few days since to ask for assistance. He had been nearly slain, and then driven out of the Panjáb during the Sikh dominion for eating beef. C. told him that too many came. He answered, "When a fountain is known to send out sweet water, all men flock to it." "But if the fountain is exhausted, what is to be done?" To this he had no reply, but as he was really in need, the fountain was obliged to give him a few drops.

CHAPTER X.

C. lately sent Prince Shahpur a Persian Bible.* The New Testament was beautifully bound in morocco; the Tourah, or Old Testament, was a very fine edition, but in plain, strong half-binding. I therefore made green velvet covers for the two volumes of it, and embroidered the title in gold beads, with a little flower on the other side, lining it inside with crimson silk. It was thought very pretty, and my Munshí took the greatest interest in superintending the shape of the letters. I wrapped up the whole in a piece of crimson China crape, which made a lovely cover.

I am never weary of driving through the Bazár, it is so picturesque. About sunset all the cookshops are in full activity. Here you see one ladling out soup, and for some reason of his own, he invariably strikes a loud bell as we pass, probably to invite us to partake of his "savoury messes." Then, on the ground are innumerable Kabáb sellers, each one with rows of skewers on which the bits of meat are filed, laid over a little charcoal fire, which sends up a ruddy hue on the countenances of the hungry group around, probably wild-looking Afgháns, waiting till the meat is ready. A little further on is a whole family sitting over a fire which they have kindled in their solitary room, or rather alcove,—for it is open to the street—or a poorer group are trying to warm themselves with some blazing straw;—again, in a larger and carpeted apartment, are some wealthy shopkeepers, casting up and settling their accounts; the Kotwal or Native Mayor sits in his little chamber over the gate poring over papers; a seller of dainties made of sugar and ghí, is squatted by the roadside, with a light fixed to a stick stuck in the ground, or else carries them on his head with a candle fastened to his basket. Sometimes you see a little dog trained to light its master home by carrying a blazing torch in its mouth. Then the Sáis snatches up a child

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toddling across the horse's path, and whisks careless passengers, bullocks, and donkeys out of the way with a horse-towel.

At this season no one who can help it sleeps in the open air, so that the streets are more passable than they were. Then there is an elephant or two, a long string of baggage camels, a Shahzadeh and his suite, or a Missionary driving home in his buggy after his daily preaching. At one place there is the cloth mart, each seller carrying a few pieces on his shoulder or head. Near them are the money changers seeming fast asleep, but sure to open their eyes if any one come within reach of their piles of copper; then there are the bullocks lying in the midst of the road, an irregular horseman careering about; all this is entertainment for the eye; and for the ear, there is a group of men on one side singing softly in chorus; across the street an imperturbable Hindú shopkeeper, abused and assailed by some furious client or rival; the red-and-yellow clothed, or perhaps half-naked Sikhs, talking Parjabi, every other word ending in "Sing;" the deep, guttural, harsh tones of Afgháns shouting Pushtú, or the incessant clack-clack of a Kashmirí woman's tongue, pouring out unimaginable maledictions on the luckless wight who has incurred her displeasure; by all of which the strangeness and interest of the scene are of course much heightened.

I am astonished at the way even rational and Christian people neglect the instruction of their young children. You hardly ever meet a child under five or six years old who knows anything of the Gospel, or who can even speak English, and yet children far below that age are clearly responsible before God. How, then, can their mothers leave them in ignorance as great as that of heathen children? It is also marvellous to see the manner in which too many good managers deal with their servants, always suspecting them, and stopping their pay for every offence; moreover, sometimes taking them forcibly to places at a great distance from their homes, because it is inconvenient to the master or mistress to get other domestics.

My little school gets on pretty well. I began to think that William's youngest little boy Jacob, of four years old, was inaccessible to instruction until I read "Wilderspin on Infant Schools." I then determined to try a more lively method of teaching, and speaking of labour being the punishment of Adam's sin, I asked him to describe different kinds of labour. First, what a Sáis did; asked him about horses, what they were like, how they walked, and made him walk on all fours, and rub down the Ayah's little boy as if he were a horse. He laughed and began to look much brighter. We then made both the children show how grain was sown, and reaped and ground. They agreed that it was right that no one should eat who did not work, but for a long time little Jacob insisted that tailors should not eat, and he was only convinced of the propriety of their doing so, by our showing him that if tailors did not eat they would die, and if they died, who would make warm clothes for him?—for I must tell you that the native Christian women do absolutely nothing; and even when they are in debt, as too many of them are, they send everything to be made up by tailors, whereas, if they chose, everything might be made at home, as all their garments are made of cotton, and very simply. I am teaching my Ayah's little girl to work, and she succeeds admirably.

December 1st, 1847.—This was a quiet, home-like morning,—cloudy sky, watery sun, and bare trees; the thermometer at 38° at sunrise: we saw the hills north and east of this covered with snow. Captain Skinner's regiment of Irregular Cavalry was here last week, and C. having mentioned that he had not seen them, Captain S. very obligingly offered to have a field-day for our benefit, which he accordingly did. It was most

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picturesque to see from 500 to 600 Irregular Horse, clothed in yellow, with scarlet turbans, long lances, red and white pennons, matchlocks at their backs, and their horses with scarlet and yellow saddle-cloths, performing their manœuvres with the most admirable precision on a barren sandy plain, the ground marked out by flags, and kept by mounted orderlies and camel sawârs belonging to the regiment. The latter are most picturesque, though ungainly creatures—the *camels* I mean. Behind the whole was a dark stormy sky and the setting sun. The Irregular Cavalry are so much superior to the Regulars in the use of their weapons and the management of their horses, that many officers, my husband among the number, are strongly in favour of having nothing but Irregulars. The men are of a superior class with higher pay, find their own horses and accoutrements, and only three officers (commandant, second in command, and adjutant,) instead of twenty-one or twenty-two to each regiment. Their dress is adapted to the climate, their saddles to keeping *on*, and their spears to use, being light bamboo instead of heavy ashen weapons. Picked men were chosen from Her Majesty's 16th Lancers, and a man taken at random out of Skinner's Horse, and the result was that he slew them over and over again (with blunt lances) without their being able to touch him.

Captain Skinner, son of the well-known Colonel Skinner, seems to have inherited his father's talent for raising and disciplining cavalry. As I wished to see his regiment on the march, he very courteously postponed their departure till sunrise. Accordingly we drove to their camp on Saturday morning (27th). We were too early, so that we had time to look about. It was a very cold morning, and many fires were lit by the men to warm themselves. Some were loading camels or tattûs (the hardy little ponies of the country), poor women were collecting the manure in baskets to burn; here sat a little child so enveloped in sackcloth or horsecloth, that nothing but its large black eyes were visible; there was a refractory tattú making desperate efforts to kick off its load; or a trooper just booting himself; camp followers of all kinds making haste to be off; no tents standing but those of the European officers; an elephant for the Commandant, laden with guns for sporting, a dog-cart, some fine horses, hackeries, &c. &c. The native Doctor, who had been a fellow-prisoner of my husband's, soon made his appearance comfortably encased in a large flowered and wadded cotton robe, with his sword by his side; while his assistant, as was due, had a much sorrier nag of half the size, and by no means so gay a garb. The men soon began moving to the front, where they formed into six divisions. We then drove on ahead to get a good view of them as they passed the ford, the only pretty bit in Loodiana; and truly we were rewarded for our trouble when they came up, the top of their spears appearing first as they mounted the little rise, and then the whole body marching on to the sound of their kettle-drums, winding round and descending again towards the ford, where the morning sun gleamed on their ranks as they crossed the bright blue water. As many as choose wear shields slung at their backs. The Irregular Cavalry equip themselves, and of course are obliged to borrow money to do so in the first instance. This regiment cost 50,000 rupees, for which Captain Skinner is responsible, and the men pay interest to the Native Banker at the rate of twenty-five per cent. Captain S. wrote to represent this, and to ask Government to lend them the money, promising to repay it in two years with interest at twelve per cent. The paternal answer was that he might have 5000 rupees.

I must not forget to tell you of an instance of disregard of caste in a Brahman Sepâhi which astonished us all. He was attacked late one night

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with violent colic, from eating bad flour. C. gave him some medicine, which he took without the smallest difficulty and from our spoon, though it was mixed by us in water from our bottles, drawn by a Mussalmán Bhisti, in a goat's skin; so that the whole genealogy of it was unclean in his eyes. Whether his liberality arose from the cogent argument of pain, or from serving in our ranks, I know not, but I am happy to say he was cured.

Tuesday, December 14th.—Started about eight o'clock for Filór on the Satlej, to spend the day with Captain and Mrs. Phillips. It is about nine miles off. It was a beautiful bright, cold morning, and the road was thronged with passengers, native officers riding, some Sahib's baggage guarded by Sepáhis, with goats and kids tied to the carts, and cages of quacking ducks and guinea-fowls surmounting them; for people march with all their worldly goods, animate and inanimate. We came upon an immense train of bullock-carts, the owners of which all shouted out their grief at having been pressed and obliged to bring the baggage of one of the regiments from Mirath. They get a fair price for the work, but this is the busy season in the fields; and moreover, no man, not even a patient Hindu, likes to be torn away from his own proper work and applied to some other purpose, as if he were a thing and not a person. We met our second buggy horse (such a gallant little Arab mare) at a place by the roadside, where some Faqírs had made themselves a hut, and offered the comfort of a clean mat, a pipe, and a fire made in a hole, with manure for fuel, to any passing traveller, who gladly requited them with a few pice. At this season the Satlej is low; we forded a great part of it, and crossed the rest by the most absurd-looking bridge of boats I ever beheld. The boats are like very large punts with most curious sterns, about eight feet out of the water. In each boat is a hut, in each hut are some men, so that it is a populous bridge, the whole thickly overlaid with straw.

The old Shahzadeh Nazzar, son of Shah Zeman, came to call the other day, having, as he said, heard so many praises of my husband, that he wished to make his acquaintance. He is extremely gentlemanly and much respected, especially on account of the resignation and quiet dignity with which he bears his adverse fortune. He was once Governor of Herât, in the days when his father was a mighty monarch who made India tremble; and here he, who was then served with a jewelled Kalián with princely state and pomp, smoked a common bazár Chillam with great satisfaction, and conversed amiably with my Munshí when C. was out of the room.

The other day my husband was not on parade, and the Adjutant came to inform him that the men of the Grenadier Company, who are building their lines, had struck work. The Adjutant had found them sitting on the ground, and on demanding the reason, they replied that they had got no pay for many months, and therefore could not work. Mr. Gilbert threatened to beat them if they did not, and on their proving refractory he assailed some of them vigorously, and most of them returned to their duty. On hearing this C. drove there and told them to leave off; that as they were too fine gentlemen to work, he should transfer the bricklayers, whom he had hired to teach them how to make bricks and to build, to the first company, which has distinguished itself by its zeal in pulling down the old huts. In vain they offered to work—in vain the Subadar Ram Sing represented that this would be punishing the whole company for the fault of a few—in vain a day or two afterwards they begged the Sergeant Major to intercede for them, and Ram Sing came here himself to get their pardon. C. was inexorable, and said that when all the companies had finished, he would hire Kulís at the expense of the Grenadier Company to build their huts. The companies take it in rotation to build their Lines,

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so that the Grenadiers ought to have been finished before the first company began; but the latter, who had greatly distinguished themselves by their zeal in brickmaking, which they, to the astonishment of all the Bengal officers, who say they cannot get the men to make their own bricks, had volunteered to do, and made much better and harder ones than those which are made by labourers, thereby saving their own pay—this said company, fired with emulation, began to build up their walls in the most astonishing manner, the Afghâns especially worked with fury. One Afghân brings so many bricks on his head that he stands as it were stupified, with his eyes starting for a minute afterwards. I do like the Afghâns, they are so full of energy. I never saw an Afghân sit still when there was anything to do, even though it might be no business of his. Well, the Grenadiers fretted and fumed, and vented their rage by privily bestowing a sound beating on the ringleader, who had led them into this scrape. The walls of the first company grew and grew, until a good number of the Mussalmans of the Grenadier Company got leave to attend their great feast, the Muharram, but instead of going to the feast they hired bricklayers of their own, and worked the whole time of their leave with might and main. Upon this C. forgave them, and the two companies are trying which can build fastest.

December 24th.—We had Afghân visitors all day. Murtiza Shah's son came. He is a most gentlemanly youth both in appearance and manner. Yet he related an instance of coarse insolence he had lately met with, which, I am sorry to say, is by no means rare on the part of individuals (for they are neither men nor gentlemen) towards natives. It happened only a few days ago that in riding he met an elephant, and as his horse always shies and makes a terrible fuss whenever he meets one of these huge creatures, he turned into a Compound close by until the elephant was past. The occupant of the Bungalow, I am sorry to say an officer, rushed out shouting, "Jao, jao" (Go, go), and actually threw a stone at him. The young man said, "Not knowing whether he was drunk or only ignorant, I said nothing, and came away." He added: "I know you and several other British gentlemen, and am therefore aware that you are not all of the same *colour* (their idiom to express being all of the same class, all alike), but such acts make people without science detest the British name." He also mentioned that some time ago his father had an appointment with a gentleman, and on his way to it passed through part of the British camp. I think it was at Lahore. A European came up and asked to see a book he had in his hand. Murtiza Shah handed it to him, and in return he struck him on the leg with a heavy bar of iron until the blood gushed out.

The gentleman Murtiza Shah was going to was very much annoyed, but nothing was done.

Now in these two cases both father and son were well dressed, the latter well mounted, with a servant after him, and both very gentlemanly in appearance, so that the Quartermaster Sergeant calls the son "the young Prince;" so you may imagine how such people would behave to a poor or ill dressed man. I asked C. how it was that such an assault was was not severely punished. He said, I little knew the way in which officers will screen their men in such cases.

In the evening Abdulrahmán Khán came while we were at dinner. We handed him a box of Kabul grapes, which he ate, jauntily flinging the skins over his shoulder against the wall, evidently thinking himself the very mirror of good manners. It was done with such simplicity that I could hardly forbear laughing.

After dinner C. read with him the last chapters of the Gospel of Luke.

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He had brought back the Testament my husband had given him, but had evidently not read it all, for when he came to the part where the Jews cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" he could not forbear bursting out with a most emphatic exclamation of "Kambacht!" ("You luckless wretches!") and as he went on he uttered constantly an Arabic appellation to the Most High, signifying, "Why are such crimes permitted?" When we related this to Mr. Janvier, he told us that a compositor in their printing-office exclaimed, when he came to the same part, "It was from gross jealousy that they put him to death!"

December 25th, 1847.—C. and I profited by his holiday by taking a walk together. Such lovely bright cold mornings and such brilliant starlight nights we have now. Certainly at this time of year the climate is the finest in the world.

In the evening C. took me to the Lines, that I might see his men building. I was struck by their quiet behaviour. They make mortar by the simple process of pouring water into a pit and trampling earth into it. The bricks are merely sun dried. The 2nd company, which has a Sikh at its head, have worked with more zeal than discretion, and have, in their haste, built their doorways quite crooked.

There are three barracks to a company, each containing eight rooms or houses, in each of which there are about three Sepáhis. The Native officers are allowed a certain sum to build houses for themselves, according to their rank, and when a regiment leaves the station, it receives compensation for its lines, if they are in good order.

I saw no women, and only one little child, besides a baby of the Sergeant-Major's, a most beautiful, stout, blooming Irish babe, of seven months old, of which its little Hindustani Ayah—for all the soldiers' wives have one—seemed very proud. European children thrive admirably here. I never saw finer babes.

A poor bombardier and his wife came to chapel last Sunday, and to our house afterwards to tea. They seem Christian people by what Captain C. told us of them, yet there they are in that wretched barrack night and day. He complained bitterly of the fearful temptations surrounding them; they have no place wherein to pray, and can never join in prayer together, but when they wish for uninterrupted communion with God they take a walk by themselves. Is not this another proof of the sin of herding men and women together, as they do in barracks?

January 15th, 1847.—Sometime ago C. dispatched a party to apprehend deserters. While so doing they were laid hold of by the civil power and put into prison, whereby five of the captured deserters escaped. C. has had a long correspondence with the different authorities on the subject, and sent word to his Havildar and men to *stay* in prison until they were released in proper form. This, however, they were not permitted to do, the authorities finding themselves in a scrape thrust them out. So a few days ago, I was astonished to see a tall, fine-looking Sikh take off his turban and place it on the chair. I seized the opportunity of looking at his long hair, which was turned up in a most complicated manner and fastened by a red comb. I found afterwards, that he did this to express the depths of dishonour into which he had fallen. Had he been condoled with, he would have been a discontented man for the rest of his days, so C. told him impatiently to put on his turban and depart: adding, "The matter is no business of yours, the concern is *mine*;" he accordingly went away, convinced of the truth of this assertion, which, I think, it would have been next to impossible to imprint on the mind of a John Bull, who had been imprisoned for doing his duty. He never could have borne to be thus violently deprived of his grievance.

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The Sikhs, they say, are less superstitious than the Hindus. I was astonished at the Granthí or priest of the regiment bringing his sacred book the *Granth** (a title I can never hear without laughing) for me to see, thinking I might like to copy some of the pictures, which I intend doing, though certainly not account of their beauty.

Mr. E. and Major MacDonald dined with us the other night, and were speaking of the Afghán character, and saying how much these wild people prefer Europeans to Hindustánís, for whose soft character they have the greatest contempt. Major MacDonald mentioned as an instance of this, that a noted Afghán wrestler tried his skill with an officer, who gave him a severe fall. When he got up again, the officer said to him, "I am afraid I have hurt you?" "Do you take me for a Hindustání?" was the indignant reply, and springing up in the air the wrestler allowed himself to fall violently on his knees, which were, in consequence, frightfully cut. "Do you take me for a Hindústaní?" asked he again. Mr. E. told us that last summer the authorities at Simla were beset by a crowd of half-starved and maimed men, women, and children, who had all but perished in the snows of Afghánistan. They cried for succour—the men in office said it was no business of theirs, and sent them to and fro, until, wearied with the sight of their misery, they ordered the police to turn them out of Simla—and these poor creatures, our own fellow-subjects, who had lost everything but life itself in our service, were driven forth to perish. Mr. E. indignantly expressed his opinion of such an action to Colonel ——, who answered, coolly, "Why, what could be done?"—Done! why they might, should, and *ought* to have been provided for at the expense of the Government; it was a sacred debt, both of honour and justice, and if the Government had made difficulties, why could not these men in high office have helped them out of their own pockets? I should feel it a disgrace and a sin, if a discharged soldier or a poor camp-follower went from our door unpitied and unrelieved, whether we could afford it or not. By-the-by, many of the disbanded Afgháns of whom I told you some time ago can get no employment though they have been discharged *without* bounty, on the understanding that, according to promise, they would be provided for. Some of those who went on to Lahore, finding no employment there, wrote a petition to my husband, begging to be received into his regiment, but this cannot be done as Major Mackeson opposes it, not liking, I believe, the admixture of Afgháns and Sikhs. Another set of them are waiting here. They came the other morning to see how their affairs were going on; such a fine set of men, each with his medal, and some with two. C. told them nothing had been done, that he had got no answer to his letters. "Well," said they, "our only dependence is on you—we cling to your Lordship's skirt." "But," said my husband, "if you pull too hard my Lordship's skirt will tear!" at which little joke they all laughed.

Now that we dine late, Abdulrahmán Khán often occupies himself when he pays us evening visit, by saying his prayers in the corner while we eat our soup. One of our men died the other day; he was an only child, and his poor old father, a venerable-looking Sikh peasant, came to receive his pay. It touched one to see the desolate white-bearded man, but C. said kind things to him, and gave him something to help him on his journey home.

Another disbanded soldier came to us the other day, an Afghán of Ferris's Jezailchís, a very fine athletic man, who had not eaten for three days. Certainly some record ought to be made of Government promises, that one Governor-General may fulfil those given by his predecessor.

* Pronounced "Grunt."

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Monday, January 17th.—Mr. Janvier brought over Capt. W., who has for the last seven or eight years studied the Scriptures in Urdú and Hindúí, for the purpose of making himself useful among the natives. He assembles his servants for reading and prayer, morning and evening, distributes tracts, and enters into conversation on religion whenever he can make an opportunity. Good Major Wheeler at Benáres openly preaches to the Sepáhis, but although Capt. W. does not do this, yet when he takes his books, and goes to visit a village, the Sepáhis say, "Let us follow our Padre, with his books, and hear what he says." The Molewi of his corps has been much oppressed by the other Mussulmans for the interest he evinced in Christianity: he appears at present to have gone back.

Capt. W. mentioned an incident which shows how useful it is to give away tracts. He was speaking to a man whom he met by chance on the subject of salvation, and was astonished at his knowledge. He asked how he came to know these things, and the man told him that a Sáhib had given him a book, which he not only read himself, but which his neighbours constantly came to his house to hear. Mrs. W. also told me that when she used to translate one of the tracts for children which abound at home, to her little native school at Benáres, the children would listen with the greatest interest and cry, "Oh, why don't the people in England send *us* such little books, we should like to read them just as much as the children in England."

In the afternoon Capt. W. went into the city, and after one of the catechists had done speaking, addressed the people himself. The next day, before starting, he accompanied Mr. Janvier and Mr. Rudolph to visit a Dhobí, who is to be hanged to-morrow for the murder of his wife. She was unfaithful: he cut her throat, and then delivered himself up to the kotwal, or native magistrate. They found him perfectly callous and unmoved. He said, "God put it into his heart to kill his wife, so that if there were anything wrong in it, it was not *his* fault: what did it signify whether he were hanged to-morrow or not, he must die some day." Mr. Rudolph plainly told him, "You will bitterly regret to-morrow at this time not having listened to us to-day;" but no impression could be made on this wretched Hindu. He said, "If I have sinned I shall atone for it to-morrow:" and thus he left the world, in the full persuasion that he would be happy in the next.

Agha Múhammad told us a most excellent answer that he had himself heard at Peshâwur. One day he and his father were paying a visit to Abdul Sammad Beg, that wretched Persian of whom you can see an account in "Wolff's Book," and who was the principal adviser of the tyrant of Bokhara, on the occasion of Stoddart and Conolly's murder: some refugees of our unfortunate Kabul force having also had their throats publicly cut before the gates of the city by his orders. This monster had a negro servant, a remarkably devout Mussalmân, who never omitted the five prayers daily, and was looked upon as a saint.

Abdul Sammad was telling his visitors what a heavenly man this was, when the negro entered bearing a pipe. His master said to him, "I was just saying what a devout man you are, that you are sure to go to heaven: tell me, what do you think of me? do you think I shall?" The negro looked him full between the eyes and answered gravely, "Heaven is not a stable," meaning where swine and dogs and such as you may enter. Agha Múhammad said that Abdul Sammad tried to laugh, but evidently felt the rebuke.

In no other country is there such a gulf between the different classes, in regard to kindly feeling and intercourse, as in England, and especially England Proper. See the difference in Germany, for instance; the

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respectful familiarity between officers and men in the Prussian army. The more I see of other countries, the more forcibly English exclusiveness strikes me as a very bad national peculiarity. It is a thing wholly unknown in the East, where servants and masters, rich and poor, behave to each other much as I suppose they did in patriarchal times.

The Náig of our guard reported last night that a young Sepáhi having burnt his leg, the cold had increased the pain to such a degree that he was unfit for duty. He was quite a lad; C. sent for him, gave him a dose of arnica, and tied up his leg with cotton with his own hands. The pain went off almost immediately: we kept him here all the next day, that he might take more arnica, and his father and mother, who live quite near the Lines that they may look after their boy and cook for him, brought him his dinner.

January 20th.—This morning, as we were taking our usual walk, we met an officer's servant with a curious sort of weapon in his hand: it was a kind of battle-axe with a long red handle. He told us he carried it as a protection against thieves, and showed us how he folded it in his garment, so that they cannot tell, said he, what I have here. Fancy a gentleman's servant carrying such a weapon in England?

CHAPTER XI.

January 29th.—Agha Múhammad came full of joy to tell us, first, that he was likely to win his law-suit here, and secondly, what was still better, that his wife and little brother had escaped from Afghánistan and were now at Pesháwur, on their way thither. At first he used the general term "my household," but then added, confidentially, "that is my wife," and his eye glistened. He said, "Many of my people take more than one wife, but I am sure that it is not only wicked but foolish; there are always jealousies and heart-burnings, and those who do so are sure to eat sorrow for it at last."

Abdul Rahmán Khán came in last night. C. mentioned the fact of Abdulla Khán Achakzai having buried his elder brother in the ground up to the neck, tied a rope round his throat, fastened a horse to the other end of it, and drove the animal round and round until his brother expired. Abdul Rahmán could not deny the fact, so he uttered two or three groans, and then betook himself to his prayers in the corner of the room. My naughty little dog no sooner saw this, than he must needs go curiously prying into his performances—peering into his face and distracting the pious Mussalmán with his unorthodox attentions, and it was only by constant feeding I could keep him away. The Hindustanís are rather fond of dogs, the Hindus very much so; but the Afgháns have a true Mussláman sense of their uncleanness.

A Bombardier's wife has been telling me much of Captain C.'s kindness to the sick. I find she was in the barracks of the 50th at the time they fell down last year. She and some other women had been sent up to join their husbands after the Satlej campaign. They arrived at Loodiana, I think, in June. There was no place for them to go to, and for some days they lived in their hackeries* in the midst of the hot winds; at last they were housed, and some were sent to the 50th lines. The very night they got into their new quarters the barracks fell, and their end was the only portion that remained standing. They had been obliged to have a guard of Sepáhis to protect them from the insolence of the British soldiers, some

* Carts.

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of whom being intoxicated, had endeavoured to force their way into the women's quarters. All their guard were killed except one, a young Havildar, who had kindly gone to fetch a light for one of the poor women whose child was just dying. He was in the act of giving them this light when all the rest of the building fell, and thus owed his life to this act of kindness.

Mrs. Janvier and I went to see Hasan Khân's wives the other day. They were full of the execution which took place lately, and thought it very wrong to hang a man for such a cause, saying that in their country a man had a right to kill an unfaithful wife, and besides, he was "so young." I could not help thinking there was much excuse for him.

February 15th, 1848.—We have been walking daily of late, for it has been too cold to drive in the evening. The men have got their great-coats just as they were beginning to die from exposure to the cold with insufficient clothing. A hundred are still waiting for their arms, and have been so since November, for want of workmen to make and alter their belts, pouches, &c. Just imagine the consequences if the regiment had been needed for active service. The arms were indented for last May. My husband applied to Government for information as to what clothing he was to indent for, and whom he was to get it from, and did not receive an answer for months afterwards, and, therefore, could not indent until late in the autumn, and the men are nine months in arrears of pay. I was amused at seeing a stout Sikh Havildar, with a magnificent beard, sitting working at something close to my tailor.

The new Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, has done a deed which exalts him greatly in our opinions. C. applied some time ago for pensions for some of his maimed and wounded Jezailchis. He was desired to state what pension he thought suitable, and named ten or twelve rupees a month for Kajjír and Kabbír, the former of whom lost both hands and feet, and the latter both legs up to the knees by the frost, and seven or eight for Múhammad Khân, Gúlfraz, and Gúlnúr, all of whom have lost a portion of their toes. "The Governor-General has granted this, authorized my husband to pay the pensions at once, and commended him for bringing the case to the notice of Government." Gúlnúr is the one who came down a little while ago from Pesháwur to see my husband, and Gúlfraz, who was in the Banda Police Battalion, is going with Múhammad Khân to live among their own people in the neighbourhood of Pesháwur. Múhammad Khân amused me very much the other evening by coming to report formally that he had met Major Mackeson, who had inquired his name, what he was doing, &c.; he had answered all his inquiries cautiously, stating that C. had "nourished him very considerably," and then came to reveal the matter, being evidently quite unable to fathom the motive of these questions, and determined, with the characteristic caution and suspiciousness of his countrymen, that his old leader should not be circumvented through any fault of his. We have just heard, to our great regret, that poor Kajjír is dead. Delay of justice is immediate injustice.

We are far from the security of European existence. A poor Sáis here stole some radishes out of a garden. He put them in a little pot, and was stooping down to wash them when, as it is supposed, the owner of the garden came behind him, and with one blow severed his head from his body. It made one's heart ache to hear of it.

Talking of superior security, however, Major Mackeson told me a Persian story last night of a party of pleasure going in a boat, whose enjoyment was quite marred by the incessant crying of a child whom they had brought with them. One of them proposed putting him into the water,

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which was done, and after he had been thoroughly ducked, he was so convinced of the superior safety of the boat that he became quite quiet and contented.

This was on Carlyle's principle, an excellent one to act upon.—"Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot."

I have been working hard at Talbotypes, and have made one of a camel carriage—it is really very pretty.

The Government is extremely dissatisfied with Gulab Sing's oppression of his unfortunate subjects, and one of Lord Hardinge's last acts was to write a letter to the Maharajah (the contents of which, if known, would throw the whole of Kashmír into insurrection) saying that if he did not mend his behaviour, the British would leave him to shift for himself.

March 3rd and 4th.—My husband was occupied all the morning in paying his men in the verandah. The whole house was surrounded by them, and the sweetmeat makers had the audacity to come close by, and tempt the poor young Sepáhis with great trays of Mitai. One of our Sáises assured us that a man may have half a seer, *i. e.* a pound of meat and a seer of flour every day for three rupees monthly. Sepáhi's pay is seven rupees a month. The whole expense of the regiment is about 10,000 rupees monthly. This is considered a very expensive place.

There have been divers remarks in the papers lately, on the small results of the Government scheme of education. At present history and *belles lettres* are the two objects to which the attention of the students is chiefly directed; and history, more as a matter of memory than of philosophy. They read Bacon's "Novum Organum," but that is the only work I know of, of a deep character. Their education strikes me as a feminine one, and receiving no religious instruction, they are deprived of the best part of English female education, of that which does more to strengthen and form the character than any other. Dr. Duff's remarks on the plan of education pursued in the Hindú College, in a recent number of the "Missionary Record," are most true. There is nothing to strengthen or expand the mind; the memory and taste are cultivated, *mais voilà tout.*

There is no excuse for not introducing Christian instruction, for the education given is entirely contrary to all the native prejudices—it deprives the pupils of their superstitions, and leaves them a prey to infidelity. Thus the Government denies them bread, takes away their loaves of stone, and gives them a serpent. The objections made to Christian education always rest on the ostensible basis of danger in meddling with the religion of the natives; but I suppose even an unbeliever would hardly maintain, that there was anything wrong or dangerous in giving the knowledge of the Gospel to those who professed no religion at all. Now the Government schools entirely overthrow Hindúism, and thus having done all the dangerous part of the work, they carefully abstain from that which they themselves must acknowledge to be beneficial. They destroy but will not build.

Query, is there any instance of a Heathen, Múhammadan, or Popish Government abstaining from all interference with the religion of a conquered people? If they are not afraid to introduce error, why should we be afraid to introduce truth.* If the Government professes Christianity,

* There never was a nation, except professedly Christian and Protestant ones, which did not consider religion as the most essential part of education. English education of any sort, even mere geography and chronology, overthrows the Hindu creed. Why should we not at least *offer* something better in the place of that we destroy? That we do destroy is granted by Mr. Kerr, Principal of the Hindu College,

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let them not support Heathen schools. Let them as Christians make grants towards all Christian schools, according to the number of their pupils. Let all offices and employments be open to Christians, Mussalmans, and Hindús, irrespective of religion; let all have the opportunity of embracing Christianity, but let none be either rewarded or punished for doing so.

Met Mr. Scott of the Civil Service, who told me that the Sikhs (you must remember that the Sikhs are a sect, the Panjábis a people) are so few that in the Jallandar Doab there is not one Sikh in a hundred inhabitants. They always call their sacred book "The Granth Sahib." Mr. Scott told me he had had many suits to settle regarding land which has been left for the support of the Granth Sahib. A census of the population of Lahore has just been published, and although the number of Sikhs, even in the capital, is very small, no beef is allowed there. In Jallandar, where sometime ago they made a "fassád," *i.e.*, a fuss, commotion, or rebellion, on the establishment of one shop for killing and selling beef, they now submit patiently to the presence of *five* such.

I am happy to say a good many Thugs were captured the other day, and more are being pursued; they abound just now in this neighbourhood.

On reading with the Munshí yesterday in the Acts, of the people at Jerusalem casting off their clothes from rage, I found that the same thing is sometimes done in this country. The garments are also rent in mourning, both by Múhammadans and Hindús, but more by the latter. When a death occurs, a woman of the caste called Dóms, who are musicians and singers, goes to the house and leads the lamentation, in which the women of the family join, beating themselves and tearing their hair.

Leila Bibí having expressed a wish to learn to read, I have had Louisa Sylvester taught the Hindustaní character, and she has been several times to teach her; she is very quick, and I hope will be persevering. Louisa has also read a chapter of the "Pilgrim's Progress" to her in Hindustaní, and explained it, and she seemed to understand and to be interested. The other day Leila Bibí and Louisa had an argument on Múhammadism and Christianity: it was, as you may suppose, not a very learned or logical discussion, but they showed the popular idea of their religion by saying that no matter what a man did in this life, after death he had only to go to Múhammad, and, for the sake of "the Prophet," God would pardon all his sins. Louisa answered that if it were thus, a man might sin as much as he liked, kill six or eight people, commit a good many robberies, and divers other sins, and yet be sure of heaven at last. They say, "Oh, that would not do; that they would be punished for their sins, but only a little." Like all Múhammadans, they attacked the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, because they cannot understand it. An evening or two after, Louisa met several wives of one of the Shahzádehs, who desired her to ask me to allow her to come and speak to them also. Golak Náth, the native minister, told us on Sunday that, at Jallandar, not only do many women of the poorer classes come to see them and listen willingly to what they say of the Gospel, but those of higher rank, who cannot come out themselves, often send to ask his wife to visit them for the express purpose of hearing something about this "new religion," and always listen to her patiently. There is an immense field for female Missionaries in this part of the country, but, unfortunately, there is scarcely any one to enter upon it.

who thus writes—"It is sometimes said that the education we give makes our students sceptical. It does make them sceptical—sceptical of all those degrading ideas with which the notion of a Deity is associated in Hindu minds." ("A Review of Public Instruction in the Bengal Presidency from 1835 to 1851," by J. Kerr, M.A.)

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Mr. Janvier has just returned from his tour, and gives a very encouraging account of the manner in which he has been everywhere received, and the opportunities he has had of maintaining the truths of the Gospel before divers men of rank and learned Mullahs, whom he has, in every case, been enabled to silence, and although it was reported that he had been defeated, yet he said that it was a great satisfaction to him to know that whatever they might say, from 50 to 150 persons had been present in each instance, all of whom had heard with their own ears that their most famous Molevis had been nonplussed.

One of these Molevis is said to be the greatest and most learned man north of Delhi. He affects such a degree of sanctity that he never goes out. Sometime ago a man of high rank came with a great retinue to see him, pitched his tents at a little distance, and sent word to him of his arrival, stating how far he had come on purpose to see him, thinking that the Molevi would surely relax a little in favour of a man of his consequence; but the latter sent for answer, that, since he had come so far, he might as well come a little further. But the Nawáb, being as proud as the Mullah, struck his tents and departed without seeing him.

This learned personage sent to ask Mr. Janvier to come to him. He accordingly went, and found a fine looking man, with a magnificent black beard, who was at first too prudent to say much, leaving the discussion to his disciples; he at last came to their rescue and endeavoured to browbeat Mr. Janvier, who checked him by observing that it was not the proper way of carrying on a discussion of such importance. He then repeated what he had before advanced, and at last they were left without a reply. He took leave in a friendly manner, and the brother of the Molevi afterwards came to visit him.

He found many reports rife among the natives, that converts were bribed by the Missionaries, and supported at their expense, so he publicly invited them to send some one to Loodiana to ascertain.

A man once stopped him in the bazár at Loodiana, saying he was willing to be a Christian, and wishing to know how much he would give. Another came to one of the Missionaries, and said, they dressed so cleanly, and fed so well, that he would like to be a Christian; and a third went to Golak a short time since, and asked for Christian instruction. After a few meetings it appeared that he was a man of property, who had a suit which he is likely to lose, pending before Mr. John Lawrence, the Commissioner, and therefore wished to be "of the religion of John Lawrence Sáhib;" but finding that Golak was a Presbyterian, and had no influence, spiritual or political, with the Commissioner, he departed. So men followed Jesus to feed on the loaves and fishes; so they ofttimes come to his servants from merely mercenary views, and numbers of the Europeans you meet in India, having no knowledge or belief in the great work of the Spirit, deny the possibility of converting the Natives, and think that all the converts have been bribed. I do not know how they could account for the conversion of their own barbarous ancestors. They seem to say that the Lord's hand is "shortened, that it cannot save." I do not understand how any one who does not pray for and help Missions (much less any one who opposes them), can use the Lord's Prayer, and say daily "Thy kingdom come."

Many Europeans treat the natives more like brutes than men: they seem to think a native is made to be abused and beaten, and the most vulgar parvenus treat native gentlemen as the dirt beneath their feet. I will give you two instances of the ungentlemanly and unchristian tone of Indian society and opinions in this respect. In some notes of a journey from Agra to Bombay, in 1841, now publishing in the "Delhi Gazette," the writer says, "I managed to bag a few peachicks, *though the people do*

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not like them to be shot, and at one place we met with some grey partridges, which the Zamindárs (landholders) wished to be spared. *As we had no occasion for their good offices* for supplies, but rather required the birds, there was little hesitation in bagging all I could." Again, the "Delhi Gazette" announces that "an unfortunate accident has occurred to a young officer, who, of course, is a kind-hearted man and greatly beloved in his corps." What do you think this accident is? When out shooting, he became enraged with his unfortunate Sáís, and gave him a kick on the back, of which the poor man died in a few minutes, the spleen having been broken by the kick! Men can restrain their tempers when a stout hackney coachman or coal heaver is abusive, because they are afraid: they can even keep from striking their servants in England, because they would be punished by law; but here, because they know that they are the strongest, they are cowardly enough to tyrannize over every one who happens to thwart their childish humours. Our turkey-cock is a great curiosity in these parts: the Sikh cultivators all come to look at him as they pass, and when he gobbles and struts they run away.

March 22nd.—Mr. Newton came to ask me to visit one of Shah Zemán's widows, who is very ill. Mrs. Newton and I accordingly drove thither. All that was to be seen of the house outside was a high mud wall, like that round a large garden: a door in it led into a little court, where a fine cow and calf and a pair of very handsome oxen (intended, I suppose, to draw the Palkígárí which stood outside) were eating. Our guide knocked with his stick at a very low door, so that a person outside could see nothing of one within higher than the elbow: it was soon opened, and we entered and found ourselves in a neat little garden full of onions, from whence another door led into a row of very clean neat apartments, in one of which the poor old lady was sitting up in bed, wrapped in a quilt; two chairs were placed for us. The Shahzadeh, her son, and a row of women, were all sitting on the floor, watching the incantations of a strange veiled figure, who turned out to be a native "wise woman" performing charms for the poor old lady's recovery. She has been ill more than two months and had hardly any pulse, though she moved wonderfully well. Two elderly unmarried daughters were near her: it is strange how immediately I recognized them as such without being told,—there is something quite different in the look of a married woman and an old maid.

Shah Zemán seems, at least in these instances, to have followed the same preposterous system as his brother Shah Shujah, by not suffering his daughters to marry. The old lady must have been handsome in her youth, and was very courteous and grieved when I stood up to help her. The Shahzadeh was very attentive to her: a handsome man when sitting, though very short and stout, magnificent eyes, eyebrows, and beard. Divers of his wives were there; one rather pretty, with a saucy, pert expression, the other very gentle and the mother of two very pretty delicate little boys, dressed in yellow satin, one of whom went to Mrs. Newton at once and fell asleep in her arms. I prescribed for the poor old lady, who encouraged us by saying that if she got well we must come again and she would give a Nách! All the ladies were smoking by turns, one chillam being passed round; they offered it to us, and when we declined, one of them, more knowing than the rest, observed, "Ah, they smoke cheroots!"

March 23rd.—Mrs. Newton and I were just going to see the poor old Bégum when Múhammad Khán told us that she was dead. She died last night, and was buried to-day about one o'clock. He had been to the house to join in certain prayers for her soul. On finding, however, that they had sent last night after we had gone out to ask me to come to her,

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Mrs. N. and I agreed it would be better to call and see the family, that they might not think us unkind or neglectful. A respectable grey-bearded man showed us the way to the woman's apartments and garden, the other side of the house being occupied by the men. Prince Teimur's buggy was standing at the door, he having come to pay a visit of condolence. We found the garden full of women of all ranks, so that it was a gay rather than a mournful scene. Some of Shah Shujah's family were seated on a kind of terrace spread with carpets, where they invited us to sit; and after talking to them a little, they asked us to go within to see the nearer relations. Two of these, daughters of the poor old lady, seemed in real grief; it is not *etiquette* for them to speak, but they may be spoken to. One of them seemed as if she had wept until she could weep no more, and she occasionally groaned and rocked herself; we sat down by them and expressed our sympathy, but the other women showed no signs of feeling. The pretty saucy little creature we had seen the day before talked and smiled close to them, and almost all the other women begged me to feel their pulses, and to prescribe for different aches and pains. One or two gently pulled my skirt to make me look round, that they might see the Feringhí lady properly. In order to introduce the subject on which we most wished to speak, Mrs. Newton told them that I was in mourning for my dear father, but that I thought of him with joy as now with God.

When we returned to the Bégums, outside, one of the women repeated to them what Mrs. Newton had said, which gave her the opportunity of telling that it was only through Jesus, "Isa Masíh," that we could be saved. They seemed to assent, but then began another list of maladies; they were very anxious to know which was Mackenzie Sahíb's "Mem," and said they knew all about him. There were several women there of great beauty, as fair as Europeans, with a very noble style of features and winning manners. There was also the first really beautiful Kashmirí I have seen, rather dark, but such eyes, nose, and mouth! She looked like one of the most beautiful of the Greek Bacchante. They wanted us to stay to the feast, but this we could not do, as Mrs. Newton was anxious to get home. Indeed, the noise and crowd were quite fatiguing; it was more like a fair than a funeral. They wore colours as usual, but no ornaments. It makes one's heart ache to think of the poor old Bégum having passed into eternity, and of all these passing away ignorant and heedless of a Saviour. Near relations visit them for three or ten days, and on the first and fortieth day all their acquaintance go, and there is a feast for them and for the poor.

Saturday, 25th March.—Two of the invalids we had seen on Thursday sent for medicine, and one earnestly begged we would come to see her. Mrs. Newton and I therefore went, and were conducted first to Shahzadeh Yusuf's, where we found cushions on the floor for our reception; a handsome man, whom we concluded to be the Shahzadeh, and a crowd of women speedily came and sat around us. My patient was a young unmarried girl, who suffers dreadfully from headaches, and had just had leeches on. I prescribed for her; her father, a remarkably fine looking man, with a magnificent beard, standing at the door, so we concluded he must be a brother of our host, as the women were all unveiled. Some of the women were very handsome, particularly one who had stained all the upper half of her forehead a bright yellow; a boy about twelve years old had also yellow stripes on his cheeks like whiskers. Our host, after I had prescribed, asked if I were married—if I had children, and why I wore black, and pressed us to eat; and when we declined, they asked if we would come to a Khána (dinner) if they invited us beforehand, which

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we promised to do. I must not omit to say, that in going out we passed through a little passage room where two men were sawing wood, and a goat was lying in one corner; in fact, it was her stable.

Close by the door was a pedestal of mud (of which, by the way, all our houses here are built) about a yard square. I had seen an arm-chair placed on this as we entered, and wondered what it was there for; but in coming out we found rather a good-looking personage, another Shahzadeh, perched thereon. He wished me to give him some medicine for a lump on his hand, but I promised him a note to the doctor instead. We then went on to Shahzadeh Suleimán. It was a very poor house, and everything in their dress, as well as in the building, betokened the reduced circumstances of this grandson of the once mighty Shah Zemán. He was sitting in a kind of open shed (such as they put carts into in England) smoking his chillam, and we found his wife was the handsome creature, with such noble features, whom we had met at the funeral. As we could not make all the needful inquiries about her health with the Shahzadeh sitting by, Mrs. Newton mentioned this to him. He nodded his head and then sent away his pipe, thinking, poor simple man, that it was that which was in our way, so we were obliged to explain that it was his highness's self. After I had given her the medicine, her eldest boy, a beautiful child about nine years old, with a fine emerald in one ear, took hold of Mrs. Newton's hand, and remarked on the difference of colour. They asked us why we did not make a little spot between the eyebrows as they do. Mrs. Newton retorted, "Why do you do it?" which made them laugh. We declined staying to eat anything, on the plea that our husbands would have no breakfast till we got home. They then offered to send us some, and inquired if we would eat out of their hands. We assured them that we would with pleasure another time. I have inquired about the yellow colour on the forehead and cheeks, and find it is used medicinally; they pound a certain wood called sirk, and spread it on the head for pain in the head, on the cheeks for pain in the throat.

April 14th, 1848.—We have been once or twice to see the Shahzadeh Suleimán's Bégums, if they can be called so when reduced to such poverty. We met an old woman there with her grey hair dyed red; she said it was good for her eyes, which are weak, but it had a very odd effect.

The Nizam-u-Doulah has been here with his eldest son, a very fine young man, who has lately escaped from Kandáhar. Kohan Dil Khán, a Bárakzai, and one of the Amírs of Kandáhar, caught this young man, put chains on his hands and feet, and a heavy iron collar on his neck,—most shameful treatment for a man whose nobility is a match for almost any in Europe. Not satisfied with this, he ordered him to be hanged; but no sooner did Kohan Dil's Pír, or saint, hear of this monstrous order, than he came into the town, and said, "Do you want to bring a curse on your house by slaying Abbas Khán? Give him to me! not a hair of his head shall be touched!" He accordingly took him away, and finding his life was still in danger, sent him across the hills with a guide. They rode, and they ran, so that they nearly killed their horses, and barely escaped from their pursuers. Abbas Khán is a very handsome and most gentlemanly man; his hands and clothes as delicately clean as those of an English gentleman.

I had slight fever on Sunday, 16th, and have not been quite well since until to-day; this is the first time I have been feverish since I came to India; surely I have great cause of thankfulness in such good health. Golak Nath dined with us last evening (April 19th); he has just returned from the great fair at Hurdwar. Mr. Rudolph was so overcome by the extreme heat, which was upwards of 100° in the tent, that he became very

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ill, and was obliged to return some days ago. Golak says hundreds came to receive books, and each of the missionaries (there were only about four or five present this year) continues in his tent preaching and speaking to the people the whole day while the fair lasts. Imagine the toil in such a climate. Hurdwar is not far from the hills, and the nights are so cold that they are glad to use a quilt. He says that the chief difference he remarks in the behaviour of the natives is, that they are perhaps more willing to hear than they used to be, and at any rate more willing to dispute and discuss the subject of religion. They know now the object of the missionaries, and have a general idea of what Christianity is. Golak overheard one warning another against going to the missionaries, saying, "You will hear nothing but things against Múhammad."

April 24th, 1848.—I was touched the other day by the poverty of an old Afghán retainer of Shah Shujah's, whom Dr. M'Crae has lately couched at my husband's request, with partial success. He is so much reduced (having lost everything) that he said, "I live upon fasting, and the day when a little Dál (dried pease) is cooked in my house is a feast." He said it quite simply, without making any parade, and accepted C.'s gift with quiet thankfulness. I remarked the reverence and tenderness with which his son supported him—and Abdulrahmán Khán tells us that this son has refused all offers of service in order to take care of his old father. Indeed filial affection is a very pleasing trait in the Afgháns generally. Múhammad Khán has left us for Pesháwur. He thanked us both so nicely before he went, and said that if he had offended in anything he hoped to be forgiven. I took a sketch of him, and we were really grieved to part with him. We gave him a Pushtú Bible, as he can read a little.

CHAPTER XII.

April 26th, 1848.—We received a note from Mrs. W. this morning, telling us that our poor friend Mr. Anderson had been attacked at Multan, whither he had accompanied Mr. Vans Agnew as Political Assistant, and both wounded. One account says Mr. Agnew is dead. After this we heard reports that both were killed, and a large force under Brigadier Campbell was ordered to Multán.

April 28th.—Heard that poor Mr. Anderson was certainly killed, the British force countermanded, and a force of 7000 Sikhs is sent to Multán, where it will probably join the rebels.

We can hardly believe that that gentlemanly, high-spirited young man, has met such a fearful death. Mr. Cocks mentions that the last conversation he had with him was about us. We rejoiced to hear of his appointment. He left Lahore about the 4th of April, and must have met his death almost immediately on arriving. Mr. Cocks mentions both, as so very different from the usual run of young men, both having strong religious feelings.

This has almost put the French revolution and its impending consequences out of our thoughts, and it is with inexpressible pain we think of poor "Willie" Anderson's flaxen hair, that used to wave to and fro when he amused the children by playing at "cock," floating on the point of a spear; for they are said to have cut off their heads and paraded them about. May God comfort the families of both!

May 3rd.—General Gilbert, who was here the other day, told C. divers anecdotes of the wars in Lord Lake's time, in which he served. A little before this period there was no higher rank in India than Captain. As soon as a man got his Captaincy he was appointed to a regiment, and

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drew the allowances for 1000, though he never had above 200 men. This was the general practice and universally known. But when the regiment was wanted for service, its Commandant immediately raised and armed the full complement, and did his work well.

Friday, May 5th.—As far as we can gather, the true account of our poor friend Lieutenant Anderson's death seems to be as follows:—He accompanied Mr. Agnew as his assistant to Multán, where they were to instal a new Sikh Governor in the place of the Dewan Mulráj. Prior to doing this, Mr. Agnew demanded a statement of accounts from the Dewan, which the latter refused to give, and wished his successor to be installed at once. Mr. Agnew went to the Fort, which contained some thousand soldiers, leaving matters in this unsettled state with Mulráj, and imprudently enough told the soldiers that such as were fit would be entertained and the rest discharged. This, of course, was very unsatisfactory news to them, several of whom assailed him and Mr. Anderson as they were leaving the Fort. The horse of the latter shied into a ditch, and it was while extricating himself that he received several wounds. He and Mr. Agnew managed, however, to reach their camp, and when, a few hours after, they saw a large body coming to attack them, they took refuge, with their escort of 200 men, in a small Idgah, where they defended themselves until their men, either bribed or intimidated, surrendered. The enemy made a rush, and both fell almost at the first fire. Lieutenant Anderson was too much disabled to resist, but Mr. Agnew fired both barrels of his gun and killed one man. Their heads were cut off and paraded about on poles, and their bodies exposed to a thousand indignities. The new Governor, Khân Sing, and two native artillerymen, stood by them to the last, and the former is now a prisoner.

Not content with confiscating General Ventura's Jághír, the authorities (I believe during the absence of Sir H. Lawrence) thought that General Ventura's handsome house and garden at Lahore very suitable for a Residency—so they took it! and when the General, naturally enough, requested that as they had taken his house, they would at least pay for it, this was refused on pleas worthy of the meanest attorney in Chancery-lane. He said he thought they should have acted differently towards "un vieux militaire," but he found that Major Mackeson had told him truly when he said, "General, in this country an individual has no rights." He had received a letter from a Sikh Sirdár, who was so agreeable and friendly that when any Englishman went into the Panjáb in Lord Auckland's time, they always requested that he might be appointed their Mehmândár or Host. He thus had constant opportunities of conferring obligations on British officers, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards: all of them were lavish in their expressions of gratitude till the Sikh war broke out, and the British took possession of the protected States on the side of the Satlej, and proclaimed that all proprietors who did not join them should have their property confiscated. Among others, this Sirdár had a house in Loodiana, but the chief part of his property being across the Satlej, of course he did not come in, and yet, since the peace, in spite of all the professions of friendship he received, and in spite of the unreasonableness of expecting him to turn traitor to his own Government, he has never been able to get back his house. He said to General Ventura that "he hoped he would not find the English what they had been to himself, full of protestations of friendship when they could get anything from you, and as soon as you can be of no further use they throw you overboard."*

* The Court of Directors has since purchased General Ventura's Jághír for a considerable sum.

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A very enterprising merchant here, Nabí Baksh by name, set up a soda-water machine and makes excellent soda-water. Some time since Nabí Baksh called upon different officers here (beginning with the senior surgeon, a man of weight and character) and asked them to come and dine at his hotel, and then draw up a certificate or testimonial of his zeal in introducing various improvements and making divers efforts to supply the wants of the European community. They all accepted the invitation, and Nabí Baksh made a grand feast, had excellent wines, and everything as good as possible to do honour to the guests, expending about 200 rupees on the occasion. When the day arrived he went there himself to see that everything was properly arranged, and sent twice to tell his guests that the dinner was ready. Not one of them came! It is this insolence which makes Englishmen hated.

The other day a Hindú Náig came here, weeping bitterly as he leant against the corner of the house, and said that 300 rupees had been stolen from him. C. spoke sharply to him for crying, but caused diligent inquiry to be made, when there appeared every reason to believe that he had never lost any money, but had made the complaint merely to injure another man. This will give you some idea of their artfulness. I do not think that an Englishman could, by any possibility, cry over an imaginary loss.

That abominable Rani (the Marie Christine of the Panjáb) is now at Firozpur, *en route* to Benáres, which is a satisfaction. We heard yesterday from Major Lawrence, from Peshawur.

I will copy part of a letter just received by a friend of ours from Dr. ——, at Lahore. He says:—"The fact is, the whole country is up, and prepared to attack us, only waiting an opportunity. The attack on the city was to have been on the 13th instant. This plot, it appears, has been hatching since the beginning of March, and might have been discovered before, had our Politicals given a prudential ear to warnings. But their custom, their stupid custom, is to affect to treat all such reports with contempt, and then, when they find they are in for it, they stare and say, who could have thought it?"

It is a most astonishing thing that English Politicals always despise information unless it come through some regular formal channel; at least, those who are wiser form the exception. When my husband informed Sir William MacNaghten that Muhammad Akbár had arrived at Bamián, a fact which he had been told in confidence by a Kábul merchant who had just come from thence, Sir William, though at first struck with it, speedily came to the conclusion that "if it were true he must have heard it." A faqir also warned him with still less effect. John Conolly told him that the city was ripe for insurrection. All this was about a fortnight before it broke out. The Lines are nearly finished; they will probably be completed for the sum allotted by Government, so that the regiment will have nothing to pay; whereas their neighbours, the Sappers and Miners who refused to do any of the work themselves, will have to pay about twelve rupees a man for theirs.

On Thursday evening C. took me on the elephant to see the Lines, which are just finished; they are very neat, with broad walks between; the Subádárs' and Jemádárs' houses being at the rear of their respective companies. Numbers of young trees have been planted in the Lines. Some of the Sikhs were sitting round while their dinner was cooked. There are two cooks to each company (the Hindus and Mussalmáns cook for themselves). A fire was kindled beneath a large iron plate and the Chapattis stuck on this to bake.

We found a conclave of Native officers and non-commissioned officers at

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one of the Pay-Havildárs houses, and next day it turned out that they had been consulting about volunteering, for when at sunrise on Friday morning they came to receive their pay, the Native officer in command of each company stepped forward, and on behalf of his men volunteered for the approaching campaign. This, of course, was very gratifying to my dear husband, and I think little less so to me. They expressed their pleasure at serving under my husband personally.

Sir F. Currie never vouchsafed an answer of any sort to this gallant offer, and probably never made it known to the Governor-General, and some time after, on writing to my husband on other matters, he mentioned casually that he had been "much amused at it:" which was an impertinence arising from utter ignorance of a soldier's feelings. Although the resident might be too timid to employ them, common policy, to say nothing of courtesy to the regiment, would have dictated an acknowledgment of their gallant offer. The event proved that they might have been trusted as implicitly as one would trust the 42nd Highlanders.

Saturday 27th.—As C. and I were taking our evening ride on the elephant, we saw a small funeral train coming across the sandy plain, and followed it. The Muhammadan burial-ground lies south from our house, and before reaching it the bearers set down the charpai on which the body lay. It was a young woman who had died in childbirth. The scene was a most desolate one. A kind of valley of sand, sloping down from the desert-like plain, with the burial-ground a little further on, marked only by broken hillocks of sand, and a few stunted trees, which the friends of the dead have planted near their graves. Most of the company went up a little ascent to get water to wash previous to prayer. They then turned to the west, repeated a short Fatiha, and lifting the body they carried it to the grave, our Mahout uttering a short invocation as he entered the burial-ground. They took off the scarlet veil which covered the body, and placed it on the shelf which they always make on one side of the grave. It was so nearly dark that we did not stay to see them fill it up. Only men were present.

We have heard again from Major Lawrence, who expresses the strongest disapprobation of Sir F. Currie's weak policy. The futility of the pretence that troops could not be sent to Multan on account of the season is apparent, for he has ordered plenty of troops up to Lahore. Her Majesty's 32nd have been marched from Amballa to Ferozpur, and have suffered very severely on their march. It is said from 200 to 300 are on the sick list, and six or seven, including one officer, have died from a *coup de soleil*. It is supposed that they have been unnecessarily exposed to the sun. Queen's officers are often obstinate on this point (I suppose from ignorance of the climate), and seem to think it manly to run every possible risk. A staff officer in China, who was present on the occasion, told my husband that two of Her Majesty's regiments were landed under a scorching sun, and went into action. One was commanded by an old Indian, who allowed his men to take off their stocks: they suffered very little from the heat. The other regiment was commanded by a stiff European martinet, who could permit no such irregularities, and lost ten men on the field from apoplexy; surely, in the case of the 32nd, it would have been better to expose the troops to this heat for some good purpose. Sir F. Currie has directed the commissariat officer at Ferozpur to discharge all the cattle, which he had collected at great expense and trouble, merely to avoid the outlay of feeding them till October, when, if there is a campaign, they will be needed, and will have to be bought at double price and probably in far from serviceable condition.

June 9th.—A letter, just received from Major Mackeson, says, "I say

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that your volunteering is very un-Sikh-like, and I should wish to be at hand when your gallant 4th storm the breach—to be at hand and lend a hand to avenge the murder of poor Agnew. His old gardener, who is here now with me, when I told him of his death, said, 'Kya! aisa amír ke marna chalo Sáhíb, ham bhi chalenghi.' 'What! kill such a gentleman! go, Sahib; I, too, will go forth.'" I must send you an extract from the "Delhi Gazette," about our regiment volunteering: I don't know who can have written it.

The Regimental Chowdri has just married his eldest daughter,—such a nice little girl, about ten or twelve years old, whom I have often seen. We lent the Chowdri some carpets for the occasion, and this morning he brought the bridegroom, a quiet-looking and very young Sepâhi, to pay his respects. The said bridegroom was clad in white upper garment, crimson silk trousers, kammerband or girdle, and small crimson cap with gold lace, and a large necklace.

CHAPTER XIII.

June 14th.—One learns to know people in India most thoroughly. Everybody lives, as it were, in a glass-case—every one knows the income, style of living, debts, and position of every one else: then there are so many money transactions—so much buying and selling between gentlemen constantly going on, that there are a thousand opportunities of judging of character which could never be afforded in England. If a man borrows money from any of the banks, and agrees to pay it by instalments from his pay, his commanding officer, the Paymaster, and all who make out or see the Pay Abstracts, know exactly how much is deducted. If he incur small debts to his servants or others, they carry the matter before the Court of Requests, which consists of a certain number of his brother officers. If he think the rent of his house too high, or quarrels with his landlord, the matter is referred to a Station Committee. If a person admire a horse, carriage, or any piece of furniture, he often bespeaks it "whenever it is sold;" for on leaving a station, even for six months, people generally sell a good deal of their property.

A succession of marches, or being obliged to buy or to build a house on pain of having none to live in, throws the finances of many an officer into confusion; the wife then often parts with a new dress or some of her ornaments; and women calling themselves ladies, can be found, who will beat down the price of jewels sold under such circumstances, and get them for less than half their value. Then some people never pay until they are asked to do so; others put exorbitant prices on their own things; others profess themselves much obliged for being allowed to buy a thing which they forget to pay for; others change their minds, and beg to be allowed to return their purchase, where the seller is just starting for Europe! Others give commissions, and then find fault with them, and return them; so that in a very short time one involuntarily becomes completely *au fait* of all one's neighbours' modes of dealing. Then, in sickness, one is so much more dependent on the kindness of friends than one could ever be at home. Some characters gain, and some lose, on this close inspection. Mrs. C. is one of the former. I hardly ever knew such unwearied sympathising kindness as she has lately shown to a poor lady who is just dead. She visited her daily; packed for her when she was alive, for she was to have started for the hills the very evening she died; sat by her to the last; with her own hands assisted in washing and dressing the poor emaciated body, and arranged everything after her death. She has been like

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a sister to the poor husband; thought of everything by which he could be spared pain; and Mr. C. has shown equal sympathy, and yet they were comparative strangers; for Mr. C. never saw the poor husband but once before he drove him down to his wife's funeral, not one of the officers of his own corps having offered to do anything, or shown any kind of feeling. This poor man lately lost an excellent appointment through the fault of his subaltern, who was appointed to succeed him! Consequently, having been extravagant in former days, and being bound to pay large monthly instalments to the bank, they were reduced to the greatest distress, having scarcely enough to live upon. She was ordered to the hills as the only prospect of saving her life.

I will just give you a few specimens of the treatment they met with:—They have two boys at school in the hills. Mr. Monk, with whom they are, begged them "not to think of paying him," and offered Mrs. D. the loan of a house. A near relation, who is said to have 1300*l.* a year private property, besides 2400 rupees a month pay, refused her a loan of 200 rupees—on security! A serjeant of Horse Artillery from whom Captain D. had been obliged to borrow 800 rupees—a thing diametrically opposed to all military rule and etiquette—on his returning 600, wrote to say that he knew Mrs. D. was going to the hills in bad health; and that as he thought the money might contribute to her comfort, he begged leave to return it, and if any more was needed, he would be most happy to send it to such an amount, for he never could forget the kindness he had received from his old commanding officer. This good serjeant has a wife, and a little child born the other day, and Captain D. not now being in the same corps, has no power whatever to benefit him. I think this trait does honour to human nature.

On Monday morning, C. took Hasan Khân and one of Ferris's old Jezailchis—who got a rifle ball in his knee, in the expedition against the Sangu Khail seven years ago—to Dr. M'Rae's, to see a very severe operation performed on the poor little boy of ten years old, under the influence of chloroform. The poor child neither stirred nor felt anything, whereupon the Jezailchi, who was very anxious to get rid of the ball in his knee, declared himself quite ready to be operated upon. They laid him upon the table, and he snuffed up the chloroform with such vehemence as to alarm the doctors, and almost immediately fell asleep and began to snore. Soon, however, it became a calm, pleasant slumber. Deep cuts were made, and the ball was found embedded in a thick and very tough leathery bag, which it had formed for itself. This being cut through, the bullet was extracted, and found to have been perfectly flattened against the iron thigh-bone of this sturdy Afghân. Dr. M'Rae said he had seen a ball thus flattened against a wall, but never before against a man's bone. The leg was bandaged, and strong ammonia applied to the patient's nostrils. He became sick; they washed his face and beard, sprinkled water over him, and on his becoming wide awake, asked him what had been done to him? "Nothing," he said. They showed him the ball, whereupon he gazed at it in amazement, and then burst into such a fit of laughter that he fell back again from excessive mirth. He then sat up, and made salâms all round to everybody, to the doctors, to the dressers, to my husband, to Hasan Khân, and to the other Afghâns, who stood with bright faces, greatly enjoying the marvellous sight: so they put him into a Duli, and sent him home. Hasan Khân seemed very much struck with the liberality of Christian dealings; and, in spite of his bigotry, could not help saying, "That is much better than we Mussalmâns; in the first place we could not do it; and secondly, if we could, we should require a great reward before doing so." Some time after he exclaimed, "I see

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what it is; it is not pure science (Ilm), but Kimia," *i.e.*, alchemy (by which he evidently meant necromancy, as alchemy is quite a lawful science among Mussalmáns); and added, "It must be so, for I don't understand it."

Friday, July 16th.—Abdulrahmán Khán came as usual this evening. He began to speak of eating, and to revile "these stupid Hindustánis," as he called them, for not eating with Christians, saying, "it showed the blood of their Hindu forefathers." He said to my husband, "If you killed a sheep with your own hands, would I not eat it? and if you cooked it, would I not eat it? You are men of the Book." C. showed him the passage in Matthew xv. 11, and explained why we eat all things. He said with much energy, "Haq, haq;" "Right, right;" and then added, as he always does, "Our book also says the same." This is exactly what Hasan Khán also thinks proper to add on all occasions, though he knows nothing whatever of the Kuran or its contents.

June 19th.—I went this morning on the elephant to see the regiment at battalion exercise. It is really a fine looking one, much finer than the generality of English regiments of the Line. The average height is 5 ft. 8½ in. About five-eighths of them being Sikhs and Afgháns, they are capable of thrice the work of a Hindustáni regiment. The Afgháns and Sikhs are both exceedingly hardy, daring men,—the former complete Highlanders, generally rather below than above the middle size, but excessively strong, wiry, and enduring, with bones that will flatten bullets. The Sikhs are a very handsome race, with such fine stout limbs, that I do not wonder at the Hindustánis calling them "Bara chalnewálas," "great people for walking." Many of the women are just what one would fancy the wives of the Roman people in Rome's palmy days. They are tall, well-made, and strong, with free and noble action. The Ját (or peasant) women seldom marry before twenty or one-and-twenty, —a great improvement on the frightful Hindu fashion of marrying in early childhood.

The other day, Sital, a Hindú Sáis of ours, came running to my husband in great fear, saying that his wife threatened to throw herself into the well to vex him, and that "then he would be hanged!" It seems she is a complete virago, one of the ugliest women I ever saw; she beats Sital, keeps him in bodily fear, and once did actually throw herself into a well. C. assured him that nothing would be done to him. I suppose the Dhobi who was hanged for murdering his wife, has given great preponderance to the female side of the question in these parts, and made the husbands fancy they are responsible for the life of their wives in all cases; so C. added, that she might throw herself in whenever she liked, only not in this well, for it would spoil the water: and the grave old Khansamán reproved Sital severely for bringing such domestic matters to the notice of his master, saying "family quarrels should be kept quiet."

Tuesday, 20th June.—Under British rule all taxes on merchandize, trade, and manufactures have been abolished. There are no taxes whatever in Loodiana, but the owners of land pay the same as they formerly did under the Sikhs. This is only a temporary arrangement until the fair rate of taxation can be settled; but there is this great difference, that there are no "begárs," or forced labour (*corvées* in fact): and moreover, there is no insolent soldiery to go into the city and tyrannize as they pleased, and this my Munshí spoke of as one of the greatest deliverances.

June 22nd—Just after writing this, a man was brought up charged with having torn off the ornaments of a woman, and attempting to

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murder her last night, close to the lines. A Sikh Sepahí heard her cries and rushed out to her rescue, when the cowardly assailant ran off, but the Sikh pursued and caught him; the poor little woman was young and trembled like a leaf, so that C., fearing she would not tell the whole truth before the magistrate from fear of being murdered, and the man having the effrontery to deny the whole, though her arms were all discoloured with the violence used towards her, snatched a stick out of the Havildár's hand, and bestowed two such blows on the culprit that they knocked him down, and "next time" he certainly will not attempt a robbery close to the Sikh Lines. C. commended the Sepahí, and kindly encouraged the poor woman, and having thus, as far as in him lay, distributed due poetical justice, he dispatched the whole party under charge of a Havildár, to obtain the best approximation thereto which may be procurable from the hands of the Deputy-Commissioner. I suppose it is called poetical justice from being so seldom found in the region of fact.

A Munshí, who accompanied two of Lord Hardinge's sons in a tour they made to Kashmir, wrote a very good journal, which has been translated and lent to us. He gives some details of the excessive taxation under which the people of Kashmir groan. The town is surrounded by mountains, through which there are only four or five passes, only one of which is open in winter, and no one is allowed to leave the country without permission. The chief revenue of government is derived from the shawl manufacture, which brings in a return of about 807,500 Harrí Singhí rupees (of 10 annas or about 1*s.* 3*d.* each), besides 11,000 more from the border makers. Merchants with capital pay 148 Harrí Singhí rupees per shop; five workmen are reckoned as two shops, and their wages vary from two to six annas a day. The average annual tax on each workman is thus nearly 59 rupees; the total number of shops of these capitalists is about 3500, and the total receipt from them to government about 600,000 rupees. An inferior kind of shawl is made by those who, having no capital of their own, obtain advances from Government; but the best quality is only to be obtained by commission and advance of money. Coin is shamefully alloyed in Kashmir; everything is taxed, and inhabitants of almost all classes taxed from one to two rupees a head monthly; even grasscutters, fruitsellers, and corngrinders, the very poorest of the people. Caste is but little attended to, there are no Hindús but Pandits, but little distinction is made between them and Mussalmáns.

July.—A sweet little boy, a son of the Shahzadeh Shahpur, about five years old, was brought here the other day to be prescribed for. He had a bad eruption on his face which, fortunately, the remedies I gave have quite obliterated. The first time he came he was a little frightened, and said Salem Aleikûm a great many times. C. put him in an armchair, and he asked with a little soft timid voice, "Do you hold me for a friend?" C. assured him that he did, and that he was a very great friend of his and of his father's; but when I came with the medicine and a little spoon, he asked rather anxiously, "That one, what will she do?" He was very prettily dressed, with a curious square cap, gold at the top, and black velvet sides, which I believe is a mark of royalty. The next time he came, his mother had twisted up a crimson *crêpe* veil, with gold fringes, into a turban for him, and he looked very pretty. He now seems quite at his ease, and is like most Afghán children of rank, remarkably self-possessed and courteous in manner.

I forgot to tell you of a translation of the Munshí's that amused me very much. The word the natives use for health is "Mizáj," which means temperament or constitution, but the Munshí, interpreting a letter from Hasan Khán, in which he inquired for me, instead of "exalted health,"

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turned it into "your high temper," at which I had some difficulty to look grave. C. was speaking to two of our servants, one a Hindu and the other a Mussalmán, on the subject of cheating and falsehood. They both acknowledge that they never knew one of their countrymen whom they could really trust on either particular. The Hindu added, however, "Some Sáhibs tell lies, too." They heartily agree that their respective priests and religious men were even worse than the rest, and they acknowledged that some white people never told lies. (They quite understand the difference between real and nominal Christians.) I never knew such keen observers as the natives; they are excellent judges of character, and know perfectly what is, or is not, forbidden by our religion. I was astonished the other day by hearing an Afghán talking most vehemently at the door. He had been introduced by Hasan Khán, and had brought two young men as recruits, who proved too short, and, therefore, could not be enlisted. Upon this he became furious, and not liking exactly to abuse my husband to his face, he turned on Hasán Khán, who was present, and reviled him bitterly. "You," he said, "who have got into such favour with the Feringhis by killing numbers of your own people, you say that you and Mackenzie Sáhib are brothers, that you are one—identical, and you can't get two men into his regiment!" Hasan Khán only sat and laughed, for fiery as they are, the Afgháns seem to think nothing of an amount of abuse and vituperation that would drive a European into a state of frenzy. Hasan Khán was one day abusing Amir Khán the Naib Jemádár, calling him a coward, mimicking him, and showing how he had hidden himself. Amír Khân, being just round the corner of the house, heard every word, and only laughed, and one of Hasan Khán's followers, after hearing it all, came and tenderly embraced the vituperated man at taking leave. The Havildárs, however, who were present when this stormy Afghán thus vented his indignation indirectly at their commandant, stood perfectly aghast, and the Munshí's face was turned upside down. Most officers, accustomed only to the polite courteous Hindustanis, would have thought themselves affronted, but C. knowing the Afgháns, only bade him not make so much noise.

July 5th.—Went to see the child of a Binder to whom, about ten days ago, a native quack gave two great pills of Bhang and then opium, the consequence is, that he has continued almost insensible ever since. I sent him some strong coffee to drink and camphor to smell, and the father reports him better this afternoon. As the poor man had nothing but a mere hut, the Binding Contractor had lent him his best room, and where two armchairs were placed for us. It was large, but as usual, had no other furniture than a bolster. It had two small windows close to the floor. When we went again in the evening, the poor child was better, and soon after got quite well. Had a most curious ride home through all kind of out-of-the-way streets and places, and from our lofty howdah we looked down on the flat roofs of most of the houses and over into the little courts, we could have touched the walls on either side had they been high enough. The scene was like a fair at night—the streets crowded, a light in every house, and several in each of the innumerable shops of eatables. All the sellers were at their posts, though many who had nothing to sell and probably nothing to buy, had already laid down for the night, and through all the wise, quiet elephant pursued its plodding way, never jostling or hurting any one. I have never seen anything like violence or quarrelling among the natives since I came to India, always excepting the perpetual Kashmírí scolding matches and occasional exhibitions of the same kind among the Hindustánis. It was nearly dark, for the moon was but five days old, so that when we came upon two or three ancient heavy

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Patan mosques, the effect was so quiet and solemn, that one could hardly fancy oneself so near such a busy, lively scene as the Bazár presented. I conclude Loodiana is prospering, for they are building in various directions. A new mosque has been erected inside the Serai since I went there last year, and they seem to be making gutters and sewers in the town.

C.'s regiment is now employed on various duties. Some are on guard at the Kacheri, and I wish you could see the extraordinary zeal with which they turn out and present arms.

My Munshi's little boy was ill, and I told him he must be careful not to let him eat ghi and mitai (sweetmeats). He remained in doubt, and then asked me gravely what he should do if the child would have sweetmeats; because, added he, he will cry, and I love him so much, I cannot refuse him anything. He also inquired if he might put sugar in the water, or "else perhaps he will not drink it." I was quite at a loss for any measures which had the least chance of being adopted in such a state of domestic discipline, which, however, is the prevailing one throughout India.

There was a slight earthquake here yesterday morning, so slight that I, who was standing, did not feel it, but my husband and the Babu in the next room, who were both seated, distinctly felt the tremor.

I went the other morning to see about three hundred Sikhs of the regiment sworn in. A man carried the Granth (their sacred book) wrapped in a white cloth, on a small Charpai, upon his head, the Granthi gravely following it with a chouri, or fly-flap of horsehair, with which he drove away the flies from it. The Bearer walked to the front of each company, and as many men as could conveniently stand round it slipped off their shoes, touched the book with one or both hands, made salám to it, and then kept their hands either on it or its Charpai while the Granthi read the oath. Each man said, "I, so and so, son of such a one, of such a village, and such a Pergannah (district), swear to be faithful to my salt," &c. They then made another salám to the Granthi, stepped back and got into their shoes, and C. made them a short speech.

Dr. Turnbull, of the Sappers, has just returned from escorting the Rani to Amballa. The heat in tents was so great, that a tumbler which had been standing on the table, when filled with water from a jar in the tatti, split as if it had been ice.

August 1st, 1848.—My husband was with the C.'s when the adjutant of the Sappers and Pioneers came over and said they were to march the following evening for Multán. Mrs. C. behaved exceedingly well. She neither wept nor said anything, only drew a deep sigh.

The heat on the march to Ferozpur was by no means so great as they anticipated, but the confusion at Ferozpur was almost beyond description. Contradictory orders came from the Commander-in-Chief, the General of Division, and the Commandant of the Station—one day the Sappers were to march by the right bank, the next by the left, then they were to go by water, then they were told to do as they liked. The Quartermaster, in despair, went to Captain F., who is Brigade-Major, to ask what he was to do; and the latter could only comfort him by showing the orders he himself had received, which were equally contradictory and incomprehensible. After all they were sent by water, and we have at last heard of their arrival at Bháwalpur, where they expect to have to wait a month for the siege train. Then the 8th Cavalry were ordered from Loodiana to Ferozpur; they started with only half the carriage required, and twelve hours after came a counter-order, desiring them *not* to move, if they had not already left. They were only ten miles off, stopped by rain and want of carriage, still the Brigadier could not recall them.

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August 10th.—The other day my husband read the "History of Balaam" to the Munshí, the latter added a Musalmán finale to it, by gravely relating that there was once a most virtuous dog, and as it was impossible that the body of a prophet could be sent to hell, therefore to reward the dog and punish Balaam, the dog's soul was put into Balaam's body, and went to paradise, while the soul of Balaam was despatched in the body of the dog to hell.

I have just heard a fact, which at first I thought was meant as a jest, until C. assured me it was true. The Baniáhs (or shopkeepers) on opening their shops in the morning, are in the habit of worshipping the little stool on which they sit (all Hindús occasionally worship the implements of their calling), and pray "O great stool! send me to day many customers with full purses and empty heads!" We passed a Faqir's dwelling as we came home from our ride; some of them were ploughing, others smoking. I did not know before that they ever combined labour and begging.

The Sikhs seem an active enterprising people. Near one village we found a little plantation that the Zamíndárs were rearing with care, having procured them from cantonments. All their villages seem to be walled, so that from the outside a long high mud wall is often all that is to be seen of them. There is generally a gate at each end. Within, the houses are very closely packed, each with a little yard of its own, which is generally full of very lean cattle, many of them buffaloes. Sometimes it is a puzzle to find out how the cattle ever got in, or how they were ever to get out again. The streets are so narrow that it required all our huge elephant's care and caution to move along without knocking down the rain-spouts on the one hand, or the cakes of manure, drying on the top of the wall, on the other.

Miss W. tells me that in the villages near Nákoda, the people have one common oven (*i.e.* a deep pit such as they have here), which, when thoroughly heated, is opened, and each woman, with her vessel of flour and water on her head, claps her chapátis against the side of it, identifying them by some particular mark. The oven is then shut, and you may fancy the gossiping which takes place while the cakes are baking. They keep their cattle, grain, and fodder in like manner in common, each man having his own stack, or his own cattle, in the public enclosure. This is an excellent protection against private pilfering. The Márwátis, a tribe near the hills, and in the lowlands at the foot of them, which are called the Teraì, are noted cattle-lifters, Mr. W., the indefatigable magistrate of Morádábád, has nearly suppressed cattle-stealing in his district, by making every village responsible for every head of cattle which could be traced as having entered its boundaries.

Nothing interesting from Multán. General Whish's force has been there a long while, that from Loodiana has also arrived, and they are now waiting for the siege train, very much like "Sir Richard waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

The annexation of the Panjáb is spoken of as certain, and I hope Kashmir will be included, for hardly any country in the world groans under greater oppression and extortion of every kind than poor Kashmir.

7th.—The siege at Multán was expected to begin in earnest about this date. It is incessantly carrying off camels from our force. H. M.'s 29th came in the other morning: we found them parading on the high road, and were, therefore, obliged to stop. One's heart warmed to a regiment of one's own countrymen. They looked mere boys; there was hardly a whisker or a head of dark hair to be seen down the whole line: they struck me as remarkably smart looking and clean. I believe it is considered a "crack regiment." The men are very much undersized, after the Hin-

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dustani regiments: there was a huge Bengal Grenadier standing by, who looked a perfect giant.

September 8th.—I was much amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of one of her uncles, a civilian, who was extremely particular about high caste servants, and who treated them magnificently, dressed them in English broadcloth, &c. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner party, and the dinner being delayed long after his guests were assembled, he proceeded himself to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found all his servants standing in a row, with their backs towards him, each man proving his orthodoxy by solemnly spitting in rotation on a fine ham, which was about to be served up to the company! Now observe that this excess of Musalmân "zeal" was manifested by a whole party; but man in society and man in solitude are different beings, as was proved by a lady, who discovered her Khansáman eating a thick slice of ham covered with raspberry jam!

CHAPTER XIV.

Two Afghâns called here the other day: the younger, Yâkub Khân, travelled up the country with C. in 1840, and used constantly to come to his tent and ask for medicine, meaning thereby brandy; the elder, Paíndá Khân, is a most gallant man, who distinguished himself greatly under that fine officer, Captain Woodburn, near Kandahar, and received a very severe wound in his leg. He did such good service that a small pension is now allowed him, until he can be permanently employed by our government. They are sons of Muhammad Sheríf, Zabtbeghí, or master of confiscations to Shah Shujáh, who was killed gallantly fighting with the Nizâm-ud-Doulah and the Shah's Hindustani Paltan, on the first day of the insurrection at Kâbul, when no entreaties of Captain John Conolly and others could induce Colonel Shelton to let a single man or gun go to their succour. The younger son, Yâkub, joined my husband at Istálif, but disappeared when the assault began. On this and divers other accounts C. received Yâkub rather coolly, when he called last year to ask his interest on a lawsuit, which he is carrying on against Bansì Dar (a rich Baniâh, who also came to ask my husband's assistance), but now coming with his gallant brother he met with a better reception.

A friend writes from the camp before Multân:—

"September 9th.—Mulrâj is acting offensively and we defensively! It is believed we shall have to rush on and take a couple of mounds, on one of which we have allowed the enemy to erect a battery. So we are erecting batteries here to make Mulrâj undo what he has done under our very noses, since we took up this position. Our trenches are regularly outflanked every night. Everything goes on with the greatest coolness, as if we had every intention of spending our lives in this delightful locality."

Another friend writes, September 11th.—"Everything on our side is going on in a lamentably slow style. We are fettered by forms. When anything is required, a requisition through ten different channels is sent to some one, who refers you to some one else, who tells you steadily to go back to the applicant, while Edwardes or Lake gives an order, and in half an hour it is executed.

"September 12th.—To-day's news is excellent. We have carried the position which the enemy had so strongly entrenched, with comparatively little loss. The working party of Sappers (Hindustanis) rushed through the breach thus made, and showed the way for H.M.'s 32nd. Our men looked like a handful among thousands. The bayonet was the weapon, and frightful has been its work.

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"September 14.—To-day's news is that Shér Sing, with twelve guns, two mortars, and 4000 men, have gone over to Mulráj. This has long been expected, and is no loss."

September 26.—General Ventura called. He gave me quite a lecture on the siege. He said that in the first place the force was insufficient, as it is a very strong place, and he does not think Edwardes's troops are to be relied on. He said that General Vish (as he calls him) had run his head against a wall; the first thing he should have done was to defeat Mulráj in the open field. I asked him how he could make Mulráj fight. He said very easily. Mulráj has about 40,000 men, of whom, perhaps, 15,000 are soldiers, the rest are armed very irregularly, some with swords, some with lances, &c. All these have to be paid, and it is said that they are beginning to be ill paid. Then there are about 15,000 inhabitants in the town, and we should have forced the neighbouring villagers to have taken refuge in the city. Mulráj must then have fed this vast multitude, or have fought in order to get supplies. His troops being defeated, he would probably have surrendered at once; at any rate we could then have commenced the siege without molestation. The proper side for attack would have been from the Idgáh, keeping it to the right of our position. The fort is unconnected with the town, a space intervening between them. The old brick-kilns, which form the mounds on which the Sikhs erected their batteries since "Vish's" arrival, command the town; and here, if we insisted on attacking from that side, we should have begun our parallels, having first got rid of the army outside the walls. Part of the town commands the fort, and having once got the town the fort was in our power. He gave it as his opinion, that although General Vish's force was insufficient, yet, even at the worst, he could have fought instead of running away; as the moral effect of this last step both on our own men and those of Mulráj will be most disadvantageous to us.

Either it was rash to begin the siege at all, or faint-hearted to retreat from it. Sir Charles Napier with fewer troops and material than were at General Whish's disposal would have taken the place in a week.

General Ventura told us, that Ranjít, though an excellent soldier, never could understand anything of tactics. When a council of war was held, he would cut it short by saying, "Oh, never mind this, let us rush on!" but he had the sense to let Ventura have his own way, especially as the latter always vehemently rebelled whenever Ranjít wished to interfere. General Ventura says, that the Sikhs are the only people of India who have some idea of nationality and love of country. They have certain ideas of honour, and during Ranjít's time such a thing as desertion was never heard of. C. remarked that with barbarous people, personal attachment to a chief was the strongest tie. General Ventura says the Sikhs have every qualification for making good soldiers; they are naturally temperate, brave, and indefatigable, very intelligent, and a very fine race physically, especially the Mánjá Sikhs (south of Lahore).

Our last news from Multán is as follows:

"The Sappers and Pioneers are very hard-worked—digging wells, making roads; whereas the Sepáhis, do nothing, and did not even dig their own wells! Glover, of the Engineers, found a Sepáhi, standing thirsty and disconsolate by a half-dug well. When Glover came up, the Sepáhi said, 'Khawand (my lord), I am very thirsty.' Glover answered, 'Why don't you dig!' If the Sepáhis were told, 'Until you dig you shan't drink,' they would not hold out long. The Sappers think it very hard that they are employed on every species of secondary work, day and night, while the Sepáhis are treated as if we did not dare give them an order. It has really come to that! Tools supplied by the Engineering department

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to a regiment of Native Infantry were returned by the Adjutant, saying that the men would not work!"

You may imagine what C. thinks of this. His men do whatever he desires them. Can it be wondered at that the Dáudputrás wont work, when our regular troops set them such a bad example?

Two of Prince Shahpur's children came the other day for medicine. The little boy has the hooping cough—the little girl has weak eyes. She is a very pretty little wilful thing, who took a great fancy to my husband. We showed them the picture of their grandfather, Shah Shujah, and the little Shazadeh immediately put his hand to his forehead and said "Salám aleikum" to it.

We were much interested in a poor Afghán, whose wife was very ill with fever. We rode to see her every morning for some days, but she died. She was a Hindustani, with a very pleasing expression. He said one day, "She has been very good wife to me; I do not know what I shall do if she dies," and his eyes filled with tears.

C. said only this morning, that he was sure he could raise five hundred Afgháns almost at an hour's notice, and they would be invaluable at Peshawur. Certainly one regiment could be spared from Lahore. I wish they would send C. up with such a force, including his own men, it would repay Major Lawrence for his gallant offer of succouring him in the Kila-i-Nishán Khán. I would part with him willingly for such a purpose, for I feel boiling over with indignation and shame at the apathy shown to the fate of a brave man, to say nothing of his wife and babes.

CHAPTER XV.

The "Gazette" on Saturday contains an order for augmenting every Infantry regiment by 200 men, 10 Havildars, and 10 Náiks, and for raising the Calvary to 500 Sawárs each regiment, thus restoring the exact number which Lord Hardinge discharged. Of course the donations given to the discharged men are thrown away; this amount would have nearly paid the men for a year, and we should now have had efficient soldiers, instead of raw recruits. Two of C.'s native officers speaking to him on the subject, made this very remark, saying: "It is well known that a soldier is not worth his salt until he has served a year and a day;" and they confessed that in regiments beyond a certain strength, no confidence was felt in the Government by the younger soldiers. They say, "I may be discharged before I get a pension; of what use is it being a good soldier?"

This morning C. took me a walk to his parade-ground—one company were at ball-practice. Out of 252 shots 220 hit the target at 100 yards, which is wonderfully good in comparison to the regular and European regiments. They say that in action half the men, both English and native, get bewildered, and fire up into the air, or anywhere, instead of taking cool, deliberate aim. My husband once saw the 44th Queen's fire at a body of Afgháns within twenty yards, without knocking over a single man or horse. Half of this company, however, are Afgháns, who are accustomed to handle a gun from childhood, and the rest remarkably fine Sikhs.

The Glengarry bonnets for the regiment have arrived. C. tried the pattern one on Subádár Sudiál Sing and some of the guard. It was so becoming to them that they fully appreciated it, and immediately began to pull out their side curls and brush them up over their bonnet. We think even the shaven Afgháns will begin to cultivate love locks. The

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next morning all the native officers pronounced them very good. The bonnets are much higher than usual, and have a very soldierly appearance. C. told one handsome young Orderly, that "now he looked like a Sepáhí, but before like a Baníáh." I sent for a looking-glass, and his face expanded with smiles when he saw himself. The high bonnet holds the Sikh's hair beautifully, and as the strict ones believe that cutting their hair or wearing a Topi (hat) endangers their salvation, I suggested that they should be carefully instructed that this was not a Topi, and Mr. Rothney says he shall teach them to say "bonnet." All the rosettes have to be made, so Mr. Rothney and I had to enter in all manner of intricate calculations as to the quantity of ribbon which could be allotted to each. Mrs. Bean and I have lent our tailors and they are now at work. The colours are come and are very handsome, of rich silk. The Queen's colour is the Union Jack. The regimental colour a rich yellow, with a small Union Jack in the corner, and in the centre a beautifully embroidered wreath of oakleaves with "4th regiment Sikh Local Infantry" within. The badge on the bonnet is C.'s crest,—the burning heart between two palm-branches.

Hasan Khán came this morning and brought five guinea fowls. I had given him the eggs and he intended to eat the birds, but a learned council assembled at Delhi had pronounced them to be English vultures—first, because they had hairs on their faces; and secondly because they had horns on their heads! "He said he knew very well that they were very good for food, but added, if I were to eat them, these Hindustánís would say, that I eat birds that fed on dead bodies!"

October 26th, 1848.—I never could have imagined anything like the delays and indecision evinced by the authorities. Colonel Eckford was sent to Ferozpur by Dák, to take the command of his brigade, which was ordered to march to Multán immediately. It was then counter-ordered. The other day an express arrived from the Commander-in-Chief, desiring him to march forthwith. He did so: having made three marches he has been peremptorily recalled! Think how provoking this must be to the force at Multán.

An Afghán Choukedar, whom my husband had procured for a lady, came not long after to complain that she not only expected him to keep awake all the night, but likewise employed him all the day. He said, "For my own credit, and for the Khán's (meaning Hasan Khán, who recommended him), and for yours, I am very vigilant: I watch the whole night, and never go to sleep; and then this 'Mem' sends me messages to go to the Bazár, and to press workmen for her, at the risk of being laid hold of by the Kòtwál (Mayor), and to do fifty other things. I am your servant, you may throw me into the river if you like, but I cannot go without sleep night and day!"

This morning C. rode out to Filór: on his way he met some Sawárs of the 2nd Irregular Cavalry, who rode with him, and spoke very freely to him, especially one of them, by name Mansab Dar Khán Daroga, of the 5th troop (a Daroga is a non-commissioned officer who has charge of all the horses). They gave their opinion of divers European officers: "One they pronounced hated by his men on account of his temper. Major Tait they praised up to the skies: so they did Captain Liptrot. The Daroga, who has been upwards of twenty-five years in the service and never even in the guard-house, complained bitterly of the government. He and his comrades had lately returned from furlough. He said, "When we got to our villages, what do you think we found? The magistrate, by order of the Haqím of Akberabad (Mr. Thomason, of Agra), had confiscated our Jághírs (lands) granted to our forefathers for solid services done in Lord

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Lake's time. If it were not for the war, I would petition the government at once, and if they did not grant my petition I would throw up the service. But now it is war time, I know what a soldier's honour requires. I will not petition now as if I were selling my services, but after the war I *will* petition." Mr. Wilson of Moradabad, protested vehemently against the resumption of these Jághírs. It is truly what the Daroga called it, Barrá Zulím, "great oppression;" but quite in accordance with the system of seeking the apparent gain of the Government, at the expense of justice and public gratitude, and, therefore, of sound policy.

The other day I rode to parade, to see the caps which had been served out. There was no opposition on the part of the Sikhs, only some private scruples; and one or two deserted before pay-day,—it is supposed in consequence of their fear of the Topí. Mr. Rothney sent for the Granthi, who informed him that for a Sikh to wear anything on his head through which a needle had passed would, according to their creed, subject the offender and his family for seven generations to perdition. Mr. Rothney explained that this did not apply to the bonnets, as they were part of their uniform as soldiers; moreover, that they had enlisted on the condition of wearing a Topí, whatever might be the consequences, and murmurers would be immediately confined in the quarter-guard; so thanks to these appeals to conscience and comfort, no difficulty was made. The men looked exceedingly well. C. walked between the ranks, occasionally cocking a bonnet a little more. One intelligent Síkh Jemádar he asked if his bonnet were not a little tight; and on his answering in the affirmative, altered its position a little, saying, "Large wit requires a large head—that is why it is tight;" whereupon the Jemádar looked quite pleased, and, metaphorically speaking, swallowed the Topí with a good grace.

C. rode out to the Commander-in-Chief's camp on Monday, October 30th. The gallant old Chief sent for him as soon as he heard he was in camp: inquired if he could depend on his men, and how many Afgháns he thought he could raise at a pinch in Loodiana. He told him that he had urged the Government to re-enlist the men who were disbanded last year, so early as May, and had entreated them to lay in stores of grain, which could then have been bought at half the price at which it is now sold here, and about a quarter of what they are paying for it at Firozpúr. All these suggestions being neglected, they are now obliged to weaken the regiments, by sending out parties to recruit; and the recruits will probably not be obtained till the war is over: they are obliged to buy grain at famine price, and everything has been done in a hurry. He said at that time that there would probably be a rising in the Panjáb.

General Gilbert, who called on me the same day, told me he saw letters from the Chief last May, urging all these measures. The Governor-General is not expected at Amballa until the 12th of December! He has told nobody what he intends doing, and perhaps does not know himself, as he may be waiting for instructions from the home authorities.

I have never told you of C.'s system of managing his regiment. A commanding-officer has hardly any power at all beyond inflicting extra drills. Any serious case must be tried by court-martial, and confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief; the consequence is, that the delay neutralizes the effect of the punishment. A sailor knows that his offence will meet summary chastisement within thirty-six hours; a soldier knows that flaws may be found in the charges, legal technicalities may make a loophole for him to escape, and that at any rate he cannot be punished under some weeks, if not months. Now, who cares for punishment some weeks hence? A thoughtful or rational person, but not a child or a common

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soldier, either European or native. As my husband is a joint magistrate, he takes advantage of this power to inflict summary punishment on his men.

The European soldiers make so light of a few lashes, that, talking of the Duke's yielding to the modern idea that a regiment can be managed like a boarding-school of young ladies (forgetful of the strict discipline on which his own Peninsular successes were based), Major Troup told us of an instance at Cawnpore where a soldier, on the promulgation of the new regulations, limiting the number of lashes to fifty, offered to take as many for a glass of gin; his comrades inflicted them with all their might, and he drank off the gin afterwards as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Rothney says C. is a very stern judge; there is only *one* instance of a deserter being let off, and this, coupled with the fact that men have been caught a year or eighteen months after their desertion, has established the idea in the men's minds that it is of no use to try, for that it is impossible to escape. General Ventura told me that he knew that "M. Mackenzie est excessivement aimé de ses soldats." They are quite satisfied with the system of swift sharp punishment, for they know that it is just and not excessive, and they see how he studies their comfort and welfare; but I suppose no one knows (except myself) of the pain and suffering it costs him to sentence a man to punishment. He has just given them all the vegetable seeds we got from England, with which they are delighted.

The gardens in the lines already look very nice. Every native officer has one, and many of the Havildars, but I have been obliged to send for more seeds for the men.

November 13th.—Peshâwar has really fallen. Major and Mrs. Lawrence are safe in Kohât.

It is said that a mutiny forced Major Lawrence to fly. C. is decidedly of opinion that he ought not to have employed any Najíbs (Panjábí Múhammadans), for, from long servitude under the Sikhs, they have become a most vile and treacherous race, like the Greeks under the Turks. C. would have turned all the Panjábís out of the fort, except the artillerymen, just to work the guns—taking the whole of these into the fort, garrisoning it with Eusufzais and other Afghâns, and setting a stout Afghân guard over every gun to see that the artillerymen did not play us false, by putting in the ball before the powder, or otherwise.

He advised Major L., long ago, to call in the Afghân tribes, but he does not seem to have done so. Had this plan been carried out, and blood once drawn between the Afghâns and Sikhs, no after-alliance between them would have been possible. However, we are very thankful he is safe, and the Government deserve to lose Peshâwar for their delay in succouring it.

It appears that, on the evening of the 22nd, Colonel Pope's brigade and others were warned to be in readiness when the general should sound from the Commander-in-Chief's tent. They waited till long past four A.M. the next morning, and then found that the old chief had marched off at two A.M. with H.M.'s 3rd and 14th Dragoons, the 5th and 8th Cavalry, and some Horse Artillery guns, as he said, to reconnoitre. Seeing some Bannu men in the distance, he ordered a charge to drive them off. As our cavalry approached, theirs filed off to the right and left, leaving our men exposed to a tremendous fire from a battery on the opposite bank of the Chinab, as well as from matchlock men concealed in all the ravines and nullahs, both of which the Sikh horsemen had masked up to that moment.

General Cureton and Havelock fell (the body of the latter not yet

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found): one of our guns stuck in the sand, and, with two waggons full of ammunition, fell into the hands of the enemy. Our small force suffered very severely—about 140 killed and wounded; among them, Captain Fitzgerald and poor young Captain Hardinge; also Lieutenant Holmes, of the Irregulars. A bad beginning of the campaign.

The Bombay force is near Rorí, with no immediate prospect of moving on. The case stands thus: General Achmuty, who commands the Bombay troops, is senior to General Whish, and would, therefore, supersede him if he were to go to Multán. This the Commander-in-Chief does not wish, and therefore directed General Achmuty to stay behind and send the troops on: but this General Achmuty will not do; and keeps the troops back—first, to wait for the assembly of the whole force,—then, when the last detachment arrived, the commissariat was not ready; when that was complete, the Engineers were to be waited for, and now that everything is prepared, they are tarrying for the arrival of two or three large boxes of medicine, which, when they do come, must be sent by water, and not with the troops, and which, for the sake of the men, I hope may go to the bottom. Meanwhile, General Whish daily sends the most pressing entreaties for an advance, to which General Achmuty turns a deaf ear, and says he must wait for an answer from Lord Gough, to whom he has made a second reference on the subject, his first having been in vain.

Owing to some extraordinary mismanagement, our army has no means of getting information, consequently they constantly stumble on the enemy quite unawares. Suleimán Khán, that prince of "Kundschafters," is, I believe, the only man who procures intelligence for the army. He warned the authorities of the presence of the Sikh ambuscade at Ramnagar, and was scouted at for his pains. When his information was so tragically verified, instead of acknowledging his service, they are said to have scouted him still more out of spite.

As soon as throwing the bridge across was found to be impracticable, the 14th Dragoons returned to the Commander-in-Chief's camp at Ramnaggar. The remainder of the Brigade began to ferry themselves over in parties of fifteen to twenty at a time, but the strength of the current made this a very tedious and toilsome affair, and the chief labour seems to have fallen on the officers, few of the men knowing how to handle an oar. By sunset they got the whole of the 2nd Europeans over. They bivouacked on the banks of the river. The cold was intense. The next morning, 4th December, at daylight, all the officers of the brigade set to work again and ferried the remainder of the force over. They started at half-past seven, A.M., and joined General Thackwell, who, immediately on their arrival, turned out all his division and pursued the enemy.

Imagine one of the collectors of revenue sending a sum of from 40,000 to 50,000 rupees into Loodiana from the district under charge of three of our Sepáhis, who brought it in safe. Major Mackeson has been sent on a mission to the Commander-in-Chief.

Saturday, December 16th.—As the Governor-General is expected immediately, it was deemed proper no longer to delay giving the colours to the regiment; and I was to present them.

We had fixed it so suddenly, that no one was there except our regimental family party, the Beans, Rothneys, Mrs. Dempster, and Dr. Reid. The regiment formed three sides of a square, and the colours being carried by two Havildárs in the centre of the fourth side, my husband dismounted and came to fetch me. The two senior Subádars present marched up, attended by a guard, and halted directly in front of the colours. C. led me up, and said a few words to them, to the effect that in

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our country it was a great honour for a lady to present colours, and that I, out of my condescension and favour, had consented to present them. I then delivered the Queen's colour to Subádar Ram Sing, saying, "Mubárak báshad," which I forgot was Persian and not Hindustani. He immediately replied to my compliment, "May you be a general!"—to me! The ladies behind laughed, so the other Subádar (a very clever Hindustani Múhammadan) altered his wish into, "May you become exceedingly great!" Mr. Rothney then (as interpreter) read a very excellent address in Hindustaní, after which the grenadier company placed themselves in the rear of the colours, as their guard, and the remainder of the regiment, headed by their commandant, marched past and saluted them. We ladies critically watched our three lords saluting, and they all did it beautifully: they then formed into a line and fired a *feu de joie*, which terminated the ceremony.

C. was too unwell to take the command of the regiment when the Governor-General came in on Tuesday.

Early in the morning I drove down, with Mrs. Bean and Miss Ballard, to see the procession. The regiment of good ugly little Ghurkás, and part of two corps of Native Infantry, were drawn up just at the entry of the town, towards cantonments. We made a circuit and drove all through the town; and Miss B. was greatly amused by overhearing all our Sepáhis, directly they saw me, say to each other, "Mem Sáhib, Mem Sáhib." They all seemed quite pleased; and we were equally pleased to see them, for they really looked remarkably well: they are mostly both tall and well made. The orderly who came with me was a remarkably fine man; we, therefore, made him stand in front of the carriage, and admonished him to make a very fine salute, which he did, to our satisfaction. It was really a very pretty sight. We were near the Kotwállí (equivalent to the Hôtel de Ville), in front of which the grenadier and light companies were drawn up, with the colours; the windows and roofs of the houses were covered with men in every variety of coloured garment—Afghâns, Sikhs, Hindustanis, and Kashmiris. The Governor-General was preceded by a dozen or two of Bhisties, watering the road; then Captain Hill; then the staff; and lastly, Lord Dalhousie himself, very gentlemanly, with a handsome thoughtful face. The officers and guard saluted; he uncovered to the colours; the old general by his side bowed and talked; and when we cross-questioned the orderly afterwards, as to which was the Lord Sáhib, he replied confidently, "Oh, the one with the great feather!" The body-guard, in a very handsome uniform, followed, and then some very picturesque Sikh and Afghân horsemen, shawled and richly dressed, and several camels with zamburaks (swivel guns), Bábus and Munshís: elephants, hackeries, &c., closed the procession.

Tuesday, 26th.—There was a review: it was bitterly cold. The Governor-General sent for my husband.

An old blind Afghân, having heard that my husband had been ill, came to inquire for him, and did so with the courtier-like politeness of the Persians, which will not allow them to suppose that the person they address can have been ill, by saying, "I heard that my lord's enemy was sick, and I came to know if it were true!"

I was much amused at a remark of Hasan Khân's on our manner of eating. He had been watching us, and then said, "You eat quite differently from us: we fix our attention upon one dish and eat mightily of it; but you pick, pick,—a little of this and a little of that; you do not eat like MEN."

At daylight on the morning of the 22nd January, Mulráj and his garrison of about 3000 men surrendered unconditionally. They say that

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Mulráj is young, fair, slight figure, and very pale, and looks anxious, as well he may; though of course nothing will be done to him.

Now for two other histories, the worst last. A certain insurgent, hight Ram Sing, has been giving trouble near Núrpúr, in the Jalander Doáb. He posted himself in a very strong position in the hills, and drove back our friend Captain W. with loss. The whole of General Wheeler's brigade was sent against him; but even they could not attack him until they were reinforced. An officer wrote, that never, even in Switzerland, had he seen anything more beautiful or varied than the scenery. The snow-capped majestic Himalayas, with wooded, verdant, and barren hills at their foot, bounded the scene. Ram Sing was on the top of a hill that appears to be nearly isolated, but having spurs running out from it and joining the larger ranges of hills.

On the 15th the final arrangements were made for storming the enemy's position, extending over eight or nine miles of most fearful hills. The ascent was to have been made in five columns. From the right rear of the enemy's position, by the guides and four companies 3rd Native Infantry; immediate rear, by four companies 4th Native Infantry; left rear, five companies 4th Native Infantry; in front right, remainder of 3rd Native Infantry, and 200 2nd Irregular Cavalry (Sáwars), dismounted; left front, two companies Hodgson's Sikh Corps, and sixty dismounted Sawârs of Davidson's Irregulars, under D.'s command. It rained during the 15th, up to two o'clock P.M. of the 16th; but as Colonel D., of the 4th Native Infantry, had received his instructions relative to the attack, they were obliged to commence operations on the morning of the 16th, but not so early as had been arranged, owing to the failure of a signal which was to put the front columns in motion. The guides were to ascend the highest peak on the enemy's right at dawn, and plant the "Union" thereon. To get to the place where their ascent was to commence, they had to cross the Rávi into Guláb Sing's territory, and recross higher up, which they were unable to do till very late, as the previous rain had swollen the river considerably, and rendered the current too violent to stem.

The front columns waited till 8 or 9 A.M., for the signal; but not perceiving it they were ordered to move on. Both columns carried everything before them, and gained the enemy's chief positions, viz., the village of Dallá, and a strong stockaded hill on the left of their positions. The enemy was driven down towards Colonel D.'s proposed direction of attack, but the Colonel's columns were nowhere to be seen. Everything appeared in a state of tranquillity in his camp. In fact he had not moved out; and there was no accounting for it, till after the business was over, a letter arrived from him, saying that "he supposed the General would not attack that day, from the inclemency of the weather." So the 4th Native Infantry had no hand in the affair. The guides and companies of the 3rd Native Infantry had no fighting. The head-quarters 3rd Native Infantry, under Major Butler, and the Sikh Companies, had all the work. The Sikh Companies behaved remarkably well, and were full of the conduct of their leader, saying, "The Sikhs will fight as well as other people, when they are properly led." Captain Burroughs heard them say, "The Sahib Lôg think we won't fight; they shall see how we can fight for those whose salt we eat." . . . . The 4th regiment must have heard the firing of the other columns; so that they showed remarkable indifference to military glory.

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CHAPTER XVI.

C. WENT out to the Governor-General's camp on the 11th. While there he received intelligence of the disastrous battle of the 13th. The Commander-in-Chief had moved his camp (after a halt of nearly five weeks) from Hilla to Dinghi. He determined to fight the Sikhs, and came in sight of the enemy at Chota Amráo about eight o'clock A.M., and halted for an hour and a half. It being about two o'clock when the army reached Chillianwala, Lord Gough wished at first to defer the action till next day; but he and his staff being seen by a son of Shere Sing, who commanded a battery in their front, he fired three shots at them, which acted like the sound of the trumpet to the old war-horse. The batteries were ordered to open, and while they were firing the army deployed into line. After firing about twenty minutes, Lord Gough ordered the line to advance through a thick jungle, and against a force which overlapped them on both flanks. The Sikh batteries were not in entrenchments but placed between patches of thorn jungle so thick that the men could not see ten, and sometimes not three yards before them. The line advanced to take these batteries at a run, with skirmishers in front. When they got near, the skirmishers ran in, and they poured in file-firing as fast as they could, cheering as they ran. Campbell's division (the left of the army) were ordered to charge at 300 yards, in front of Shere Sing's guns; they were consequently exhausted and breathless just as they neared them; they were forbidden to fire, and told to "do everything with the bayonet." They were met with grape and round shot from the batteries in front and on their left, and a galling fire from the infantry: they broke, and were pursued by the Sikh Horse almost up to their original position, and part of the Sikh right wing fell on their rear and left flank. H. M.'s 24th suffered frightful loss. Gilbert's division at first appeared more successful, as the enemy broke and fled, leaving them in possession of the ground; but while halting for a few minutes they beheld a cloud of cavalry on their right flank, two or three brigades of regular infantry, and nine guns in the rear. The Sikhs had enveloped the division, and the two brigades were separated. The enemy fell upon the 14th Dragoons and Christie's Troop of Horse Artillery, which were then in the right rear. Captain Christie was preparing to fire at them when the 14th went about, rushed through his guns, upsetting one and dashing at full gallop through the field hospital, where one of the surgeons was at that moment amputating a limb, knocking over Dulis, camels, and wounded, and never stopping till they got to the rear, leaving Christie's troop to be cut to pieces.

At this moment the Sikhs saw Dawes's battery, and would probably have taken it had not the 2nd Europeans and 70th Native Infantry charged at them rear rank in front, until they reached the battery, where they knelt, firing. The fire was fearfully hot, but providentially the enemy were on the ridge of ground slightly elevated, so that all their artillery fired over our men. They remained facing each other about two minutes, then Dawes limbered up, and they dashed at the enemy, broke their line, and spiked their guns.

Dawes's battery was the great means of saving the division. As he unlimbered to the front of Mountain's brigade, six of his gunners and five of his horses went down, and he himself was hit on the ankle. He silenced a Sikh battery (of double his strength and gallantly served) in about twenty minutes.

Colonel Lane, with his battery, three troops of 6th Light Cavalry, and three of H.M.'s 9th Lancers, preserved the division—and consequently the army—from ruin, by checking the masses of Sikh Horse, who poured

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down on our right after the panic and flight of the Cavalry Brigade, consisting of H. M.'s 14th Dragoons, part of the 9th Lancers, and 6th Cavalry. For this most important service, Colonel Lane was not even thanked! The Sikh Ghorcharras (horsemen) behaved most gallantly. The Sikhs, however, withdrew, no one seems exactly to know why, leaving upwards of forty of their guns in our power; yet instead of bivouacking on the field, as was his first intention, Lord Gough was persuaded to withdraw his troops, thus abandoning his wounded! Some talked of the danger of a night attack—of another Ferozeshahar—no water, and so forth. The consequence was, that the Sikhs (who had fired a salute in honour of their victory) came back, and carried off most of their own guns, and four of Christie's. The latter remained on the ground until four A.M. of the 14th, with the native gun Lascars sitting on the trails. They only quitted their post when driven away by the Sikh horsemen, who brought bullocks and carried off the guns. At best, it can only be considered a drawn battle. It was only the prestige of our name which prevented the Sikhs from pushing their advantage.

It is considered that Lord Gough's first error was abandoning the plan of turning the Sikh flank at Rassul; his second, allowing himself to be provoked to fight without knowing the ground; his third (his old one) of not allowing the artillery to do their work, but hurling masses of infantry on the Sikh guns; his fourth, charging when completely outflanked by the enemy, and through a thick jungle; his fifth, abandoning the wounded and the guns.

Altogether, never has so severe a fight, with so much loss and *no results*, been fought in India. Had the army encamped on the ground they had won, they could have parked every gun they had spiked, and rendered the Sikhs powerless, from want of artillery; as it is, they have no doubt by this time drilled out all the spikes.

The Sikhs took three of Huish's guns, and one of Christie's, and a colour from each of the following regiments: H. M.'s 24th, 25th, 30th, and 56th (besides the one recovered by the 70th), and 6th Cavalry. The latter was taken, owing to the Jemader, who bore it, having secured it to his body by way of precaution. He was killed.

Ekins, the Assistant-Adjutant-General, was cut to pieces in trying to rally the 14th Dragoons. He and twenty-six others, thirteen being of H. M.'s 24th, were buried the next evening, together with a number of men. In one grave were laid the two Pennycuicks, father and son, and in another the two Harrises! and this fearful loss of life—the returns amount to 2400 odd killed and wounded—was caused solely because the Commander-in-Chief was too impatient, and did not let his artillery do their work, but sent the poor Infantry at guns.

The enemy's camp is in front of ours, about two miles off. They must be three times stronger than we are, and their position on a long, low range of hills. Colonel Pope described the camp as being situated in a perfect swamp; the Sikhs can see everything that is going on, and they attack our pickets constantly. One or two regiments of cavalry are sent out daily to procure forage, which they bring from Wazirábád, Ramnaggar, and places even yet more distant.

C. wrote to me as follows:—January 18th, 1849.—"Our great guns were doing their duty well, and the execution among the Sikhs was such as to insure their destruction. In this way the French, under Napoleon, by means of their artillery (the best in the world then) first disorganized the opposing force, and then with a certainty of success and small loss, launched their masses on the already discomfited enemy. Lord Gough, however, barely allowed the heavy cannon to fire fifty rounds, and

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ordered the advance of his whole line, the Sikhs strongly posted in the wooded heights overlapping our flanks in the proportion of six miles to three. Lord Gough made no attempt to throw back his flanks *en potence*, so as to remedy this, but rushed on. Gilbert's division,* fighting hard, went steadily on, carrying everything before them, of course with some loss. The others behaved, for the most part, like men, but were fearfully mown down by the Sikh guns, and several regiments being surrounded, owing to the initiatory blunder, had to fight front and rear. The 30th Native Infantry went on boldly, but getting clubbed, fired at random and killed some of their own officers. Part of the 9th Lancers and the 14th Dragoons being, they say, surrounded, disgracefully fled before 400 Sikh horsemen, abandoning a European troop of Horse Artillery, the gunners being cut down and our guns taken. In trying to rally these panic-stricken troopers, Ekins was killed."

A friend in camp wrote to us, 21st January.—"The only conclusion I can arrive at is, that the Sikhs, in every sense of the word, licked us, and if their cavalry had only gone on, must have routed us and taken the Commander-in-Chief and Staff prisoners. Our people were quite prepared for it, nor do they seem to know why it was not done. The Commander-in-Chief makes out a very fair appearance in his dispatch, but I doubt its taking anybody in, at least on this side of the world. I assure you the fight of the 13th was as nearly proving another massacre of a British army as possible."

The loss in killed and wounded is unparalleled, save by Ferozeshahar and Sobráon. The Queen's 24th Foot, for instance, lost 537. Next day there lay in their mess-tent 13 of the officers of that single corps, dead. They went into action with 34 officers; they have now only 9 fit for duty. The 30th Native Infantry lost one third of their entire strength; the Queen's 29th lost 234. Officers killed 24, wounded 65, total 89; men killed 573, wounded 1600, total 2173:—total *hors de combat* 2262. Many of the wounded are since dead, and many many more must still perish, for the wounds in general were of a fearful description, received in close conflict.

"The night that followed this dreadful day was the most miserable of my life. The troops all huddled together without order, and the tents and baggage nowhere to be seen. Some of us sat for the early part of the night upon some guns, and when it began to rain, which it did heavily towards midnight, we sought the shelter of an adjacent village, where in a mud hut of diminutive dimensions, we found a most motley assemblage congregated in the dark, and where we passed the night, in a crouching position with my back to the wall, for there was not room to lie at length on the mud floor. On my left, and seen by the occasional blaze of a whin fire outside, lay a Sepáhi, with his loaded musket between us, which I every moment expected would go off as he turned himself in his sleep, and shoot some one, as similar accidents were heard going on outside all night long; on my right sat the Aide-de-Camp to General Tennant, and beyond him, the General himself; next sat a boy with his head on the doorstep; a number of the Commander-in-Chief's Staff were huddled together in the further corner; Colonel Curtis and some Sepáhis occupied the centre.

"In this position we spent the night; the longest I ever experienced. No one spoke, every one was occupied with his own reflections, longing for the light of the morrow, and listening to every sound that broke the stillness of the night. Had the Sikhs been an enterprising enemy (which they are not), and had come down upon us that night, our troops

* Composed of the 2nd Europeans, 70th and 31st Native Infantry.

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could have offered no resistance, and must have fallen an easy prey. It pleased God, however, to shield us in our hour of helplessness by His gracious providence, and day began to break without even an alarm having occurred. Large fires were then lit in the little courtyard in which our hut was situated, which threw a strange and picturesque light on the foliage and figures that surrounded them. Amongst the latter I recognised the Adjutant-General, Judge-Advocate-General, Quartermaster-General, Brigadier Penny, &c.; not one of them appeared to know what had become of the Commander-in-Chief for some time. At length we heard of his having passed the night in another village about a mile off. I had had no food since six A.M. on the previous day, save a crust of bread Colonel —— had given me.

"As soon as the Commander-in-Chief could be communicated with, the trumpets sounded the assembly, the troops stood to their arms, and the line was re-formed just where it stood before they went into action. I was overwhelmed by a sense of gratitude to the Almighty when I once more saw our brave fellows thus extricated out of inconceivable confusion by the cheerful light of day.

"Here we are, in such a mess as the army of India has never been in since the days of Clive."

The bodies of poor Lieutenant Anderson and Mr. Agnew have been disinterred. They were found wrapped in silk (I believe some Afghâns buried them), and the heads severed from the bodies; but it was impossible to say if this were the effect of decomposition or violence. They were buried with all military honours, and carried up the principal breach in triumph, by the gallant Bombay Fusiliers, poor Mr. Anderson's own regiment. No doubt it was with swelling hearts they did so. They buried them near the Idgáh, and there they rest.

February 12th, 1849.—Mr. Winslow, at Madras, some time ago, had to excommunicate upwards of thirty catechists, for keeping caste; and the whole of them relapsed into heathenism. I did not know, until the other day, that caste was most rigidly observed among a large portion of the Church of England converts at Madras. It seems that the venerable Schwartz set the example of this most pernicious compliance with idolatrous customs, not foreseeing its ruinous consequences. The present bishop has instituted an inquiry into it, and, I hope, will suppress it. Imagine so-called Christians of high caste refusing to associate, even at the Lord's table, with those of low caste—scrupulously avoiding the pollution of having any communion with their brethren.

Mr. Erskine, in speaking of the immense advantages of India over Europe, as a "*carrière ouverte aux talens*," and as affording men scope for all their faculties, at an age when at home they could be but mere subordinates—"mere pens"—gave us an instance, that when the Sikhs crossed the Satlej, in the last campaign, the Government were so taken by surprise, that all they could do was to desire the different Deputy Commissioners to make the best arrangements in their power; thus by this act putting the whole defence of their respective enormous districts into their hands. Each had, in fact, the responsibility of a prime minister.

Mr. Erskine raised the male population *en masse*, and trained them as well as time permitted. He is a most practical, energetic, and public-spirited officer, and would make an excellent military man.

Lord Gifford came to see us the other day (on his way to meet Lady Dalhousie at Sehâranpur), and told us many interesting things about Ramnagar and Chilianwala, in both of which he was present, and acted as Lord Gough's aide in the last. He said Brigadier Pope could not pos-

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sibly be to blame for the behaviour of the 14th Dragoons, as he was wounded and out of the field long before. Only one squadron of the 9th Lancers fled. Somebody (no one knows who, some say a private) called out, "The Sikhs are in our rear—threes about." The dragoons obeyed the order at first in a regular manner; but the broken nature of the ground caused the flanks to press on the centre—a sudden panic came over them, and they fled in confusion through the field-hospital, upsetting dulis, wounded, camels, and everything that came in their way.

The whole camp has been frequently alarmed by the Sikhs, but these last have now left their strong position at Rassul, and for some days no one knew where they were gone; they might have crossed the Jelam, and they might have crossed the Chenab. For a day or two it was positively asserted that they had done the first; and such were the fears that they would do the second, that there was a perfect panic at Lahore, which had the good effect of causing the citadel to be put in a state of defence for the first time. We now learn that they have marched upon Gujrát.

The Commander-in-Chief has fallen back, and the two forces have united. They are, by to-day's letters of the 20th, within five miles of Gujrát and the Sikhs; and an action is expected on the 21st. Do you know that the Sikhs are so given to strong liquors, that they will drink off half a bottle of brandy without its having the smallest effect upon them. The spirits they use are so powerful, that brandy and gin are said to be like wine in comparison. Chattar Sing has sent Major Lawrence into the Governor-General's camp, but not apparently to offer terms, as he says he despises our Commander-in-Chief, our army, and our race; and that our cavalry, European and Native, are not worth their salt.

A decisive battle was expected on the 21st.—May God give us the victory!

I heard from J. on his march up the other day. He says: "It seemed like the fateful ending of an ancient tragedy, that on the morning we marched from Multán with Mulráj between our ranks as a prisoner, our way should have been between the Eedgah and the spot where the murdered men had been first buried. The pit was open, for the bodies had been taken out to receive Christian burial two or three days before, and there were still traces of how it had been occupied. With this on the left hand, and the ruined Eedgah on the right, the road ran with scarce a yard of spare room. Truly the Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for them that are oppressed."

We were much amused at a story Miss W. told us of a kuli of her brother's, who, on being promoted to be a choukedár (watchman) at four rupees a month, took a second wife. His first, who was a Kulin, was a remarkably handsome, hardworking woman: the other was a grasscut. He explained to his master that he had taken a second wife to his honour, as it greatly redounded to Mr. W.'s credit that his choukedár should have two wives. However, they disagreed so much, that in a short time he was glad to give the second twenty rupees to induce her to leave him.

Several desertions have taken place. In order, therefore, to make the whole corps keep a good look-out, C. has ordered parades twice a day, extra roll-calls at noon and midnight, and doubled the regimental guards and patrols, so that they will all be so hard worked, that they will be glad to catch any man who may try to bring the same trouble upon them another time. Every one to whom C. gives a guard speaks in the highest terms of our men.

February 24th.—Mrs. C. and I drove down to the Post, and heard that we had won a great victory on the 21st. I received a letter from Captain C. announcing the fact, and stating that our loss is about 500 killed

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and wounded; that of the Sikhs is about 1200 to 1500. On Sunday morning early, Mrs. F. came with a letter from her husband which he had got inserted with the Commander-in-Chief's dispatch, telling of his own and Mr. C.'s safety. The action appears to have been entirely one of artillery, whom, wonderful to say, Lord Gough allowed to do their work. The last Brigade from Multán, under Colonel Dundas, joined the Commander-in-Chief by forced marches on the evening of the 19th. J. says of the Rifles, "the men are in capital condition; they made fifty miles the last two days, but it was no great draw upon them." We had about 27,000 men, and upwards of 100 pieces of artillery. The action appears to have been almost entirely on the right of our line; that is to say, the Infantry of General Campbell's division did not fire a shot.

Ten minutes after the Infantry delivered their first fire, they charged, and the Sikhs fled.

General Gilbert is gone to intercept them.

The rout of the Sikhs on the 21st was so complete that they threw away their arms, ammunition, and everything, and fled in their Dhotis (their simplest garment,—a cloth that they wrap round them, which serves the purpose of trousers). Many guns have been picked up by the cavalry in the villages: the Sikhs dragged them on as long as they were able. They have also taken several standards in this way.

Colonel Pope forwarded Colonel Lane's and Colonel Bradford's letters to the Commander-in-Chief, about the flight of the 14th Dragoons, and begged that he might be exonerated from having given any order which could by any possibility have been misconstrued into an order to retreat. The Commander-in-Chief coldly replied through the Adjutant-General that he "accepted his denial," without adding one word of sympathy or regret at having publicly cast a slur on the honour of an old soldier whose gallantry is unimpeachable; poor Colonel Pope has been with us for some days. He is very weak and ill.

Saturday, March 10th, 1849.—Since Friday week, the poor old Colonel has been so ill with inflammation of the lungs, that he was almost given over, and C. has been obliged to sit up with him the greater part of every night, as his nieces are quite worn out with waiting on him all day, and the native doctor, though most attentive, cannot make him take food and wine, which are ordered for him. It is clear to me that the Hindustanis are an inferior race, both to the European and to their northern neighbours. I have never seen a native obtain power over a European: if they do, it is in rare instances; they may, and often have very great influence with them, as a favourite servant often has, but hardly ever that authority which a European, even of inferior station, would exercise. How despotic a European nurse often is, over either patient or child. Here, this is scarcely ever the case, the nurses and bearers are the slaves of the children. The position of the British in India, often reminds me of that of the old Romans. There is such a wide distinction between the conquering and the subject race. When no officers are present, the Serjeant-Major exercises the regiment, though the Subadars and Jemadars are considered as gentlemen, are entitled to a chair when they come to the house, and are presented to the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief with the European officers. Europeans of every class come under the denomination of "Sahiblog;" but an Afghân distinguishes at once between a gentleman and a common man. Perhaps I can hardly make it clear to you, but no one could know an Afghân, without feeling that they are of the same race as ourselves. Their energy, obstinacy, strong will, and fiery natures, mark them as of a different genus from the gentle, patient, apathetic Hindustaní; and I conclude that the superiority in

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energy of the Hindustaní Mussalman over the Hindú, arises from his mixed descent from the conquerors of Hindustán, the Moghals, and Patáns. The Sikhs and Banjabís, have much more energy, and are a much finer and stronger people physically, as well as intellectually, than the Hindustanís. This they have proved in the present campaign. I have never seen a Hindustaní rush about, so that it refreshes me to see the vehement energy with which Hasan Khân darts across the room and pounces on a chair, to save my husband the trouble of handing it to him. The Sikhs are generally very ignorant and very intelligent, twice as quick of understanding as any uneducated native of the North of Europe I ever saw.

Sir Richmond Shakespeare spent the day here, on the 7th instant. A round shot carried off the tip of his left forefinger, and took all the skin off the right side of his face; he fainted, but soon recovered, had wet bandages applied to his cheek, and rode back to his duty. Two or three days after, however, it swelled up to a frightful size. A more miraculous escape never occurred. He told us that a Lieutenant, who has been travelling with him, got a ball in his forehead, which came out at the back of his head near the ear. He is quite well again! Sir Richmond Shakespeare said that one great mistake at Chillianwala was not opening all the batteries, field as well as heavy, on the enemy at once. After the action, Brigadier Godby rode up to Captain Dawes and said, "Captain Dawes, I am happy to have this public opportunity of thanking you for saving my Brigade." Just after, Sir Walter Gilbert came up, and roared out, "Dawes! thank you for saving my Division!" and whenever the subject is mentioned, and compliments paid him, good Captain Dawes blushes and is abashed. Young Mr. Dempster was so ill, that his mother was quite at ease about him, thinking he could not possibly be present during the action. However he got leave from the doctor, was carried to his gun, which he commanded throughout the day by driving a fowrah,—a curious kind of spade, with the blade at right angles with the handle—into the ground, and sitting upon the blade of it.

Captain Scott who commanded the party left at Umriala, after resistance had ceased, desired his men to offer quarter. They tied those who threw down their arms in pairs, and took them into camp as prisoners. There were nearly 150 of them, yet Major —— is said to have blamed Captain Scott for bringing them in, and told him not a man should have been spared. Colonel G. ordered the village to be burnt, which was done, and a young friend told us that the sights he witnessed in going, for the last time, through the village, to find out if any persons remained in it, haunted his dreams long afterwards. In the principal house in the place eighty lay dead. Many an unfortunate wounded man was burnt.

As I should suppose both Major —— and Colonel —— were naturally humane, it makes the way in which they are said to have acted in this affair very remarkable, and shows how easily men may do harsh and cruel things when their blood is heated. C. says they may have been obliged to issue these orders, but I have not heard any reason alleged for their doing so.

If Major —— were right in blaming the troops for giving quarter where no good end could be gained by further bloodshed, on his principles, not a man should have been saved out of the whole force; for if General Gilbert was justified in receiving the submission of Shere Sing and his 16,000 men, certainly Captain Scott was right in offering quarter to these men. It appears that a code of military law, such as Vattel's, for international affairs, is greatly required; for officers generally act on impulses and crotchets of their own, without any fixed rules. It was as bad in

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Colonel G. to have the village burnt when it no longer offered any resistance. It was, in fact, burning the wounded. The village was no ways particularly guilty; it had offered resistance, and was right in so doing. There was no plea of "example." Multán was spared because it was large and rich: was this village burnt because it was small and poor? If a town resist after terms have been offered, it may be good policy, and eventually save much slaughter by preventing other towns from doing the like, to grant no quarter to the fighting men. This was Cromwell's plan, and a wise and merciful plan—though severe in appearance—it proved to be; but he never burnt a village which had not been summoned, and which was maintained as part of the enemy's position on the battle-field, at a time, too, when the enemy having fled in complete disorder there was no possibility of their re-occupying it. A man who has not clear views of right and wrong, based on sound principles, is sure to make frightful blunders.

On Thursday, 15th, C. started for the Governor-General's camp at Firozpúr.

Yesterday (Sunday, 18th) a royal salute was fired in honour of Shere Sing and Chattar Sing having delivered themselves up with twenty-six guns, Mrs. Lawrence, and all the prisoners, when 16,000 men laid down their arms. Captain Dawes mentions that "Mrs. Lawrence, with European servant and baby, prisoners, Lieutenants Bowie and Herbert, arrived at Wazurabad yesterday, 14th March, and a very pleasant sight it was to see the coach and four, drawn by mules, enter head-quarters' camp, with the Commander-in-Chief on the left, and the Adjutant-General on the right. The Artillery and H.M.'s 61st, gave her three cheers, and 'one cheer more for the blessed babby.'"

I heard from J. to-day (21st); he mentions that Shere Sing brought in the Lawrences himself at Pachi Serai. Sir W. Gilbert told him he did not want him without his men and guns, and that he had better go back again, which he did. J. says he is in love with the country—the climate now is delightful—day after day cloudy skies and gentle showers—all round are green corn-fields, and north and east there are most magnificent ranges of mountains, the last and grandest of them being covered with snow. He describes Rohtás thus:—"Fancy a fortress girding a mountain, one side two miles long, with walls of solid masonry thirty feet thick! If the Jinns did not build it, giants must—and the work was daintily done, too—even the places for firing down through from the battlements are finished with nicely carved corbeils, but, perhaps, the most extraordinary thing about it is the way that part of it has been ruined by an earthquake, (or by adverse Jinns), in one place a whole bastion has gone bodily down into a ravine without being broken up." This famous fortress was built by Shír Shah, the Afghán, perhaps the greatest general of the East, who drove Hamáyun into exile. He ruled from the Jelam to the mouth of the Ganges, and his civil Government was both benevolent and wise.

Sir Richmond Shakespeare did a thing which amused me much, and yet it showed great thoughtfulness. Lady Shakespeare had been kept in suspense by not receiving his letter for thirty-six hours after she heard of the battle of Chillianwala, so to prevent this he wrote to her before the battle of Gujrát—"We have had a hard fight, but have thrashed the Sikhs completely," directed it, put it in his pocket ready for the post with a written request that if he were killed it should be torn up. He sent this off soon after he was wounded. It shows the confidence that we always entertain of winning the day.

Sir R. Shakespeare also told us that one of the Queen's regiments captured an elephant at Gujerát. On the morning after the battle the

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men had been so long without food that biscuit, or something of that sort was served out to them, until they could get a meal. They thought the poor elephant must be hungry too, so each man gave him a bit.

The 30th Native Infantry, though not mentioned in the despatch, behaved most gallantly, they rushed on unchecked at Chillianwala to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns, and spiked ten of them. They lost a great number killed and wounded. There was only one officer out of the seventeen who went into action untouched, and the next day the colonel, the adjutant, and two subalterns were all that were fit for duty.

The officers gave up their mess tent to their wounded men, helped to bring them in on charpais, &c., and nursed them themselves. To make up for the omission, the Commander-in-Chief wrote a public letter, expressing his "grateful acknowledgments to the regiment," which was read on parade.

J. writes from Attok, March 19.—"We found a large number of Sikhs awaiting us at Ráwal Pindi, to lay down their arms. It was quite affecting to see the old grey-bearded Khálsás giving up their swords; they generally salámed them as they put them on the ground. One of them abused Shir Sing bitterly for not making a better stand; another was heard to say, "Now, indeed, Ranjit Sing is dead." Altogether, between 20,000 and 30,000 are said to have surrendered, the stacks of arms are a wonder to look at, and we got besides, about forty cannon altogether: at Multán and since, our army has taken upwards of 100 guns in this campaign."

April 20th.—To our great satisfaction Mrs. George Lawrence arrived yesterday. She left in the evening for Simla, she and her two babes are looking very well. She gave me some account of her adventures. When Major Lawrence sent her into Lahore in October (her little boy was a month old the day she started), Sultán Múhammad had promised her 300 horsemen, to whom Major L. was to add 300 foot, but the Sirdár sent only seventy Sawárs. They had a most fatiguing march, endeavouring to get a good start before Chattar Sing should hear of their departure. For three months previous she had never been able to leave her apartments, which were in the upper story of the house, Major Lawrence fearing that she might meet with some fright from the lawless Sikh soldiery. She could not even go into the garden, for it was filled from morning to night with Sikhs.

Chattar Sing had heard of her journey, and sent a regiment and two guns to intercept her. Her escort might still have carried her to Lahore by some by-path had they been determined to do so, but there is no doubt that Sultán Múhammad wished to keep her in his own hands, thinking it would give him a powerful claim on our Government. His eldest son, Khojah Baksh, who commanded her escort, told her it was impossible to proceed. Mrs. Lawrence told me afterwards a circumstance which proved that Khojah Baksh had no intention of taking her to Lahore when he started,—he had no other clothes with him than those he wore; now a man of his rank would never appear in Lahore in dirty travelling garments.

Her party were obliged to move from place to place, both to escape from the Sikhs and to find food; at last Khojah Baksh took her to Kohat about forty kos (say eighty miles), where his own family was. Both he and his father came to her, swore solemnly that they considered her as their guest, and gave her their signet rings as pledges, saying, "So long as you keep these no one can prevent your doing anything you choose."

When she expressed some anxiety afterwards, they asked her:

"Do you think we are dogs, that we should do such a thing?" "If a

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pig," said Khojah Baksh's women, "took refuge with us, we should be bound to protect it!"

Mrs. Lawrence only kept the rings two or three days. In the meantime Major Lawrence wrote to her to stay where she was, as he could not answer for what might happen at Peshâwur. Fresh emissaries came in from Chattar Sing, whom the troops now declared their intention of joining, and sent to demand their arrears of pay, carriage for their baggage and all the guns! Major L. of course refused, until the old Governor, Guláb Sing Povindhía, who remained staunch, entreated him to give them their arrears of pay, in order to get rid of them. This was done, and they sent to inquire of Elahí Baksh, the Commandant of Artillery, if he intended to fire on them as they passed his lines. He replied that he would not, unless they offered to touch the guns, when he would. They departed, but soon came the news that the Hindustaní Paltan, composed of Panjábi Mussalmáns were going after them; the Commandant came and said he could not prevent them, they had been so long brethren that they must follow the Sikh troops. They attempted to take the guns, the artillery joined them. Major L. sent out his new Patán levies of about 3000 men, instead of fighting they began to quarrel among themselves, and wanted to plunder the house. No order was any longer obeyed, the guns were turned against the house, and the shot came crushing through the verandahs.

The old Governor entreated Major L. to fly—there was nothing else left to do—for the Sikhs afterwards acknowledged that they meant to kill him. He collected all his servants, and with Lieutenant Bowie and about thirty Afghâns of his guard mounted and rode to Kohât. It was about eight in the evening and pitch dark; three days after he had arrived at Kohât, Chattar Sing sent for him. Before leaving, Sultán Múhammad had sworn most solemnly that, if he took refuge in Kohât he should be safe, and had promised to send them either to Multán or to Bhawalpore. A steamer arrived at that very time, but Sultán Múhammad would not let them go, flattering himself that by keeping them he might prevail on our Government to give him Peshâwur! A more idiotic act no man ever did. Now he was helpless, and could not prevent Major L. from being claimed by Chattar Sing.

One night she heard her name called repeatedly; she went out, and found Mr. Thompson, the apothecary, who brought a letter from Major L., saying that Chattar Sing had sent for her, and desiring her to come or not as she liked; but adding, that it would be much better for our Government to have only one party to deal with. She immediately resolved to go, and sent for Khojah Baksh, who came the next morning. She met him in the garden, told him that she had her baggage packed and wanted carriage. He refused to let her go, but she said she would, and that if he objected, she would send for the large Sikh guard, who were on the other side of the hill, having only sent a small guard over to the fort where Mrs. L. was. Then he made difficulties about carriage, and would not get her any mules or an elephant, and refused to let a neighbouring village supply her with camels. She got ready, however, placed her children on her own elephant, and the European woman in the Palki, and mounted her horse. When Khoja Baksh came he looked very sulky, and asked why she was going to ride. She said, because she was going to Peshâwur to rejoin her husband. He objected to the length of the way, but at last accompanied her. His women wept bitterly when they came to take leave of her, said their name was blackened for ever, and that they never would be able to hold up their heads again. She rode twenty-five miles that day when Khojah Baksh left her. They stayed about two

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or three days at Peshâwur, and then marched southwards. The Sikhs treated her with every respect, but she was lodged in a fort on the Jelum, while Major L. and Mr. Bowie were each kept by different Chiefs at some distance. Each Sírdar wished to have some hold on our Government. For three months Mrs. Lawrence was never allowed to go out, except into a small court about twenty feet square, where she could walk up and down between the sentries, five of whom were placed over her. Luckily she had a few books and her writing materials.

Her children thrived perfectly during their captivity, and of course beguiled many a weary hour, her spirits and courage never failed. Sultán Múhammad is now in Afghánistan, but it is not likely his brother and sworn foe, Dost Múhammad, will suffer him to remain there. When his faithlessness and treachery were first reported, none of the Afghâns here would believe it; they all said no Mussalmân could do so, and some added, that bad as he was, he was not such a fool.

April 28th.—Wednesday morning, we rode to Hasan Khân's, my ayah having brought me word the night before that his youngest child, an infant of about two or three weeks old, was ill. Hasan Khân rushed up to me as usual to help me off my horse, and asked me to go within. I heard sounds that at first I mistook for singing, but on drawing near I found all the women seated on the ground, round the lifeless body of the poor little babe, and raising the wail for the dead. I sat down on the ground by the poor mother—three or four strangers were present. She seemed to address her child in a sort of low, plaintive chant, mingled with sobs, in which the other women joined, bursting out now and then into a loud cry of grief, which brought tears into my eyes. It was most touching, even though no one present, probably, felt any great distress, except the poor mother, yet Leila had wept until her features were quite swollen.

I wish I could give you an exact idea of the wail, their strong harmonious voices divested it of anything harsh or unpleasant, but it was so wild and melancholy as to touch one's very soul. When they ceased and covered the poor little babe's face, Hasan Khân came into the outer court and prepared a little charpaí whereon to lay it. I told them that the little one was now in heaven with God, and therefore it was well with it.

Leila repeated what I said in Persian. Maazulla Khân, one of our Subadars, a fine-looking Mulla, and some of the attendants, now entered the court. Hasan Khân carried away the little body, lifting it tenderly in his arms, and all the women rose up to look through the half-closed door, and see all they could of what was going on. C. came in as a spectator. Maazulla turned up his crimson and gold sleeves and washed the little corpse, and then laying it on a high bed in the middle of the court, swathed it in new white cloth. The men left, and the women then came forward to look at it once again. I took leave and rode to the Mission Compound, while C. followed the little body to the grave.

A day or two after Ali Reza Khân came to see us, and waited while we had morning worship, during which, to my great surprise, he knelt down with us. I thought it was from politeness, but C. said it was more from a vague feeling of superstition, thinking there was some benefit to be got by joining in any kind of prayer—the same sort of feeling that prompted his own guide, Shabudín (on his second return to Jellabad), to go up to a naked Hindu faqír half mad, and ask his blessing, to which the devotee responded by cracking his knuckles over his head, stroking it and muttering some sort of benediction. By-the-bye this was the manner in which my old ayah took leave of me.

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You will hardly believe that our Sergeant-Major's wife (an Irish Papist) gave a rupee to a Mussalman faqír to pray for her child when it was sick!

I have since heard of a curious instance on the Bombay side, where a rich Babú annually makes the Tâbut (the tower carried about during the Múharram) in compliance with a vow made by his great-grandfather, who having sought the help of his Hindú deities in vain, at last obtained his desire, on appealing to Hasan and Huseyn, and consequently vowed that his family should, for four generations, keep up this observance in their honour.

CHAPTER XVII.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2ND, we started for Simla. As we had been so long on our way to Morinda (only forty miles), we started as soon as the storm would allow us, to perform the remaining half of our journey. We passed many fine Banian, Pipál, and other trees, some of which appeared like a species of oak, and others somewhat like chestnut trees. You cannot imagine how refreshing and delightful to us it was to see trees again, especially of such size and beauty, after the long fast we have had from them. It rained a good deal in the night; and the next morning I awoke, and found a line of dark, and as I then thought, low hills, in front, showing we were close to Kalka. I had the greatest inclination to get out and walk, but I was swiftly carried up the hill amid a crowd of camels, horses, sáises, palkis, and people, to the door of Matthews's Hotel. There we breakfasted.

Jhappáns were brought, and my husband and Mr. C. mounted their horses. A Jhappán is a kind of arm-chair with a canopy and curtains; the canopy, &c. can be taken off. A short pole is slung by a leather strap between the side poles, both in front and behind: it is carried by four men in single file, each of whom bears one end of a short pole on his shoulder. For a journey one has eight men; but at Simla, where every one keeps a Jhappán and Jhappánis, they have five men, and a mate who steadies the Jhappán, holds an umbrella, and enacts the Grand Seigneur in comparison to the others.

In winding up the hill we saw some beautiful flowers—one especially, a small tree, covered with clusters of the richest scarlet blossoms. It was a species of Keysu or Dak: there were also abundance of large pomegranate-trees in full flower, and white roses in profusion. The shape of the hills is not very beautiful, nor very varied. They have bony ridges at the top, and flat sides, and are rather wanting in massive grandeur of form. They stood out so sharply from the bright, blue sky, that they gave me the idea of pasteboard or fictitious hills; but they were hills, and that of itself was sufficient to make them delightful in our eyes, wearied with more than two years of sandy plains.

Near Kasáuli there was the most beautiful view I have yet seen, extending as far as Simla, the barrenness of the hills being relieved by the beautiful variety of light and shade caused by a storm in the distance.

The scenery became wilder and more beautiful after we left Kasáuli. We passed a mad faqír kneeling in the middle of the road, and throwing pebbles over his shoulder down the precipice. We passed Sabáthu, ensconced among the hills above us, and when the moon rose, it clothed the barren mountains with light and beauty. I saw a magnificent meteor, like a ball of fire, the size of a full moon, slowly gliding down the sky, till it was lost behind the hill we were ascending. Below Harípur we

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crossed a stream, from which rose perpendicularly the grandest precipice I ever saw. It was in deep shadow, with the moon shining bright above.

Next day we rode to Syrí, the road being much of the same character as the preceding evening, wild and barren. These hills are remarkable for having no valleys; they are a jumble of mountains; one is, as it were, all the time in the very heart of the hills, you *descend* to a mountain top. You wind in and out, sometimes on ridges just broad enough for the road, with magnificent precipices and views on either side. Almost every ledge is cultivated; the huts are perched like seabirds' nests wherever there is a sufficiency of level ground to hold one.

At Syrí we had breakfast, with plenty of wild raspberries of a bright orange colour. The hills became more wooded, and the scenery more and more beautiful. We were delighted with the gigantic scarlet tree rhododendron, which they say is not known in England. The mountains were now partially clothed with firs; and the view of one mountain-ridge rising behind another, with not a plain or valley to be seen, was very grand. The snowy range was quite hidden by the hills we were ascending. As we entered Simla, the beautiful shady walks reminded me somewhat of Schwalbach. We proceeded along the winding Mall, meeting crowds of people and finer bonnets than I had seen for many a day. The jhappánis amused me much, as they are dressed uniformly according to their master and mistress's taste. Most of them are in plaid tunics and trousers edged with red, looking like magnified little boys; but others are in long robes, generally black down to their feet, with deep red borders, and red caps; so that the first man having a wand in his hand, they look like a company of magicians. There were children in cots, and children on ponies, no wheeled carriages of any kind being allowed here, and ladies of all ages in jhappáns and on horseback. We met Lady Dalhousie riding with two mounted orderlies of the body guard after her.

Colonel B.'s house is at the other extremity of Simla, about three miles from the entrance, and beautifully situated. We were most kindly received, and found everything most comfortable: curtains to the windows, papered walls, red furniture, and a thousand other things, especially a good fire, which reminded us of England. We saw hailstones the size of marbles, the remnants of the storm three days ago. It is unusually cold for the season, May being generally the hottest month at Simla.

We met Lord Gough on Sunday evening in one of the walks. I was quite charmed with his soldierly figure, benevolent countenance, and venerable white hair and moustache.

A certain major, commanding a cavalry regiment, lived in a certain Guru (Sikh priest's) house near Jallander. He lived rent free, had the Guru's excellent house, garden, bullocks, and horses, in fact everything. He paid for it by lending all his influence to support the said Gurus, solemnly walking with him in an idolatrous procession, while, contrary to the express regulations of the service, six trumpeters of the regiment opened the march, and as some of them were doubtless Mussalmáns, they must have been much disgusted at being so employed.

I have lately heard a story of Lord Hardinge and the Chief Commissariat Gomásthá (agent). Lord H. found that the sum charged for the repair of his camp equipage, including all the tents of the different secretaries, &c. &c., amounted to the enormous sum of 15,000 rupees. He sent for the Gomásthá, who came in a great fright. He is a very wealthy man, and advances the money needful for Government supplies, repaying himself with enormous interest. He went to an officer who asked him what he meant to do. He answered, "I don't know—I have nothing to

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say. There was once a cow, whose owner got a cowherd, and allotted him so much money to feed the cow with. The cow got thin, so her master got a second cowherd. She then grew worse, so he got a third, and the cow died. The Company is the cow. When they wanted the tents repaired they sent for an inferior Gomásthá—he made his profit—they sent for me to superintend him—I made mine—they sent a serjeant to superintend me—he made his." The officer advised him, when sent for by Colonel Benson, to say nothing, but merely to present the paper signed by three officers, that the repairs were well done, and at the proper price. He did so, and the Company paid the 15,000 rupees!

Wednesday, May 16th.—We dined at Lord Gough's, now no longer Commander-in-Chief, for last night the "Gazette" arrived announcing Sir C. Napier's arrival on the 7th.

We went on about two o'clock; the forest, although it has been greatly spoilt by clearing away the trees, yet becoming more beautiful every step. At Simla, which is in the Company's territory, not a tree can be cut down without the permission of Mr. Edwardes, as Governor-General's agent; but here, where the land belongs to some of the petty hill rajas, there is no such protection. The people burn the trees at the roots, as an easy way of making them fall and of manufacturing charcoal at the same time. We halted at a lovely shady spot and rested there. Such pines I never saw, those in Europe are slender dwarfish things in comparison, these are as gigantic as the hills they grow on. We rode on to Fágu, where there is a Bungalow; walked with some of our party to a kind of promontory, from whence the view was magnificent on either hand. It was only disfigured by strips of rag hanging on the bushes, in honour of a detestable idol of black stone. When we asked the people how they could worship a stone in this manner, one man replied, that if the Chokedar were ordered to do so, it should all be rooted up! We found quantities of a beautiful white sweet scented creeper, which we had seen hanging in festoons in the forest, wild thyme, and many pretty wild flowers; but the sun had now set, and the scene was no longer so glorious as when we arrived in the afternoon, with a deep Neapolitan sky above our heads, and the richest purple shadows on the mountains, contrasting with the fresh green of the leaves dancing in the sunlight, through which we caught vistas of the snowy range beyond. I am a little disappointed in the snowy range; it is so distant (200 miles off) that it is not half so beautiful as the view of the Alps from the ramparts of Berne, where they are near enough to show the varied hues in which they are bathed by the setting sun. Enjoyed a good fire; but though so high (9000 feet), it was only pleasantly cool. Saw a line of fire on one of the distant hills, where they were burning the brushwood to prepare the land for crops. We all rose by dawn, and bade adieu to our friends, as the heat of the sun, almost immediately after it rises, obliged us all to hurry on our respective ways. We reached Simla about half-past nine. On the road we met numbers of men carrying three to four planks each (generally slung across the shoulders, and resting on the small of the back), which they were bringing down to Simla for sale: they get four annas (sixpence) for each plank.

Monday, May 21st.—We all rode to Annandale along a most beautiful road, winding through the woods till it reaches the valley. Found Hasan Khân, who has pitched his tent in this lovely spot under the gigantic pines. He and his men greeted us with joy, and accompanied us through the narrow valley, showing us the new tea plantations, a Governmental experiment, and only left us after we had climbed the hills on the opposite side to some distance. I have not had a more delightful expedition.

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We saw the cheerful fire by Hasan Khán's tent far beneath us. He and his people seemed greatly to enjoy being once more among the hills.

The Hindustanis are very apathetic to scenery. I have never known one stop to admire anything. My husband cross-questioned a Chaprási (from Delhi I think) to find if he had any appreciation of the beauties which surrounded him. Not in the least. He said the pain in his legs in running up and down hill with messages was not to be expressed, and that if it were not for the wants of his stomach he would not stay here a day.

Major Mackeson called in the morning. He is a man of such truth and integrity, and so thoroughly manly, that I always see him with pleasure. He told us of Lieut. Herbert's gallant behaviour at Attok. When they could hold out no longer the Nizám-u-Doulah, Eiúd-u-Dín Khán, an Afghán Chief, who has always stuck to us most faithfully, and the Shahzadeh Jammur, resolved to escape to the Khaiber, by letting themselves down from the wall, and crossing the river on massaks (goat-skins, in which water is carried). Mr. Herbert was to have accompanied them, but there was a sick European sergeant (Salter by name), who was too ill to make the attempt. The Afghán Chief endeavoured to persuade him to give himself up to the Sikhs, but he refused to do so, thinking that his inferior rank would not protect him from their vengeance. In spite of the man's selfishness Mr. Herbert gallantly resolved to share his fate. The Chief escaped, and he and the sergeant fell into the hands of the Sikhs, who were so enraged at his having deranged all their combinations by holding out so long, that they refused to give him a tent, half starved him, and threatened to put him in irons.

When Prince Jammur and Eiúd-u-Dín Khán came into the camp (which they did long before Mr. Herbert's release), and related this behaviour, which they could not at all understand, Major Mackeson said he felt proud of his countryman.

Sir H. Lawrence came to see us directly on his arrival here. He complains bitterly of the plundering that has been going on by officers as well as men, in the Panjáb. He is a most warm-hearted man.

The other day, at Lahore, a Rajah was married. According to custom Sir H. Lawrence sent him a present, on the part of the Government, of 1000 rupees, whereupon he received a rebuke for his lavish expenditure. They make a man Governor of the Panjáb, and cannot trust him to spend 1000 rupees. We cannot govern India like England. If we are to be Kings of the East we must act like Eastern Kings, and there is nothing natives (especially proud and lavish Sikh or Afghán Chiefs) consider as more indicative of nobility than the open hand.

There are so many false reports on all kinds of subjects, that, whenever I can get a really authentic version of any fact, I generally record it for your benefit. For instance, some say that Lord Gough wished to retire to Firozpúr after the battle of Firozshahar, and that Sir H. Hardinge refused, and said, the army should remain on his responsibility; others say, that Sir H. Hardinge wished to retire, and Lord Gough refused. Neither is true.

Among those who voted for a retreat was Major ——. Accompanied by Colonel ——, he went to Sir Hugh Gough, and said, "Sir, I think it my duty earnestly to recommend our retreating to Firozpúr." Sir Hugh replied, "Never! I'd rather die on the spot. I'll fight them to-morrow, and beat them!" Colonel —— then reiterated the same advice; and Lord Gough always declares (which is no doubt true) that he said that the Governor-General had sent him with that message. Sir Hugh was so irritated, that he made his way to where the Governor-General was

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standing, and asked him if he wished to retreat. "Never!" was the answer; "here have numbers of men, even general officers, been plaguing me to retreat, and I've told them I would rather leave my body in the field! We'll conquer or die where we are. You know that was my answer?" he added, as the latter came up; and Colonel —— was obliged to confess that it was the case. Sir H. Gough forbore to expose him. The Governor-General took one responsibility on himself; but it was that of refusing to let the Commander-in-Chief attack the enemy that day, before the arrival of Sir John Littler from Firozpúr.

Everything here wears the appearance of autumn. It is, in fact, the "fall" of the year; for the trees are dry, and the leaves strew the ground. Last Sunday there was a beautiful sight from Mrs. Lawrence's windows. The jungle on the opposite mountain had been set on fire in many places, and the flames spread and ran up the ridge of the hill, burning fiercely, and looking most picturesque. The Hill people do this, although it is forbidden, as it makes the land fit for tillage. It burnt for two days and nights. Leopards, hyænas, and great baboons with white beards, all occasionally come up out of the jungle, close to Mrs. L.'s house.

Mrs. Lawrence told me that she was at Simla, as a young girl, twenty-three years ago, when it had lately been annexed to the Company's territories. There were only four houses here, and the Governor-General's Agent discouraged people from coming up.

June 14th.—We dined at the Governor-General's. Lady Dalhousie is very tall and extremely fair; she was very becomingly dressed in crimson silk, trimmed with magnificent black lace. I found her courteous and friendly in her manner, and if she is ever otherwise, there is this great excuse for any coldness on her part,—that the "Indian ladies" generally know so little how to behave, that she has several times met with the greatest rudeness from them. When she first arrived, Lord Hardinge gave a ball in her honour in order to introduce her to the ladies in Calcutta. Instead of the company rising to receive her, as common politeness dictated, every one kept their seats; not one came forward to receive or welcome her, and consequently she very naturally declined having them presented to her.

The rains have set in, and we got wet through on Wednesday evening, 22nd. Mr. C. called: he is very pleasant. Told us an anecdote of M. Rudolph, the Russian Ambassador at Venice, whom a friend of his found in bed one day at three o'clock in the afternoon:—"Comment, Monsieur, êtes-vous malade?" was the inquiry. "Du tout, Monsieur," was the old Ambassador's answer; "mais c'est aujourd'hui ma fête, et ma femme me menage une surprise," and so he stayed in bed to be out of the way. They had no children, and the dear old lady had done this regularly for forty years.

Sir Charles Napier is come, and we met him out riding. He says his fault shall not be leniency. I know an instance in which an officer of high standing disagreed with him on a certain point, and wholly failed in bringing over to his views; but on further consideration, the Commander-in-Chief wrote a most frank note, manfully saying, "I was wrong, and you were right." How few men possess this gentleman-like candour?

Saturday, June 23rd.—The rains have now fairly set in, and the hills are ten times more beautiful than they were from the rich colouring and varied light and shade. Went with the Henry Lawrences to see Mr. Edwardes's Native School. Mr. Edwardes is the commissioner of the Protected Hill States, and founded this and many others in the districts only a year ago. Mr. Thomason, Mr. Erskine, &c., were there. At this school there is an English, a Persian, and a Hindu class. Their progress

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is most creditable. They read easy English sentences, and understood what they read; their Persian and Hindui writing, and their progress in arithmetic, were all good. In the district schools nothing is attempted beyond reading and writing Hindui and arithmetic, but this is a great deal if one considers the complete ignorance of the people. In one district, at the foot of the snowy range, called, I think, Pannur, the people, who are the wildest and most savage of all the hill tribes, vehemently opposed the introduction of a school, fearing, as they said, the wrath of their gods. It was with great difficulty that a Pandit could be found who would go among them. Mr. Edwardes at last succeeded, and the pupils have made greater progress than in any other of the district schools; the parents now complain that their sons look down upon them for being so ignorant. Mr. Edwardes, the different Hill Rajas and Ranas, are as yet the only subscribers. The Heir Apparent of one of the Hill States was present with his interpreter, who was educated at the Benâres College. The young Rajah, who is a ward of our Government, is an exceedingly idle boy, and was well lectured by Sir H. Lawrence, who added some kind words of advice to him as we came away. The pupils were of all classes and all ages, some bearded men, some little creatures not higher than the elbow.

Sunday Evening.—We were taking a little stroll when we perceived the woods filled with monkeys. Frightened at our approach, they scrambled and tumbled down the trees into the "khud" below by dozens. A little hyæna came into the verandah the other night, but instead of catching it, the servants chased it away. Did I tell you of the fine eagle I found sitting on the path one morning. The bold bird allowed me to ride within a few paces of it, and then slowly and majestically rose and sailed away. One sees many beautiful and strange things in nature here. We are forty miles from the foot of the hills, yet the whole air is darkened sometimes for two or three days together by dust from the plains, which hides the mountains like a thick fog. On the evenings of rainy days there are *bonâ fide* fogs as thick as they could be in Scotland. We noticed clouds the other night hanging more than half way down the mountain beneath, yet illumined with the golden rays of the sun that had apparently set, for there was no other trace of his presence. The hills at Simla are covered with rhododendron trees of immense height, and on many the beautiful crimson blossoms still remain. Had a beautiful ride round Jacko in the evening. Ever since Sir Charles's arrival I make a point of reading the general orders. The proceedings of a Court-martial at Wazirâbad were recently sent to the Commander-in-Chief for approval. He wrote "Confirmed—I cannot say approved, for I never read such inefficient proceedings in my life,—Court, officiating Judge-Advocate, and evidence, all inefficient!"

Wednesday, July 4th.—Mr. Herbert rode with me, in the evening. He told me that Attok was so completely commanded from the river, that he wrote to Major Lawrence, that if he were besieged, he could not hold out four days. Thanks, however, to the bad soldiership of the Sikhs, he was besieged ineffectually for fifty-four days, without a practicable breach being effected. His garrison was composed entirely of Afghâns, and he spoke very highly of their personal bravery, and of the Nizâm-u-Doulah, without whom, he said, he never could have kept them together. He said all the Afghâns spoke of my husband, all knew him, and all liked him. One Khaiber chief, in particular, used often to talk of him. When Dost Mûhammad openly joined the Sikhs, the Afghâns said: "It was a war of religion, and they must join his standard." Mr. Herbert had no money to pay them, for the Baniâhs of the place refused to advance him

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any, and thus he had no hold on his troops. C. thinks he ought to have forced the Baniáhs to supply him with what he wanted.

This would have enabled him to hold out, and would have saved them from the utter ruin which befel them, on the capture of the place. So the Afgháns departed. About twenty Khaiberis, who had acted as a sort of body-guard, took leave of him with tears in their eyes, pressing forward to shake his hand, and make a diversion, while he attempted to escape. The European sergeant, who was with him, was reduced to a state of childish weakness, both of mind and body:—on this account Mr. Herbert could not accompany the Nizám and the other chiefs, who crossed the river on massaks. He could easily have swam but for the same reason. There was a Sikh camp on either side of the river; Mr. Herbert and the sergeant passed one of them, going in the dry bed of the river, but were seized by a patrolling party. The Sikhs treated Mr. Herbert very ill, and gave him no tent for the first six days: and used to threaten and abuse him, but the Afgháns all came to comfort him, and assured him that they would not suffer the Sikhs to touch him. These were not men of his own garrison, who had joined the Dost, but other Afgháns. He thinks the lower orders in Afghánistan generally like us. He told me one pleasing trait of the Sikhs. It seems that their officers are in the habit of beating the men: once at Pesháwur, a Sikh Colonel was about to do so in Mr. Herbert's presence, the latter stopped him and said:—"It never does any good to beat men, speak to them, that is enough." When he was a prisoner, some of these very men interfered, when their comrades were reviling him, saying, "you must not do so, he is a very good Sáhib, he would not suffer us to be beaten at Pesháwur." Mr. Herbert said, the anxiety of the Nizám about his family, who were all at Pesháwur, was most painful to witness. They got away into the Khaiber, where they remained in safety.

Thursday, July 5th.—Mrs. L. and I went to tea at Mrs. Colvin's. Mrs. Colvin's house is situated very high, with a very steep, bad path up to it, and a magnificent view of wooded mountains opposite. No pen can give any idea of the fairy-like beauty of these hills, in such a glorious moonlight as we had last night; so brilliant that the olive green of the rhododendron, and the dark colour of the pines, was clearly distinguishable, and every object as distinct as by day, while the distant mountains were bathed in a flood of silver light; the road winding with a view, first on one hand, then on the other, and sometimes on both, and a sheer precipice of nearly 100 feet beneath. Simla (which hangs, as it were, on the side of the hill, one house being so completely beneath another, that you see men sitting, and mules feeding on the roofs of houses, on a level with the path), looked very pretty, with its lights and fires, something like the view of the Auld Toun of Edinburgh.

The weather is most lovely, we have showers now and then, the hills are clothed with the freshest green, and the rhododendrons have, most unusually, flowered a second time. Mrs. L. and I were very much amused, early this morning, by watching numbers of huge apes, the size of human beings, with white hair all round their faces and down their backs and chests, who were disporting themselves, and feeding on the green leaves, on the sides of the precipice, close to the house. Many of them had one or two little ones, the most amusing, indefatigable, little creatures imaginable, who were incessantly running up small trees, jumping down again, and performing all sorts of antics, till one felt quite wearied with their perpetual activity. When the mother wished to fly, she chucked the little one under her arm, where clinging round her body with all its arms, it remained in safety, while she made leaps, of from

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thirty to forty feet, and ran at a most astonishing rate down the khad, catching at any tree or twig that offered itself to any one of her four arms. There were two old grave apes of enormous size, sitting together on the branch of a tree, and deliberately catching the fleas in each other's shaggy coats. The patient sat perfectly still, while his brother ape divided and thoroughly searched his beard and hair, lifted up one arm, and then the other, and turned him round as he thought fit; and then the patient undertook to perform the same office for his friend,

CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAVE a great many stories to tell you about the new honours. The 3rd Dragoons are much disgusted at two C. B.'s being given to the —th, and say that "it is a premium for misconduct." At Gujrát Lord Gough sent Major Tucker to tell Colonel —— with one wing of the —th to charge a body of Sikh horse, and thus redeem the character of the regiment. He said that they were too weak. Major Tucker, Deputy Adjutant-General said, "Then take that wing of Irregular Cavalry." "I don't think," said Colonel ——, "that even then we are enough." "Then," said Major Tucker, "I'll give you that wing of Regular Cavalry." "Oh, we are not strong enough even then." "Well," said Major Tucker, "I have given you the Commander-in-Chief's message," and then rode off.

It is most exciting to ride on the Mall just now. Every one is so full of the Brevet, and almost every one displeased either at what he himself or his friends have not received, or at what others have got; so if I am infected with the general spirit you will not wonder. So difficult is it to avoid catching even the expressions one hears, as well as the sentiments, that it is a struggle to preserve the purity of one's mother tongue, and not to speak and write *à la militaire*. So if any camp phrase slips out unawares, you must excuse it, and believe that I shall be as shocked at myself as you could wish. Others have received promotion, simply because they happened to be on the Staff of the Governor-General or Commander-in-Chief. I am very glad Mr. Herbert was rewarded, but certainly Mr. Lake ought to have had double, for his services were very great, and Mr. Herbert's defence of Attok, though very gallant, was unsuccessful. Mr. Bowie, who was made prisoner at the very beginning of the campaign, is, I believe, to have a brevet majority as soon as he obtains his Captaincy.

The Governor-General is said to have been quite disgusted at the lists he had to forward for honours; but these instances of injustice to others, and disgrace to the army, can never be avoided until the custom ceases of bestowing honours on men simply because they hold certain staff appointments like the aforesaid brigade major. The only remedy is to require a statement of the services for which such honours are claimed, and to specify them in the "Gazette" in which the promotion or distinction is granted.

Wednesday.—Mrs. Lawrence told me the other day that the old Mussalmán Ayah whom she lately engaged, is the Jemádár of all the Ayahs in Simla, and when they hold a Pancháyet or council, she has (I think) a quadruple portion of rice, &c. They hold Pancháyets on many occasions; for instance, if a master or mistress behave ill, the servants give notice to each other, and not a servant of any description can that unfortunate individual get. Mrs. Lawrence also told me that she has constantly seen the Sikhs at Peshâwur making salám to her cows.

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Now that servants are on the *tapis*, did I ever tell you that just after the annexation, I asked my little Ayah, who is a native of Loodiana, if the people were glad when Loodiana was taken by the British? She said "Very." I inquired why? She said formerly she could not wear such clothes as she does now; that every one was "very poor and very dirty." If there really has been this change under the British rule, there can be no doubt of its stability. I have made a drawing from a rough sketch of Mrs. Lawrence's, of one of Chattar Sing's soldiers. No wonder they outmarch us. Each man carried his bedding on his head, and on the top of that his shot-bag, a bundle of Atta and Dâl (flour and dried pease) at his back, his pot of Ghi (melted butter) in his hand, and his blanket thrown over his musket. When I showed it to General Ventura, he said the Sikhs were the most hardy soldiers he had ever known. On coming off a long march, they will set off to a village eight or ten miles distant, if they can buy their food for a paisa less there than on the spot, and then think nothing of going two or three miles in another direction to bathe. He has known them march two and three days without food, except a radish, or anything they might chance to pick up by the way, without complaining.

Hearing that Mrs. Rudolph was very unwell, Mrs. Lawrence most kindly invited her to come up and stay with us. We expected them all Friday, and got everything ready, but they came not, and on Saturday, about eleven, I received a letter from Mr. Rudolph, saying that his poor wife had arrived in Kasaulì so much worse, and in such a state of exhaustion that she could not be moved. I therefore resolved to go to her. Having a jhappán at the door ready, I started about two o'clock, carrying with me a small box of clothes and the Grasscutter with my saddle. Mrs. Lawrence went out and got arrowroot and portable soup, which I took with me. It was a pleasant afternoon with a cool breeze, so that I did not feel the heat much. There is a wonderful increase in the beauty of the hills since the rains, and especially on a cloudy day, when the varying shadows from the clouds lend them a further charm. They are all clothed in green, and where the sun shone on the verdure, it was of a brilliancy that made the emerald dull in comparison. Near Syree (the first stage) the sides of the road were covered with a large broad-leaved plant, with beautiful large white flowers, that made the air heavy with their sweetness. There was abundance of a plant with small yellow flowers, and I remarked that round it fluttered innumerable tiny yellow butterflies, that looked like flying blossoms, while a larger white butterfly hovered near the white flowers. If butterflies generally correspond in colour with the flowers they frequent, it must be a great protection to them against birds and other enemies. Further on, the hill-side was covered with Cactuses, looking like gigantic chandeliers.

I got out at the Bungalow, took some milk and the cake I had brought with me, and then picked up "Baber," whom I had posted there a day or two before for Mr. Rudolph. I had put on my habit, and when the moon rose I mounted about three and a half kos from Haripúr, and rode to Sabáthu, which is three kos beyond. The hills are covered with balsams, white and lilac wild geraniums, &c. It was a lovely night, and at first I enjoyed my ride very much. My careful young Sáis amused me by turning round whenever he came to a hole in the road, and waving his hand towards it, to warn me to avoid it; the precipices below the Haripúr looked beautiful in the moonlight. Crossed the river by a little chain-bridge, but before we arrived at Sabáthu I became very tired; the road wound round and round, and seemed as if it had no nearer end than the end of the world. I was hungry, sleepy, and very thirsty. Neither the

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Sáis nor I had ever been in Sabáthu before, and we could not find the Padre Sahib's house. We scrambled up to places where the houses looked as if they had flown down, and were sitting in the grass like fieldfares, instead of having been built up in the ordinary way; for it was not clear how the materials could have been carried up, and having got there, we had to come down again. At last, at past ten o'clock, we reached the Mission-house. It was so hot that I could scarcely sleep.

I rose early and enjoyed the lovely view; the house is on an isolated hill, with range above range of hills rising in front of it, and their spurs approaching towards it on all sides. Geraniums grow in large shrubs all round the house, and with the other garden flowers are met by the wild balsams, and form a sheet of blossom. Mr. Morrison had been down to Kasauli, and gave an improved account of Mrs. Rudolph, but agreed with me that it was quite right to proceed on my journey, although it was the Sabbath, for Mrs. Rudolph was nearly worn out. I had left my Jhappanis to rest at Haripúr, and now sent them on ahead, and rode with Mr. Morrison to the chapel, where he has English service at seven o'clock, and then went on my way. I never saw such a profusion of wild flowers; the hedges are full of most beautiful convolvuluses of the largest size; deep blue, China blue, white striped, blue and white with the lower part pink, bright lilac and purple, then the petunia and wild geranium, white jasmine covering the trees, a beautiful lilac flower and a delicate white creeper, besides numbers that I cannot describe. The soil seems chiefly red clay, and of a bolder character than at Simla, with small streams whose murmur was a refreshment to my ear. There were lilac Babul trees. We lost our way, but some Kulis pointed out the right one; I rode to the stream, and was then very glad to get into my jhappan. Sabáthu is fully thirteen degrees hotter than Simla. Kasauli, again, is about 2000 feet higher than Sabáthu, which is only 5000 feet above the sea level; but, from being so much nearer the plains, it gets some of the hot winds, and is therefore not so cool as Simla, though much cooler than Sabáthu. It was a lovely morning, and I thought, if creation, though under a curse, is so fair, how much more beautiful should be the flowers as well as the fruits that spring up in the second creation — the renewed heart of man. Fruit alone is not enough, there must be all that "is lovely," as flowers are to the eye. I arrived at Kasauli about eleven, found the poor baby crying in the verandah. She immediately put out her arms towards me; Mr. Rudolph came out, and was so much affected that he could scarcely speak. Mrs. Rudolph knew me, but was so weak that she could not say above a few words. The first thing I did was to take the room furthest from hers, and remove the children to it, so that she could not hear their incessant crying. Mr. Rudolph lay down and slept. He and the Ayah are both nearly worn out. Then I nursed baby while the Ayah slept.

On Monday, September 3rd, I got letters which Colonel Birch and Mrs. Lawrence had sent by a Jhappáni, telling me of dear C.'s being ill, but begging me not to go down until I heard again. At night the poor baby was worse, and the Ayah and I had to carry her about a long time. We made a fire on the floor of the dressing-room, and gave her some arrow-root. Mrs. Rudolph was very ill all night, and delirious. Her head was shaved.

Wednesday, September 5th.—Rode to Sinowr where the Lawrence Asylum is. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were most kind. Mr. Parker showed me the school. The children were at their breakfast of bread and milk. Their sleeping-rooms are airy, neat, and clean, and they all looked healthy and cheerful. Mr. Parker has three apprentice pupil-teachers who assist

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him. The head boys, who are styled serjeants and corporals, have gardens of their own which they keep very nicely. The situation is most lovely, and the air very fine. In the afternoon baby was better, and the first part of the day Mrs. Rudolph seemed so too. She evidently knew me. I asked her if she could think of Christ, but could not distinguish her reply, but she looked assent when I spoke of His thought and care for her. I was rubbing her hand and arm, which were rather cold, though her head was still very hot, and she said, "I rather like your warm hand." These were the last words I heard her speak. In the evening she was worse. The next morning Mr. Parker came with a Jhappan and carried off baby to Sinowr, thinking the change would do her good.

Thursday, 6th.—Heard a good account of my dear husband. In the evening Mrs. Rudolph was so evidently worse, that Mr. Rudolph said to me, "I fear this will be her last night." She had great difficulty in swallowing, her teeth being clenched, and it required two persons to feed her: I held her head straight while Mr. Rudolph gave her the sago or chicken broth. The quinine seems to have no effect. They gave her port wine in the sago. I did not go to bed, for I persuaded Mr. Rudolph to lie down every now and then, as I had slept in the day. Dr. Healy came about midnight; we expected her not to survive till morning, and on Friday at 7 o'clock Dr. Healy thought she might live two hours. She was incessantly moving her right arm and throwing it over her head. Her eyes now closed, she breathed more gently, and perspiration broke out over her head in the night. At night Dr. Healy began to think that there might be a shadow of a hope, from her lasting so long, and tried a blister all over her head. Mr. Rudolph was much exhausted. She took nothing all Friday till the evening, when we again tried a little broth, but in vain. I got Mr. Rudolph to lie down, and worked to keep myself awake, and lay down for about two hours in the middle of the night. When I returned there was a great change in her countenance, her hands and arms were quite cold, and her breathing scarcely perceptible; we watched by her, but the spirit took its flight so gently that we could not tell the exact moment of its departure. There was not even a sigh. We put the poor body straight and closed her eyes, and then I sent a note to Dr. Healy. She must have expired about 3 o'clock, A.M. We were all struck with the sweet expression of perfect peace which had settled on the countenance. Dr. Healy sent for Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Parker kindly had the coffin made and grave prepared.

The next morning, Sunday, September 9th, soon after seven, we proceeded to the burial-ground, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Parker, Dr. Healy and Mr. Rudolph, on foot, and I, the Ayah and children, in Jhappáns. It was a lovely morning, and a lovely road winding through the woods, which were so filled with wild flowers that the Jhappanis gathered an enormous bouquet for me, with which, when the pall was removed, Dr. Healy completely covered the coffin. They reminded me of the light thrown by Christian hopes on the darkest moments of affliction, for the black covering was almost hidden by their gorgeous hues. The burying-ground is beautifully situated half-way down a hill sloping to the east, with the spurs of the opposite mountains advancing towards it on every side. Mr. Morrison made a short impressive address and prayer; the coffin was then lowered into the grave, and after it had been partly covered in, we left it in *sure* and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life. I was so tired that I fell asleep after breakfast. He closed the evening with reading and prayer. The poor little babe, who returned on Saturday, was crying "Ma-ma, Ma-ma" all day, and poor Mr. Rudolph answered, "Ma-ma is not here, dear."

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A more perfect model of a missionary's wife than dear Mrs. Rudolph I never expect to see. She was an excellent linguist, speaking several dialects, besides reading and speaking Hindostaní perfectly. She was so indefatigable in teaching the orphan-school, that she never left her house but two evenings in the week, and I used to think an excess of patience the chief defect in her method of teaching. She was a devoted mother, and even injured her own health by her ceaseless watching over her little boy. She was also an excellent housewife, having retained the German custom of looking after everything herself, and often making some little primitive dainty for her husband or guests with her own hands. Her order and activity were equally remarkable. She was never idle, and yet she worked and read more than many who have no regular employment on their hands. She told Mr. Rudolph, after she was taken ill, that she thought love of dress and want of charity in speech had been two of her besetting sins. When he related this to me after her departure, it was so contrary to all we had ever seen of her, that neither of us could forbear smiling. It was probably from her being on her guard against these two sins that she was so manifestly free from them. Her dress would have been not only plain, but poor, had it not been for the spotless neatness and cleanliness which marked everything about her; and I never knew any one of whom it might be more truly said that her speech "was always with grace seasoned with salt." No one could be half an hour in her company without feeling that she was a child of God. She constantly spoke to her servants, and to any native ladies she happened to visit, concerning the way of salvation; and I never remember an uncharitable or frivolous expression from her lips. My husband often remarked, after spending the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph, that he never saw any one whose expression of countenance and conversation bore more strongly the impress of holiness. There was such a combination of unspeakable sweetness and heaven-born dignity about this naturally plain and unpretending Missionary's wife, that he said he always felt unworthy to gaze at her, and that it enabled him to realize Acts vi. 15. She was only twenty-nine when God took her to his upper sanctuary.

Monday, September 10th.—On leaving Kasauli, we went along a ridge, to which five others formed parallels—all of them cut out in terraces, and well cultivated, with the narrow rocky bed of a stream below. It is very beautiful to see a line of white cloud strongly illuminated by the sun lying between two ridges in deep shadow, so that the outline of the nearest one is as sharp as light and shade can make it. Started about half-past three, and had a very pleasant journey to Simla, which I reached very tired about eight o'clock.

Friday, September 14th.—Dr. Hare came last night, and said baby could not live, unless a Dhái (nurse) were procured for her; and as it is almost impossible to get one here who will leave the place, Mr. Rudolph determined to start immediately for Loodiana, which he did after breakfast. He is much cast down, but resigned. I received a very warm letter from Mr. Prochnow, enclosing one to Mr. Rudolph. Mr. Rudolph having left the Church of England and the Mission at Koteghar, has made no difference in the warmth of feeling of these good men towards each other, which is a delightful thing to see.

C. walked in, to my great astonishment; he had met Mr. Rudolph on the way, who told him many things about his dear wife. He said she had made out every detail regarding the orphan-school, the amount of work the girls had done, &c., in a little book, and said, that as she might be called away, it was better to do so. One day at Kasauli he

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asked her if she had any fear of the Judgment? She looked at him with surprise, and said, "I *know* that my sins are forgiven me, for the sake of Jesus Christ." Another time, when the Doctor thought her quite unconscious, Mr. Rudolph said to her, "Who is Christ?" In a clear deliberate tone she answered, "The Eternal Son of God." I can hardly believe that she is gone from among us; and I thank God for having permitted me to help her and comfort her sorrowing husband, for they are truly His children.

Saturday, September 29th.—Major Herbert gave us a breakfast at the second Waterfall, we started soon after six, on horseback—we both enjoyed the beauty of the scene, which was greatly enlivened by patches of brilliant red scattered here and there. These were fields of Prince of Wales' feather, the seed of which is here used for bread, and they reminded us of the lovely fields of rape-seed near Dresden, which formed such gorgeous masses of yellow. We breakfasted merrily under a paul (a tent without walls, just like two cards leaning against each other). Afterwards I got myself carried into the bed of the river, to enjoy the shade and fresh breeze, and C. caught two young Hill women, and made them sit to me. When he told them he wanted them to come with him to a lady, one looked him full in the face, and being satisfied, followed him. I sketched them both—one, a fine, well-made young girl, with a very sweet expression, told us her name was Mangila, and that she was the wife of a Sepáhi in the Ghurka regiment. The other was the wife of a servant in Chota Simla, where they both lived, and whither they were carrying the enormous bundles of sticks on their heads for their own use. They were both dressed in tight trousers and vest, veil, and nose-rings. Those of Mangila were of gold: the large ring is only worn after marriage. You never saw a more graceful, ladylike little creature than Mangila, with a soft voice and most graceful action. We then went on to the old Temple. It has a figure of Káli on the door, and on the lintel was the blood of a goat, which had been sacrificed to that abominable Sheitan in the morning. The carvings are very curious—the arabesque part elegant, but the figures grotesque. One represents a man reclining on a wreck, a female servant fans him, another applies what looks like a shovel to the soles of his feet, and two musicians blow enormous horns into his ear. There are horses with two heads, one feeding, and the other keeping watch; a sort of centaur with a man's head, and the body of a horse or camel, it is difficult to say which. There is a little temple like a dog-kennel near it, for some smaller Déo, or idol. The place in the centre, which I took for a tank, is for burning incense or ghi, and has a fire-place in the middle.

Monday, October 1st.—Started at six, and rode to Mahassu Forest, about four kos distant, where Major Lake, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Bowie give a large pic-nic. Not a Jhappani was to be had, in spite of C.'s popularity. This was exemplified the other day; the —— were about to start, and wanted seventeen Kulis; not one could be found. The Bábus declared there was not one in Simla, the Governor-General had taken 300 to Nakanda: Mr. Thomason had 300 more to carry his luggage down the hill. My husband found our friends in this strait, so he rode off to the Bazár. The Babus immediately said, "Oh, if *you* want the Kulis, here they are;" opened a door, and out of a dark hole came seventeen as athletic Kulis as one could wish to see, whom he carried off in triumph. Why they had hid themselves, is more than I can tell you.

To return to our picnic. Capt. Hungerford told me a story relating to the father of Dr. John Grant, of Calcutta. The said father was a Highlander of the old school, and returning one day much fatigued from

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visiting his haymakers, he sat down under the shadow of an old tower and fell asleep. He dreamt that he saw an old friend who had long been dead, and who held out his hand to him. Knowing that his friend had been dead some years, the old gentleman felt reluctant to take his hand; upon which he said, "If you ever had any friendship for me, I entreat you to take my hand." Mr. Grant gave his hand, which was firmly seized, and he felt himself violently pulled up from his reclining position and dragged forward. He awoke with the shock, found himself on his feet a few paces from the tower, which immediately fell with a crash, and must have buried him in its ruins, had he been still sleeping.

Heard of the arrival of our boxes, which left England in February, reached Allahabad 16th July, and Loodiana 29th September. The delay of the bullock train, owing to the insufficiency of carriage and badness of the roads, is shameful. A fortnight is ample time for the journey between Allahabad and Loodiana.

Sir Charles Napier has expressed his resolution to put down gambling; one or two officers are now awaiting court-martials for this vice. There can be little doubt that if he remains in India, he will be the cause of unspeakable good to the army.

An evening or two ago we met the Chief out riding, who desired to be introduced to me. He is a most fascinating old man, with a very sweet lively voice and manner. I never saw a man more devoid of pretension of any kind. There is not the smallest *Jewish* look in his face, except to the vulgar eye, which considers everything as Jewish with a beard and aquiline nose; his features are far too delicate, the mouth peculiarly sweet (like his daughter's), and the hair and beard soft and silky. When we dined there on Tuesday, 19th, owing to my not receiving a note, we were half an hour too late. He got up from table, and came out to hand me from the Jhappan, like any other host, instead of sending an Aide-de-Camp. It was a small party of twelve.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hodgson, of the 1st Sikh Corps, told my husband that, during the last campaign, he was riding along one morning when he heard two shots fired at the head of the column. He galloped up, and found that an officer had actually fired twice at an unarmed man, who was a little in advance of the column, and was preparing to fire upon him again. Filled with indignation, Major Hodgson turned to Mr. John Lawrence, and cried, "This is murder; as a magistrate, sir, I call upon you to put a stop to it." Mr. John Lawrence immediately interfered. Major Hodgson then desired a Náig and four to lay down their arms and go up the hill after the man and bring him gently down, so as not to alarm him. They brought him in a terrible state of alarm. Major Hodgson questioned him, but he gave no answer. A woman rushed up and threw herself at Major Hodgson's feet—it was her poor *deaf-and-dumb son!*

Monday, 8th October.—The Governor-General, in the kindest manner, offered my husband the command of a brigade in the Nizám's service.

Sunday, 21st October.—Major H. of the —th Native Infantry, has just been cashiered for gambling and deliberate falsehood. It was a wonder how he had escaped being brought to a court-martial before. (One cannot but feel for his wife). On hearing the sentence she went to the house of Mrs. M'Murdo, Sir Charles Napier's daughter, and persuaded Majors Kennedy and M'Murdo to go down to the chief's house to ask him to see her. This he refused, as it could not by any possibility be of any use, and would only be a most painful scene. The chief had just received a heart-rending letter from Mrs. ——, mother of a young man who has just been dismissed for intoxication and striking a brother officer.

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This poor lady is a widow with several young children, and dependent on this, her eldest son, for her support. Sir Charles said, "It may be thought a fine thing to be Commander-in-Chief, but nothing can make up for these painful duties." He was quite overcome, and burst into tears, and never did tears better become a fine old soldier. After a time he added, "But what can I do? I *must* do my duty! I am ready to help both these ladies to the extent of my power," and he then promised to head a subscription for her, as well as for Mrs. ——, should the former require it.* Sir Charles is full of deep feeling: but he does not *avoid* his duty because it is a painful one.

Monday, October 22nd.—Started about one o'clock for Fágu, on our way to Koteghar. The way to Fágu seemed interminable, and in spite of the moonlight, the forest was in some places so dark, that I could not see the road at all, and nearly went over the khud at a sharp turn. It was a most romantic ride, now in the moonlight, and now in darkness, through this magnificent pine forest.

Sir H. Elliott told my husband a ludicrous story of the water system, which Mr. Woodcock introduced into one of the prisons, where it was by no means appreciated by the prisoners; for on the visiting magistrates entering, they beheld an old gray-headed Subádár, who had been imprisoned, probably, for debt, standing with scarcely a garment under a water-spout, shivering and loudly crying, "Dowaì! dowaì! justice! justice! gentlemen, I have served the State fifty years!"

The next morning we proceeded by the upper road to Nakanda. The lower road is fifteen miles, the upper only eight, but over all but impassable mountains. Mrs. Lawrence and I were carried in dandies, a sort of rude hammock. C. helped himself up by Baber's tail, and it was a wonder to me how either man or beast kept their feet, for the path varied from eight to twelve inches wide, and the precipice of many hundred feet was almost perpendicular. When we reached the top, our bearers placed us on the ground. We could not get out of our dandy, for the pole in our laps kept us in. The whole of the rest of our march lay over one immense strawberry-bed, (would the fruit had been in season!) through most lovely woods of firs, and holly-oaks, from the former hung long streamers of a delicate pale green moss, three feet and upwards in length, which covered the trees like vegetable stalactites.

It is very difficult to convey in words a sense of the extreme beauty of the scene, or the *enjoyableness* of the expedition. No wonder we found it cold at Nakûnda, for it is upwards of 10,000 feet high. Luckily Colonel Bates, whom we met there, had brought with him two puppies from Kulu, black, shaggy, fat things, just like nice bears. I carried one in my arms for about an hour, it was so warm—like a living muff. The roof of the sleeping rooms were full of holes, but we made glorious fires of pine-wood, the brightest and most delightful of all fires. Colonel Bates joined us with his dinner and company: and with warm wadded gowns and shawls we were soon very comfortable.

The next morning we again sent the servants and children on, and proceeded up Huttû, upwards of 11,200 feet high; the road was frozen hard in many places, and such a road! Mrs. Lawrence went on her pony. I in my jhappán, but we ought both to have gone in dandies. The view from the summit is truly magnificent; I made a sketch, more as a memorandum than as a representation of it. We saw Jamnutri and Gangutri, whence the Jamna and the Ganges take their rise. We came down into a wood like an English one, with glades, and here and there a fallen tree, and mottled sunshine and shade. I mounted Turki, and we rode through a

* He afterwards gave 1000 rupees to each.

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sweet smiling valley with crops of every varied colour—red, orange, yellow, clothing the terraced sides of the hills. The villages are remarkably neat and picturesque, with slated houses two stories high, the upper one for living, the lower for a storehouse. Hay was also stored up in the arms of old trees. I saw some Prince of Wales's feathers fully two feet long. Kotghar lies at the end of this valley. No wonder dear Mrs. Rudolph called this "a very amiable spot."

Spent a few hours most pleasantly with Mrs. Prochnow and her sweet children. Mr. Prochnow was absent in Kulu. She showed us a Tartar praying-wheel, which I drew. Every Tartar carries one: it is much like a child's rattle. Is it more irrational to pray by machinery than by rote? She then took us to the girls' school, which contains ten or twelve children. Two of them—a girl of sixteen, from the borders of Chinese Tartary, named Elizabeth, and another of twelve (an orphan)—are Christians, and appear to be *real* converts. A third, of the name of Khirli, was frightfully beaten by her parents for professing her belief in Jesus. Her sweet, melancholy, thoughtful face touched us much. May the Lord stand by her and strengthen her, and enable her to confess Him before men! The children are clothed and paid for their work, and this is the only inducement to the parents to send them. Mrs. Prochnow said she had not the least doubt that a real work of grace was going on in this dear child's heart. We heard four of them read the Scriptures fluently in Hinduì. Mrs. Prochnow then took us back to her house. After clothing and paying the children, she has about fifty rupees left from the profits of their work. She said of preaching "es ist gar keine Rede davon." No congregations can be collected in the daytime. You may enter village after village and not find above one man in each: they are all in the fields. The distance between each is also a great obstacle, but Mr. Prochnow makes a point of *speaking* to every individual that comes to his house. In their evening rides he also stops in the villages, and the people being then at leisure, will listen to him. They also are in the habit of referring their quarrels to him, and he takes advantage of every opportunity of recommending the gospel to them. Hardly any of them can read.

The neighbouring Raja of Kunàsu (or some such name) refused to allow a school on his lands, for, said he, "I can neither read nor write, and I do not see why my subjects should." He even punishes those who send their children. Mr. Prochnow says that when accused of idolatry, the people usually answer that they do not worship the image, but the god whom it represents (the Romanist evasion), and whom they believe to dwell in it after it has been anointed and consecrated by the priest. Similar ceremonies are used in consecrating their temples. The priests are sometimes Brahmins, sometimes of lower castes. They occasionally pretend to inspiration, foam at the mouth, behave like madmen, and pretend to prophesy. Mr. Prochnow has seen them in this state. There are very few females; plurality of husbands is the general rule, except where a man can afford to purchase a wife exclusively for himself. Infanticide is abolished in the British territories, but is supposed to exist secretly under the native Rajas. There is no other way of accounting for the paucity of women. The church here consists of only *six*, including the two Christian girls, and there are *none* (out of the female school) of whose conversion the Missionaries have any hope.

We went by a different road—a very lovely one—with wood and rocks, and little streams. I rode on far ahead; enjoyed a lovely view of the sunset lighting up the snowy peaks; and then remembering bears and leopards, rather wished myself at the bungalow. Left Simla. It was very hot part of the way, and the hills have lost most of their beautiful livery

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of green, which they wore when I last passed them. The road was crowded with men and mules, for the Governor-General goes down to-morrow, and the Commander-in-Chief's camp on the 5th. All the bungalows are full. At Haripûr I mounted Baber, and we rode to Sinour (the Lawrence Asylum). It was a long ride, and I was very tired and sleepy. We saw a most lovely meteor. Just as the stars were rising, I was attracted by a star of extraordinary brilliancy and size, when it began to move, and rose with a swift though stately motion to the zenith, then turned and sailed over the hill-top.

Mr. Parker kindly welcomed us. After breakfast the next day, he took us over the schools. After seeing the rosy English-looking girls, he showed us a poor little child, wasted to a skeleton, and brought up in a dying condition from dysentery. Her arm and hand were like a bird's claw. She was indeed, as Mr. Parker said, "a specimen of what the plains do for children." My husband cross-examined the boys. They answered well, read well, sang tolerably on Hullah's system; but what pleased me most, was their respectful open manner. They are evidently well *trained* as well as *taught*.

Remarked the abruptness with which the hills descend to the plains. I left the hills with regret, but I was glad to see the plains again, reached Morinda about eight, and started about six. Reached Loodiana about gun-fire. The regiment was on parade, and seemed to me to look better than ever. I was quite pleased to see so many of the native officers and non-commissioned officers come up to me: one of the former ran a little way by my palkí, and I sent my salám to the whole regiment by him. C. stayed behind to see the men, and I went on to the Cracofts', who received me warmly. After breakfast three more of the native officers came to make special salám to me. The trees on the lines and in the garden here are very much grown and improved. I have been away just six months. It was quite cool this morning, but is now like a hot summer's day in England.

Saturday, 10th.—I drove with Mrs. Rothney in the camel-carriage to see the Governor-General come in, and made a little sketch of *our* light company, drawn up in front of the kotwalì. It was a pretty sight, as a crowd in a native town almost always is. In the evening we dined at Lord Dalhousie's tent—a large party of forty-five, but only six ladies. The tents are very spacious, but lined with dark yellow cloth, which has not a handsome appearance.

Friday, November 16th.—The Commander-in-Chief's camp came in. Many visitors, and sad complaints of hill tents, to which Sir Charles, in his zeal for reform, has reduced all the dignitaries, who have hitherto luxuriated in two double-poled tents a-piece! I went to Hasan K.'s before dinner. Leila Bibi has got a son, a beautiful baby just seven days old, so I went to rejoice with her. I had great difficulty in showing them the impossibility of accepting a pair of magnificent emerald earrings.

In the morning C. took me to see the Shahzadeh Shahpur and his brother Nadir. They are most gentlemanly in their appearance, and both very handsome. Three of their children, two boys and a little girl, were sitting outside in an enclosure of flowers, learning to read. Shahpur's little son came in and took me into the Zenána, where the Begum mother of the two princes met me very cordially, and introduced me to the wife of each prince, begged me to come very often, asked me divers questions as usual about my father, mother, sister, &c.

Monday, November 19th.—Rode to the Commander-in-Chief's camp to take Mrs. M'Murdo and Major Kennedy. We went through our lines, which they greatly admired, and said they had never seen such pretty

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ones. No wonder, with their broad streets, young trees, and little gardens.

Wednesday, November 21st.—Packed. After dinner Mr. Bean, Mr. Cracoft, and Mr. Rothney, all helped me in the kindest manner. At last we started with much pain at leaving a house where we have been so happy.

CHAPTER XIX.

REACHED Lahore on Saturday, November 24th. Colonel Garbett, being commandant of artillery, has a house to himself, which few officers have here; he is a most kind host. The view of the citadel is very picturesque.

Monday, November 26th.—We all went to the "Soldiers' Garden" formed by Sir H. Lawrence; it is very extensive, laid out with much taste with both vegetable and flower beds, rustic seats, a labyrinth, a place for gymnastics, a racket-court, two or three tigers, one of which is the largest and finest I ever saw, and a coffee-shop at the entrance. It is open to all, and is most creditable to its generous founder. An immense vinery has just been erected.

Tuesday, 27th.—Colonel Garbett drove me, C. and James rode, to the citadel, a very picturesque and extensive range of buildings, erected by Jehangir. It contains so many courts that it is almost as much a maze as the labyrinth, and great part of it is now used as barracks for European and Native troops. We went to Dr. Login, who has charge of the young Maharaja and of the palace and its contents, including at present Mulráj, Chattar Sing, and Shir Sing. Dr. Login led us to the armoury, which contains a ponderous mace, said to be that of Rustum himself, and then to the Motimanda, Runjit's treasury, which was formerly a mosque, and in which the scales for weighing money now occupy the place of the kiblah, though, I suppose, without any intentional sarcasm. Dr. Login opened the chests and showed us trays full of jewels, of which I admired the pearls most, as many of them were of perfect shape, and all of fine colour, some as large as buck-shot; but most of the emeralds, though of immense size, were full of flaws, and the diamonds generally ill-cut. The Koh-i-Nur surpassed my expectations, it is of great brilliancy, and will, I hope, soon be a crown-jewel of the queen's. Nadirshah took it from one of the Hindu temples in the Dekkan; on his murder, his general, Ahmed Shah, founder of the Afghân monarchy, whose name and title is engraved on an immense uncut ruby, as Duran-i-Durani, seized his jewels and took them to Kábul. Ranjit got the Koh-i-Nur and others from Shah Shujah by pure treachery and fraud, so that our title to it is certainly as good as that of any of its former owners. The old treasurer, on giving it up to Dr. Login, congratulated himself on getting rid of a charge that had cost the blood of so many men. We also saw a magnificent coat embroidered with pearls, and a baldrick of emeralds, made for Shír Sing, but he was murdered before it was quite finished; the sword of Holkar and that of Vazir Fattih Khan, eldest brother of Dost Múhammad, who was murdered at Kandahar by Kamram, with many others.

In the Toshakhana, or treasury of robes, shawls, &c., we saw the arms of Ranjit, consisting of a cap and shirt of chain-armour, a steel headpiece, shield adorned with pearls and diamonds, bow, quiver, sword, guns, and spear; also his throne and footstool of gold, a gold chair, and a set of gold vessels, gharras (pitchers), lotas (drinking vessels), &c. The Toshakhâna is full of shawls, but mostly coarse ones. It contains, also, the sword of Rustum and a suit of Akâli arms, with an Akâli pagri, or turban, made

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of black stuff, with divers steel quoits fastened in it. This is a weapon peculiar to the Akâlis. Govind's sword is also here; Runjit Sing was in the habit of performing pujá to it every morning.

Wednesday, November 28th.—James came with me on an elephant to Dr. Login's apartments in the citadel to draw some Sikhs. I sketched six, several of them very fine-looking men. One old man had been keeper of the robes to Runjit for forty years. I drew him sitting, and then wanted a fine-looking younger man, who is Jemâdar of Orderlies, to stand by him, but he said if he *stood* people would take him for the old man's servant. In vain I said he would be taken for his son. He was very unhappy until I offered to draw him on a separate sheet of paper, when he shouted and skipped for joy in so ludicrous a manner that James and I both burst out laughing.

Enjoyed an excellent view of the Governor-General's arrival, his tent being just opposite the tower in which we were. It was a very pretty sight as the cavalcade wound along the double line of troops, and the numerous elephants added greatly to the effect. After breakfast Dr. Login took us to visit the little Maharajah. He was in the Shish Mahá, or Glass Palace, a very lofty apartment, open on one side to the court, the walls and ceiling are covered with a sort of mosaic of little mirrors and colours. The back opens into his sleeping apartment, which is of the same description. Dhalip Sing is about eleven years old, with beautiful eyes and nose, but the lower part of the face is too full. He met us at the door and took Dr. Login's hand; a gold chair was set for the little prince, and a silver one on his left for Dr. Login. We did not stay long, but returned home through the narrow streets of the city, which are almost impassable except on an elephant. Something led us to speak of the example of our Blessed Lord as the best test for any action; James remarked that there seem few circumstances mentioned in the Gospels in which His example could apply to us, and yet no circumstance can happen to us in which we cannot judge at once how He would have acted.

Friday, November 30th.—The little Maharajah having expressed a wish that I should draw him, James accompanied me on an elephant at gun-fire. Dhalíp Sing passed in an open carriage and four, with his hawk on his fist, escorted by some of Skinner's horse; so I took a sketch of the town, or rather of Runjìt's Tomb and the Jamna Masjid. We saw the Commander-in-Chief and his staff come in, and then proceeded to the fort, where we breakfasted with Dr. Login, and then went to the little Maharajah, who was richly dressed in yellow velvet and silver, with a sort of crimson tunic underneath, and magnificent pearls round his throat. I took a sketch of him and several of his attendants; and he in return sent for two native artists, who made hideous representations of J. and me.

Saturday, December 1st.—James and C. went to the Durbar; Sir H. Lawrence went to fetch the Maharajah, and Sir H. Elliot received him on alighting; and the Governor-General met him at the door of the tent. Dhalip looked very handsome and royal. About fifty-three trays of presents were given to him, besides khillats or dresses of honour, and presents to all the people about him. Lord Dalhousie returned his visit in state a few days after; but it seems almost a pity that the Governor-General should have acted on the kindly impulse which prompted him to treat the little prince as a sovereign, for both he and his attendants will be proportionably disappointed at his being sent away to Fattihghar. I believe he has a revenue of two lakhs (£20,000) per annum allotted to him.

Mrs. C. B. and I went with the Commander-in-Chief and his party to

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see the Toshakhana. It was curious to see the interest with which Sir Charles drew and poised each celebrated weapon, and the lively curiosity with which he afterwards inspected the jewels. Being rather tired, I sat down a little behind the rest of the party, when he came to fetch me, that I might see everything; and when I explained, he said kindly, "Oh, but these are worth seeing twice." The Chief was delighted with the Koh-i-Nur, and measured it on his pencil-case, marking the length—upwards of 1¼ inch—with his aide-de-camp's sword. Did I tell you of the two bridal veils, formed of strings of pearls, for the bridegroom, not for the bride, and the pummels of gold and diamonds? Some European soldiers were present; and it was pleasant to see how they listened and enjoyed the Commander-in-Chief's jokes. They were illuminating the streets as we came home.

Monday, December 3rd.—We took Mrs. M'Murdo to see Ranjìt Sing's cenotaph. It is not yet finished. It is a very elaborate building; but I suspect that some of the mosaic-work and carvings have been transferred from old Múhammadan tombs. Ranjìt's tomb is in the centre of the building, covered with green Kashmir shawls. The Granth (or sacred book of the Sikhs) is on one side also covered with shawls, and both are hung with wreaths of scented flowers; while a man stands night and day with a chourì, to keep off the flies. As Runjìt's body was burnt, this tomb can only contain his ashes.

This reminds me, that in the citadel we saw some relics of Múhammad and his successors: a print of Múhammad's foot on a marble slab; some of his teeth (invisible, being buried in sandal-wood powder), and some of his hairs—good stout reddish hairs, that may have belonged to a chestnut horse; also his turban, and that of Ali; the whole in a glass case, adorned with wreaths of marigold, and watched by a zealous Saiad with long black hair and beard. Dined at the Governor-General's; the tents were exceedingly cold. The Governor-General mentioned how much he had been struck with the regal manner of the little Maharajah. It is indeed most remarkable. At the Grand Durbár the other day, after a little whispered conversation with Dr. Login, Dhalìp Sing turned to Lord Dalhousie and said with childish simplicity in English, "I am very glad to see you here." In one sense the Governor-General was the last person whom the poor little prince should have rejoiced in seeing at Lahore; but as respects his future life and happiness, he has been his best friend. Dr. Login mentioned, that he was convinced that the little Maharajah fully enjoyed the feeling of personal security at present. He must remember the fate of his little predecessor, Purtáb Sing, a son of Shir Sing's, who was murdered when about his own age. Lord Dalhousie expressed his displeasure that none of the Sirdárs had been near the little prince; adding, "It is a very bad compliment to us, if they think we should not like it." I was also glad to hear him say, that he thought the Tàj worth coming from England to see; and declared it was "mere affectation to think otherwise;" for many seem to think there can be nothing worth seeing in India.

I have known a gentleman six weeks close to a most interesting native city, and never take the trouble of entering it.

Tuesday, December 4th.—Mr. Montgomery drove me to the Shalìmár Gardens, where C., James, and Captain Hodson joined us. Mr. Montgomery made the fountains play. This is really a lovely garden for hot weather. It consists of three terraces, one below the other, with canals full of fountains down the principal walks, a lake, likewise full of fountains, with a marble chabutra or platform in the centre, abundance of trees and shade. There is also a very pretty set of bath-rooms.

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A Hill Râni and her little son, a fine bold little boy, about twelve, came to make salâm to my husband. The Râni made no scruple in showing her face, but stepped out of her Duli before every one, and sat with us all. Being a widow she was almost entirely dressed in white, and her chin and under lip covered, very much like a nun's head-dress, or that of a widow of the middle ages. She was an intelligent-looking woman, and assured me that she and I were 'ham-shir' of one milk, *i.e.*, sisters. C. had met them on one of his journeys from Simla, as they live between Rupar and Loodiana, and they now came to ask him to introduce them to Sir H. Elliot, with a vague hope of bettering themselves in some way. The little Chief was dressed entirely in yellow, and attended by two very fine looking Sikhs. He asked me to play to him on the piano, and the whole party listened with curiosity to an instrument hideously out of tune. In the afternoon, C. accompanied Mrs. M'Murdo and me to take a second sketch of the little Maharajah in the dress he wore at the Durbar, as I thought Lord Dalhousie would like it better. He looked extremely handsome with a sirpesh, or aigrette, of diamonds, and wreaths of pearls in his turban. His hawk is always in the hall, and when he drives out he carries it on his wrist; it is a mark of royalty.

Wednesday, December 5th.—James drove me to the Soldiers' Garden, where there was a fête for the troops. They had tea, games at football, a donkey race, and divers other diversions, before we arrived: it was pleasant to see many of them walking about with their wives and carrying their little children. The Governor-General left just as we arrived. The little Hill Chief was there, rushing about and shaking hands with all the ladies. The evening was concluded by beautiful fireworks. There was a fountain of fire, which played, I should think, for more than half an hour, and rockets with no sticks in them. We returned to dine and dress for the Installation of the Bath, to which we drove about nine o'clock. The Governor-General's tent has been made still larger than on Monday, being supported on four poles. We entered between two lines of European soldiers. The Governor-General's throne, raised on three steps, was in the centre of the long side of the tent, opposite the door; on his right a chair and footstool for the Maharajah, and on his left one for Lady Dalhousie. The Knights and Companions of the Bath sat on either side of the passage from the door, and behind them the sirdars on one side, the ladies on the other, with the whole background filled up with officers in very variety of rich uniform.

The Commander-in-Chief warmly greeted his old antagonist, the Amir, Shir Múhammad, of Sind, who was placed just behind him; but when Tâj Sing, who is said to have held back his troops at the battle of Sobrâon, appeared, he cried, "Tâj Sing! I won't sit by him—he is a traitor." Lord Dalhousie was ushered in by a procession of Chobdârs, or mace-bearers, some with short gold or gilt maces, like little bolsters; some with long ones, and some with curious things of gold, representing fans of peacocks' feathers. I think the Pope has just the same. Then came the Aides-de-Camp, private secretary, &c., and the Governor-General in his civil uniform. He looked very well, and made a short animated speech. Sir C. Napier and Sir D. Hill then led in Sir W. Gilbert, preceded by Colonel Mountain, with the insignia on a red velvet cushion. All made three reverences as they came up, and General Gilbert being seated, Sir D. Hill and Sir H. Lawrence went to bring in Sir H. Elliot. The two knights knelt, and Lord Dalhousie invested them with the insignia of G.C.B. and K.C.B.

What a pity this fine old military Order is thus extended to civilians, instead of founding another for rewarding civil merit; for there is some-

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thing singularly anomalous in rewarding both in the same manner. All that remains of the royal family of Lahore were present, and comprised only a little child of four years old, son of Shír Sing, and an elder half-brother of his.

Thursday, December 6th.—I will just give you a sketch of the Panjab revolutions. Ranjit died, and was succeeded by his son, Kharrak Sing, who was imbecile, and poisoned by his son, Nao Nihál Sing, who, returning from his father's funeral pyre, was grievously if not mortally wounded by a beam which fell upon him in passing under a very lofty gateway. We saw the place, and though some say it was done purposely, yet the gateway is so lofty, and the difficulty of aiming a beam aright so great, that such a clumsy contrivance can hardly be supposed. He was *taken care of* by the two Rajput brothers, Guláb Sing and Rajah Dhyan Sing: the latter my husband says was the handsomest man he ever saw. They suffered no one to enter his chamber until he was dead, in which consummation it is supposed that they assisted. His mother, Rani Kour Chand, then claimed the supreme power, which was contested by Shír Sing, a pseudo son of Ranjit. The Rani was beaten to death by her slave-girls, who threw her out of the window into a small court which we saw. Shír Sing then became king, but was assassinated at a review by Sirdar Ajit Sing, at the instigation of Dhyán Sing, who under pretext of presenting his carbine to him, shot him. His little son, Partáb Sing, was sought out and murdered. The two conspirators, Dhyán Sing and Ajit Sing, returned to the city together in a carriage, and Ajit having "his hand in," stabbed Dhyán Sing as they passed under one of the gateways. He was pursued by Hira Sing, the son of Dhyán, and fell fighting. Sucheyt Sing, brother of Guláb and Dhyán, the most honest and gallant of the three brothers, fell in action about this time. Rani Chanda then brought forward Dhalip as a son of Ranjit; but her brother Jewáhir Sing having caused the only real son of Ranjit then living, Peshorá Sing, to be cut to pieces and cast down a well at Attok, the troops became enraged, and ordered him to come to a review. In vain he scattered gold and bangles among them, and entreated them to spare his life; in vain the Ráni accompanied him, and endeavoured to save him; one volley missed him, the second brought him down. The recent history you know.

Dr. Login took us to the tower where Chattar Sing, Shír Sing, and his brethren are confined. I drew them on the roof, with a shemianah or canopy over us, a European sentry walking up and down on one side, and a Sepáhi on the other. Chattar Sing is said to be rather an honest man. The expression of his countenance was very sad. Shír Sing is very like the portraits of Henry VIII. It is said that Shír Sing informed Major Edwardes of all Mulráj's messages, and of those who were likely to desert our cause, up to the day before he went over, when an earnest injunction from his father determined him to go over himself; but directly he met Mulráj, he asked him how he dared to spread a report that he was coming a week before, when he had no intention of doing so.

When I had finished sketching them, they asked to look at my other drawings, and named almost all the persons, which shows that they must be like. They made salám, both to the little Maharajah's picture and to that of Ranjit's tomb. I started about half-past eight in my palki for Amritsir, guarded by Suleymán Khán, and arrived about sunrise next morning at the Ram Bagh, where Mr. McLeod, the Assistant-Commissioner, now lives. The house is very picturesque, both inside and out. The centre room, now used for dining, is open on all sides, and consists of a centre compartment, raised two steps from the passage around, and sup-

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ported by massive clusters of pillars, slightly pyramidical in shape. The garden is delightfully shady.

After breakfast our kind host took me into a tower, from which I sketched the gateway. The walls of the small room in which we sat were covered with curious paintings of scenes from the Hindu Mythology. After tiffin Mr. McLeod drove me through the town. It is by far the cleanest town I have seen in India; has been newly paved, and supports an establishment of Bhistis, sweepers, and watchmen, at an expense of 1500 rupees a month, which, among a population of 70,000, falls very lightly on each shop, many of the poorer ones being excused payment. It is a most picturesque place, with narrow streets, beautifully carved houses, the upper stories projecting over the lower ones, and many of them adorned with curious paintings. I saw one house with a row of peacocks, the size of life, supporting the balcony. In Lahore a row of geese perform a similar office, so well carved and painted, and in such natural attitudes (one of them stretching out its neck as if hissing at the passers-by), that we at first took them for live birds.

We alighted, and were ushered through a small door to the edge of the great tank, in the centre of which stands the famous gold temple, glittering in the rich hues of the setting sun. It was like a picture of Turner's. The temple is of gold (*i.e.*, brass gilt), with a basement of white marble and mosaics. It is connected with the shore by a long white marble bridge, which was crowded with men, women, and children. I put joràbs (Kashmir socks) over my shoes, and accompanied Mr. McLeod and James to the terrace beneath. We saw extensive buildings on all sides, occupied by the priests, and a very curious temple, of great height, with three open galleries, one above another, filled with people in the most varied colours. Beneath, on the pavement, sat a crowd of worshippers, among whom were many Akàlis, those martial fanatics who feared neither death nor wounds. They are dressed in dark blue, with very high pointed turbans, interwoven with steel chains and sharp steel quoits. Loud music was heard from the right. It was a most striking scene. Another, not less so, presented itself when we crossed the bridge and stood at the door of the golden temple. Within, in the centre, was the Granth, on a pile of Kashmìr shawls, and covered with the same; in front of it was a candlestick and lighted candles; a row of musicians with guitars and drums, &c., sat and sang loudly on one side; groups of worshippers sat around. It was sad to think their minds were as dark as their temple. In driving home, Amritsir reminded me of Athens—the "whole city given to idolatry." We then drove to the Fort; but it was nearly dark, so we could only perceive the long winding gateways. The officers' quarters in Govindghar (the fort and the birthplace of Govind, the second founder of the Sikh sect) are very bad.

Saturday, December 8th.—Went to the shawl manufactory. They make most beautiful Kashmìr shawls here, all the workmen being Kashmìrìs. The Choudrì, or Mayor of the town, preceded us—a very fine black-bearded man, in crimson and yellow, on a prancing white horse, with a long tail, and red and gold saddle: how such a mayor would astonish the peaceful citizens at home! We found a long room crowded with weavers, but with no noise from the looms. At the top sat the man who draws the patterns, and the one who writes out the stitches in a character like musical notes, which every weaver understands. For instance, O stands for red, and the mark + placed under it, stands for eighteen stitches. I am not sure that these are the exact marks, but they are similar to them. The shawls are woven, or rather worked, with a small shuttle; but it is more like carpet-work than weaving. Three or four work in one

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loom. The best worker was a boy blind of one eye, who kept incessantly reading and working, "Now eighteen red, now three green, now two white." Only half of one end of a long shawl is woven at once; a piece about a yard long had taken three men four months; they do about a quarter of an inch daily, and receive from two to two and a half and three annas daily (four annas is sixpence). C. gave them some money for a feast, at which they were much pleased. Lord Dalhousie presented 5000 rupees to the temple at Amritsir. It was said to be "for the poor:" but the priest at Lahore told us that the Lord Sahib had been so pleased with their worship, that he had given 5000 *to the temple.* Thus it is made to appear like a national encouragement to idolatry; and its having been done by former Governor-Generals is no reason for its continuance. After breakfast, I drew Jewán Sing, the commander of a Sikh regiment, which, for its good behaviour in the late campaign, has been taken bodily into our service (a very fine-looking man); his Adjutant, older, but still more handsome, a Gurcharra, or horseman, one of Ranjit's corps of Orderlies—a man about six foot four, and an Akáli, with a very good expression and most quiet determined eye. C. gave him and his companion, another Akáli, a present, and said, "I, too, have eaten three wounds, and have been nine months a prisoner." The man's face lighted up at once, as if he thought, "I have found a comrade." Returned to Lahore in the evening.

Tuesday, December 11th.—We left our kind host; arrived at Ferozepore about nine. Khazán Sing, one of our Subadars, came to see his commandant, and sent his best salam to me, saying, "He considered me as his mother; for," said he, "she drew my picture." The Satlej is in two wide branches, and on the Panjab side of Ferozepore: we crossed in large boats: there is a great space of sand between. Left about seven, and got into Dharramkote soon after sunrise. While there I made a sketch of Suleyman Khan. C. told me that on the way from Amritsir to Lahore, this worthy man kept up a continued narration of all manner of subjects—his travels, the people he had met, &c. He said that in Kashmìr the air was so fine that one could never eat enough. Speaking of Mohun Lál with the contempt which most natives appear to feel for him, he said, that when they were in Bokhara, where the people are all Sunís, he, too, was a devoted Suni Mussalman; but no sooner did they reach Persia, than "Suní Munì gazasht," (we heard no more of Suní Munì). The natives have a ludicrous custom of adding some word merely for the rhyme, just in the fashion as a nurse talks of "mopsey-popsey" or "chicky-biddy." Four or five of our men, who are on duty there, came to express their great sorrow at losing their commandant. C. gave them his hand, which the honest Sikhs shook with extraordinary vigour and warmth. Arrived at Loodiana early on Friday.

I forgot to tell you of two things we saw at Lahore: one was a dwarf of the little Rajah's, twenty years old and beautifully made, but not quite three feet high. The other, the Darbar tents, which were put up for the Governor-General's inspection. There were a great many of them enclosed in a khanát (wall of cloth) of scarlet. They were all "bèchobás," that is, with no pole in the centre, about twenty feet square, and of the most magnificent description—some lined with green, others with red Kashmìr shawls; some with gold damask, another with printed velvet; others with fine cloth, silk, or satin, embroidered with silk, and even with gold and silver. One was made like a tower, with an upper story, the floor of which was planked; and they were as variegated and as picturesque outside as in, though not so costly. Everything in the Toshákhâná is to be sold by auction, and the little Maharajah is to leave Lahore for ever

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in a few days. The walls are, I believe, to be thrown down; so that I am very glad we have seen the last remnants of Ranjit's monarchy and splendour.

Wednesday, December 19th.—Rode. Took a sketch of Hasan Khân. Hasan Khân's Bibi Ji has just had another daughter. Leila Bibi's little son is a very fine child. Hasan Khân brought my husband into the Zenâna to see him. C. proposed giving the ladies notice. "No," said Hasan Khân, "we will catch them." So C. had a good view of them before they could take flight. He showed us the presents he received from the Governor-General at the Darbar the other day; they consisted of a common shield with gold studs, a handsome sword, a fine Kashmir shawl, which, however, had been washed, a piece of Gujerat kincob (brocade), and some trifles. They pressed me again to take the emerald earrings, which of course I could not do, so Leila got them for herself. It makes one's heart ache to think of seeing these kind creatures no more for *ever*.

Saturday, December 22nd.—Rode to C.'s farewell parade. Dr. Duff, Mr. Janvier, and Mr. Rudolph also went. C. dismounted, the men were drawn up in open column of companies, and he passed along every rank, speaking to some, patting others, and ending with a short address to each company, and one to the native officers. Dr. Duff followed him everywhere, nodding approvingly at the end of each of the eleven speeches; I followed on horseback. It was very grievous work, and when it was all over my dear husband was quite overcome. C. bestowed a few words of admonition on Mahâbir Sing, the gallant but ill-behaved little Gurka Jemadar, who, however, seems to have been mending his ways lately. Dr. Duff and Mr. Janvier were exceedingly interested, and it gratified us very much that they should come and show so lively an interest in all that concerned us. The inspection being finished, the regiment formed in line, the colours and officers advanced to the front, and the colours were saluted. I could not forbear riding up and making salam to them. When the parade was dismissed I took a sketch of the lines with my Camera. It was pleasant to see how eager they all were to help me, how the serjeants pulled off their bonnets to raise my Camera, and one havildar took my shawl, and another held the glass and my pencil. I rode to the Serjeant-Major's bungalow to take leave of his wife, and found the Quartermaster Serjeant's with her. They both expressed much sorrow, and Mrs. Ferguson seized my hand and kissed it—a mark of warmth I hardly expected from a sober Scotchwoman. Every one says the regret shown by the whole regiment is as genuine as it is unusual. Dr. Duff, an excellent judge of human nature, was much struck with the attachment manifested by the regiment to their Commandant, and remarked to me, "Those men would go through fire and water for Captain M." The Afghâns are all in grief, and we were told that even those in the city, who do not know C. personally, speak with sorrow of his departure. The Postmaster wrote him a letter of congratulation on his appointment, but regretted the departure of "so good and kind a gentleman."

The Shahzadeh Shahpur sent his salâm to C. after the parade, and took leave of him with tears in his eyes. Indeed these last days were full of pain, every hour one had to take leave of some person or place we are not likely to see again. An old blind Afghân, formerly Master of the Horse to Shah Shuja, to whom C. has allotted a small pension, prayed that the Virgin might bless me; but my husband explained to him that we looked for blessings to the Most High alone. This is one among several curious instances we have met, of the influence of the Romish perversions of Christianity on the minds of the Mussalmans.

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It is known that when Akbar requested an account of the Christian faith, the Jesuits furnished him with a so-called "History of Christ," so full of "lying fables" that the Emperor rejected it with scorn. I believe this is the work called "Dástar Masih," by Hieronymo Xavier; and the Múhammadans never seem to have lost the impression given them by the Romish Missionaries of the idolatrous nature of Christianity. After breakfast I drew Subadar Sudial Sing, Jemadar Ram Bakkas Misr, both Rajputs, and successively Havildar Majors, when we first came up, Attr Sing, a very handsome Sikh Havildar, who is to be promoted on the first vacancy, and Fatteh Sing, a Sikh Subadar.

Monday, Dec. 24th.—The kind friends came to take leave of us. Some of the Native officers and havildars stayed all day, so did Mr. Rothney, so did Hasan Khân. Mr. Campbell, the Deputy Commissioner, came to breakfast and dinner. General Ventura came and sat by at dinner. Took leave of my poor little Ayah, who wept bitterly, then of the kind Cracrofts and Miss Wilson, of the kind old General, &c., and of a whole crowd of servants, soldiers, &c., at the door. Mr. Rothney drove me in his buggy to take leave of his sweet little wife, who was very unwell. We then went on to the Janviers', where C. joined us with Hasan Khân. At eleven o'clock we parted with prayer—a sad, sad parting from the dear Janviers, Mr. Rothney, and Hasan Khân: the latter walked some way with my husband, and wanted to ride the first stage, but C. would not let him. He squeezed him in his arms and sobbed. These partings are really dreadful.

CHAPTER XX.

Tuesday, December 25th.—Reached Kanaka Serai about eight A.M.; a sad breakfast, and both very tired. The road to Amballa is very bad; the trees which Mr. Clerk planted all along the wayside are now much neglected, and we crossed a river and a very deep nullah, both without bridges, and consequently capable of delaying troops or stores for an indefinite period in the rains. We have certainly done little as yet for India in the way of establishing a perfect chain of communication. Dr. Duff gave us an account of the stupendous canal works near Sáharanpore, over which the natives say Ma Ganga, or Mother Ganges, will certainly refuse to flow; but while executing these, the Government need not neglect the highways that only want completing. It is exceedingly cold at night, and I travel wrapped up in a great postin, or sheepskin cloak.

We got into Delhì about five A.M. on the 28th, C. having walked about twenty miles, and assisted in carrying me part of the way.

Monday, December 31st.—I imagine that the magazine and arsenal are in the middle of the city, and, of course, exposed to any sudden attack from the inhabitants. This magazine contains the military stores for all the upper provinces, and C. thinks it most dangerous to leave them within reach of such a disaffected and fanatical population as the Mussulmâns of Delhi.

Tuesday, January 1st, 1850.—Mr. Ryley came about one, and took me to the citadel, where I made a sketch in the camera of the Dewàn-i-Khàs, where the peacock throne used to stand. No chair is allowed within the court, but Captain Robertson, who commands the palace guard, sent me one. Immediately the servants of the palace, in a great fright, begged me not to sit on it, or they would be turned off. However they sent a message to the king on the subject, who said I might have a stool, but not a chair, and accordingly sent me a very rude little bench. Some of H.M.'s guard marched in; most of them were boys, almost children. When I had

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finished, I desired some of the numerous bystanders to look into the camera, with which they were greatly delighted, and as we were going, a message came from the king, asking me to show it to him. We accordingly turned back, and three or four black slaves came to conduct me into the harem.

They introduced me to the chief Lady, Zinât Mahâl Begum, or Ornament of the Palace, who struck me as old and ugly, and then led me to the king's apartment, where the old monarch was smoking his huqá. He is slender and feeble-looking, but with a simple kindly face, though he took no notice of me when I came in, which I suppose is etiquette. His bedstead, with four silver posts, was by him, and a crowd of women about him; one old woman was rubbing his feet. No one was handsomely dressed. The old king wore a gold skull-cap and a cotton chupkan. I sat down for a moment, and then told them that the camera must be put up out of doors. They led me into the balcony, but that would not do, so they took me to a terrace where I put it up. The old king seemed pleased, and asked me to drawn the queen, to which I willingly agreed. She was so long in adorning herself, that it was dark soon after I began. They brought out boxes full of jewels; she put on about five pair of earrings besides necklaces, a nose-ring with a string of pearls connecting it with the ear, rings for the fingers, besides ornaments for the head. Then she retired to change her dress, some of the women holding up the cotton rezaì (wadded quilt) in which her majesty had been wrapped, as a screen. She came back dressed in red muslin spotted with gold, and sat down, huqá in hand, with two female servants with peacock fans, or rather *clubs*, behind her. When I looked closer at her, I saw that she could not be old, but she is very fat, with large though unmeaning eyes, and a sweet mouth. Her hair, like that of all the other women, of whom there must have been about fifty present, was *à la chinoise*. Her little son, Mirza Jewan Bakht, came and sat beside her, but as soon as I offered to sketch him, he was hurried away to change his dress, and returned clad in green velvet and gold, with a sirpesh or aigrette of jewels in his gold cap.*

The noise and chattering of the assembled crowd was deafening, but the chief eunuch occasionally brought them to order and made them sit down. Her majesty laughed very loud, as loud *as she could* with her mouth wide open, at some jest which passed. Not one of all these women were doing anything, or looked as if they ever did do anything, except three who were cracking nutmegs. What a life! The old king came in, and a man with a black beard, whom I took for one of his sons, and who remained standing, but the women sat and jested freely with his majesty. He approved of the sketches. His little prince is he whom the king wishes to have declared heir-apparent, though he is the youngest of his ten or twelve sons. He has no less than thirty daughters.

When we got home, Sir Theophilus told me that the king does not give a chair, even to the Governor-General. His father gave a chair on one occasion to a Governor-General, and repented of it ever afterwards! The present king, on one occasion, sent for Sir Theophilus, thinking himself near death, and commended the Begum Zinat Muhal to his care, and as she could not shake hands with him in person, he gave him an impression of her hand, which she had made by covering it with tumeric, and then pressing it on paper. A day or two after, Sir T. Metcalfe received the following, a précis of palace intelligence, furnished to him, as it is to all British residents at native courts, daily. This is afterwards sent to the Governor-General and the Court of Directors. "January 1, 1850.—It

* This is said to be the king who has been proclaimed by the mutineers (1857).

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was reported that a lady and gentleman were employed in sketching views of the Samman Burj. The lady required a chair, and Puran Sing Chobdar was sent by the Commandant Palace Guards to procure one. The king immediately sent a stool for the lady. When the lady had finished sketching, Bilal Alì Khân, eunuch, waited on his majesty, and spoke in high terms of the lady's talent to the king and the Zinat Mahàl, Begum. They requested a visit from the lady, who took likenesses of the Prince Mirza Jawân Bukht and the Zinat Mahàl, Begum. The likenesses not having been finished, the king requested the lady to come again and finish them."

So my visit is recorded in the Chronicles of the Kings of Delhi. I will just give you some account of Delhi, from an interleaved Gazetteer with MS. notes, by Sir T. Metcalfe. That pretty canal we saw near Karnàl, is the one which conveys the waters of the Jamna from Kuruàl to Delhi, and is of the greatest importance to the latter city, as both the Jamne and the wells at that place are adulterated with natron and salt, so that there is hardly any pure water save from the canal.* Old Delhi is said to have been twenty miles in circumference, and this is borne out by the extent and magnificence of the ruins which remain. The whole distance between this and the Kutab is covered with magnificent tombs and remains of palaces, including the observatory and the tomb of Safdar Jang, second Vazir or Nawâb of Oude. The appearance of this immense plain studded with ruins, reminds me of the Campagna near Rome. In one spot I counted fourteen domes in sight in one direction, so that they might all have been included in a moderate-sized sketch. Those visible on all sides would have to be reckoned by scores.

Modern Delhi was built by Shah Jehân, 1631; it contains between 23,000 and 24,000 dwelling-houses, mostly pucka, and two magnificent streets, one a mile long by forty yards broad. The palace was built by Shah Jehân, who also erected the Jamma Masjid. The entrance to the palace is through a most stately and lofty gateway of red stone (like the walls), and of such great length, that the interior is now used as a public bazâr. The Dewan ì Am was filled with lumber and sleeping soldiers of the king's private guard, but the raised throne and its fine Italian mosaics are but little injured. The Dewan ì Khàs, which is well described as an open quadrangular arcaded terrace of white marble, has suffered greatly from the stones being picked out from the mosaic work. The Moti Masjid, built by Aurangzeb, is a beautiful little domestic chapel of pure white marble, with a raised balcony adjoining, looking out on the gardens.

Rajas of Delhi, or *Indraprestha*, are mentioned as early as A.D. 1008, and three years later the city was taken and plundered by Sultan Mahmud of Ghaznì, to whom the Raja became tributary. Shabudin (Múhammad) Ghorì, who was killed in 1206, having no sons, was fond of bringing up Turkish slaves, one of whom, Kutab u Din, rose to be Governor of the Indian provinces, and on his master's death ascended the throne and took Delhi from the Hindû princes. He was a just and beneficent ruler, the first of the Afghân or Patàn sovereigns, whose dynasty continued till the time of Baber. Altamsh was a son-in-law of Kutab u Din, and was recognised as king by the Khalifa of Bagdad, died 1210. His fine tomb is near the Kutab: I drew it when last here. His son proving utterly incapable of reigning, the daughter of Altamsh, the famous Malikeh Durân, Rezia Begum, was raised to the throne. Of her it is said that no

* It was made by Ali Merdan Khan, I know not when, and restored by the British in 1820.

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fault could be found but that she was a woman. She sat daily on her throne to administer justice to all comers, and showed herself a just and able sovereign; but having excited the jealousy of her nobles, by raising an Abyssinian slave to the office of Amìr ul Omra, or Commander-in-Chief, they rebelled, a Turki chief named Altunia at the head of them. The queen marched against him, but her troops mutinied; she was taken prisoner and her brother Behram raised to the throne. Rezia Begum soon gained over Altunia; he married her, assembled an army, marched to Delhi, fought two bloody battles, when they were both captured and put to death. She reigned only three and a half years.

Behram was a tyrant, died 1239. Ala u Din Masaud, his nephew, was no better; died 1242. Nasir u Din Mahmud, another grandson of Altamsh, then succeeded; he had passed most of his life in prison, and retained on the throne the habits of Darwesh. He defrayed his private expenses by copying books, had only one wife, to whom he allowed no female servant, and who cooked for him with her own hands. It is curious that the idea of poverty should be associated with piety by Múhammadans as well as Romanists. Nasir was a great patron of Persian literature. On his death, in 1266, his Wazir, Ghias u Din Bulbum, a Turkish slave of Altamsh, who had married a daughter of that Prince, added the title of King to the regal power which he already possessed. He was succeeded, 1206, by his son Keikobad, who was dethroned and assassinated, 1288, by a party of Ghiljyes, from Ghazni, and their chief, Jala lo Din Khan, raised to the throne. He was then seventy years of age, and professed great regret at his elevation, retaining his old simplicity of manners. The Ghiljyes were Turks by descent, but had been so long settled among the Afghâns as to be almost identified with them. The old king was treacherously murdered by his nephew, Ala u Din, 1295; during whose reign the Moghuls invaded the Panjàb, and advanced to Delhi under Kublai Khân, but were defeated by the king. Much confusion followed—many princes died and others reigned. Mubârak Shah made a converted Hindú, to whom he gave the title of Khusru Khân, his Wazir. This man conquered Malabar, and in 1321 murdered his master and assumed the crown.

A noble, Ghâzi Khan Toghlak, Governor of the Panjáb, defeated and slew the usurper, to the great joy of the people. He was the son of a Turkish slave of Ghiás u Din Bulbun, and was a good prince. On returning to his capital, after reducing Tirhoot, he was received by his eldest son, Juna Khan, in a magnificent pavilion of wood erected for the occasion. It fell and crushed the king and five other persons, thus throwing suspicion on his successor. This prince built the massive fort, Toghlakâbad, about twelve miles from Delhi. Juna K., 1325, took the name of Sultan Múhammad, a prince of extraordinary eloquence and talents, but whose whole life was thrown away on visionary projects; and it appears that he was in some degree insane. He reduced the Dekkan, and assembled a great army for the conquest of Persia, which dispersed for want of pay, carrying pillage and ruin into every quarter. He next sent an army of 100,000 men across the Himalaya to conquer China. Those who succeeded in crossing, found a powerful Chinese army assembled, and were obliged to fall back. They were harassed by the mountaineers; and so terrible were the calamities of the retreat, that at the end of eight days scarcely a man survived to tell the tale.

One of this prince's freaks was to change the site of his capital to Doulatabad, in the Dekkan; which he did more than once, regardless of the misery he inflicted on the poorer classes. The Dekkan and Guzeràt revolted. The latter was subdued; M. Toghlak set out for Tatta, in Sinde, to settle the affairs of Guzeràt before subduing the Dekkan, but

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died in 1351, leaving the character of one of the most accomplished princes and most furious tyrant that ever adorned or disgraced a throne. He was succeeded by his nephew, Firoz Toghlak, who, like the rest of his warlike and energetic race, was in continual activity. He was constantly engaged in military operations—now in the south-east of Bengal, then in Sinde, and again in Guzeràt—till in 1385, having reached his eighty-seventh year, he invested his son, Nasir u Din, with full powers; but this prince was so incapable, that he was forced to fly by two of his cousins, and a nephew of his set up in his stead. The old king died at the age of ninety. It was he who made the canal which irrigates Hansi and Hissar. Divers grandsons disputed the throne, and during these confusions Guzeràt nearly recovered independence; Malwa and other provinces threw off the yoke; Teimur Lang, the Tartar (Tamerlane), led his hordes to the conquest of Persia, Tartary, Georgia, part of Russia and Hungary, and in 1398 approached Delhi. The king, Nasir u Deen Mûhammad (Toghlak), ordered a sally to be made. Teimur repulsed them, and beheaded their leader; and finding that the prisoners he had made since crossing the Indus amounted to upwards of 100,000 he put the whole of them above fifteen years of age to death, lest they should join their countrymen.

On the 7th January, 1399, Teimur forded the river, and putting more faith in action than in astrologers, he advanced against the Delhi prince, for whom it truly proved an unlucky day. The van of his army consisted of 120 elephants. Teimur ordered his troops to attack the Mahauts, and the elephants, being left masterless, carried confusion into their own ranks, of which Teimur took advantage, and that night saw him at the gates of Delhi, and Mûhammad Toghlak in flight. On the Friday he was proclaimed Emperor of Hindustan, in the Mosques. The city was sacked, the Delhi troops fought with frantic courage, the Hindus slew their wives and children, and fell upon the Tartars with the fury of despair. The massacre lasted five days. Wearied with slaughter, and laden with treasures, the conquerors quitted the scene of desolation. The Mussalmân historian coolly says, "they sent to the pit of hell the souls of those infidels, of whose heads they erected towers; and Timurlane offered up to the insulted majesty of the Most Merciful the sincere and humble tribute of grateful praise." Truly, as there is a beautiful homogeneity in the works of God, so is there one of the opposite sort in the works of the devil; Pope Innocent III., or a Grand Inquisitor, with their auto-da-fés, will supply the parallel to Teimur's devotions.

Nasir u Din returned two months after, and died 1405. He was the last of the Ghiljye princes, and was succeeded by Mûhammad Khan *Lodi*, who was in fifteen months deposed by Saiad Khizzar Khan, Governor of the Panjàb. Of him, the chief facts seem to be (like many other people) his *birth*—a descendant of Mûhammad—and his *death*, for which (in honour of his descent) the people of Delhi wore black for three days. He was succeeded by his son and grandson and great-grandson, long-named men of little importance, in whose time the kingdom was still further reduced, so that in one direction it extended only eleven or twelve miles from Delhi. The last of the Saiad family abdicated, in 1450, in favour of Behlol *Lodi*, who had obtained the Punjàb, and reconquered the empire as far as Benâres. The second prince of the house of Lodi, Sikander Shah, did *not* kill his brothers or nephews, though they rebelled against him. He was mild, just, and fond of literature; died 1516. His son, Ibrâhím Lodi, had none of his father's virtues, but disgusted his tribe by his pride. Sultan Baber sent to demand the restoration of the Punjàb, which he took. This great prince was a Turk, fifth in descent from Timur, and descended

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by his mother from Jenjiz Khan, the great Moghul prince. He, however, always speaks of the Moghuls with hatred and contempt. It must, however, have been from his mother that he inherited his great talents and energy, as his father was extremely pacific, and delighted solely in pigeon fights, like the present King of Delhi. Sultan Ibráhím is said to have imprisoned the victims of his cruelty in the Selimghar, or State Prison, which joins the palace of Delhi. Many of his nobles invited Baber to advance The latter came across the hills to Rupar and Loodiana to Delhi, defeated Ibráhím at Panipat, where that prince was slain. Baber treated the conquered with generosity; he advanced to Delhi by the Kutab, visited the tombs on his way, and after seeing the palaces and Masjids of Delhi, he says in his journal, "I returned to the camp, went on board a boat and drank arak!" His son, Humayún, had greatly distinguished himself in this his first campaign. Baber was the founder of a noble line of princes, under whose sway the whole of India bowed. Humayún being at the point of death, Baber determined to devote his own life to save that of his son, in accordance with a superstition still prevalent in the east; and so strong was the impression made on all parties, that Humayún began at once to recover and Baber to decline. He died, 1530, at Agra, but is buried near Kabul. Elphinstone justly pronounces him the most admirable prince who ever reigned in Asia. Such a genial, loving, energetic nature is not to be easily found on an eastern throne. Humayún's great opponent was Shír Shah, an Afghán by descent, who first made himself master of Behár and the forts of Chunár and Rohtás, retarded Humayún's advance by the obstinate defence of the first-named fort, until he had completed the conquest of Bengal, and then avoiding a contest with a force far superior to his own, allowed Humayún to overrun Bengal until the rainy season reduced him to inactivity, cut off his communications, and thinned his ranks by sickness; during which time Shír Shah recovered Chunár, intercepted Humayún's communication with Agra, and surprised and defeated him on the banks of the Ganges, as he strove to emerge from the trap so judiciously laid for him. The next year Shír Shah again defeated him near Canouj, and obliged him to fly to Lahór, 1540, followed him up, and took the whole of the Panjáb, founding the famous fort of Rohtas, on the Jelam. Shír Shah fell at the siege of Culinjer, in 1544. He was no less distinguished as a ruler than as a general. Shír Shah's fort and Humayún's noble tomb are still in good preservation close to Delhi. Shír Shah's son Selim reigned nine years, and was succeeded by his brother Adílí, of whose unpopularity Humayún too advantage to invade India, and recover Delhi and Agra. Humayún died at Delhi, but his Vizér, Behram Khan, consolidated the power of the young prince, known in after years as Akbar the Great. Humayún was a brave though undecided character; he wrote a bad hand, used fine inflated words, and only spelt tolerably, for all of which faults his father reproved him. Separate kingdoms had arisen in the Dekkan, in Guzerát, &c., during the reign of Mahomed Toghlak.

Akbár conquered Behár and Bengal, which were filled with Afghan settlers, recovered Kabul and conquered Kashmir. Akbár founded modern Agra, called from him, Akbarabad, and the magnificent palace of Fattehpúr Sikri. He died 1605. His son Jehangir, the World-seizer, was succeeded in 1627 by *his* son, Shah Jehan, who founded modern Delhi and built the Taj, where he is buried by the side of his queen. He was a liberal and magnificent prince, but was dethroned by his ungrateful son Aurangzeb, the Louis XI. of India, who first defeated his elder brother Dara, and then assumed the crown seven years before his father's death. He afterwards captured and slew his brother, whose head he buried in Humayún's tomb. Shah Jehan was, however, revenged by the mistrust and

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suspicions of all around him, which embittered the life and especially the latter years of Aurangzeb. He was a cold-hearted bigot, full of industry and talent, watching over the minutest details himself. Conscience awoke on his death-bed, and the picture of his fears and doubts, both as regard this world and that on which he was entering, is indeed a sad one. It was in his reign that Sivâji founded the Mahratta power, and after long contests with these rising soldiers, Aurangzeb was compelled to retreat to Ahmednagar, where he died 1687. He was the last of the great emperors of Hindustan. Then came his son Bahadar Shah, and several other insignificant princes. In the reign of Múhammad Shah III., Béjirao, the Mahratta Peshwa (the Maire du Palais of the descendants of Sivâji), was obliged to retreat from the gates of Delhi, by the approach of the Vizir Azof Jah a Túrani, *i. e.* a Turk by origin, who founded the dynasty of the Nizams of the Dekkan. These two facts show the low ebb to which the imperial power was reduced.

In 1707, Shah Allum, who seems to have coined all the rupees, ruled. Six sovereigns rose and fell in rapid succession. In 1735, in the reign of Múhammad Shah III., the Marattas burnt the suburbs of Delhi. In 1739 Nadir Shah entered Delhi, 9th March; massacred, plundered, and departed in April. In 1756, Ahmed Shah of Kabul, formerly the Durani general of Nadir, entered Delhi on his own account. In 1761, Shah Allum II. attacked the British acquisitions in Bengal and Behar, was defeated, and then voluntarily surrendered to the British, who assigned him an ample revenue; but in 1771, he quitted their protection, returned to Delhi, and became the tool of the Marattas, and in 1788, of the Rohillas, who blinded him. Sindiah drove out the Rohilla chief. But the poor old king was not much better off under him and the French officers in his service, the allowance for each of the princes being only fifteen rupees a month! Lord Lake defeated the Marattas, six miles from Delhi, in 1803, to the infinite joy of the aged emperor; restored to him the palaces and gardens, and supplied him with funds. A lakh of rupees monthly was soon after allotted to him, together with some lands, which produced about one lakh more per annum.

On Wednesday, 2nd January, drove to the Kutab.* The house is merely a transformed tomb with a verandah added to it. Went to see a bauli or well, down which the people jump fully sixty feet. Near it are some very curious houses belonging to the royal family.

Thursday, January 3rd.—In the city, near the Kutab, I saw a most curious burial-place, which reminded me of the street of tombs in Pompeii. Many of the tombs are very elegant, and many of them are open at the top and contain flowers.

Saturday, January 5th.—Drew the tomb of Nizam-u-Din. Met a Darwesh, just like a monk, with bare and shaven head and a black mantle. At Hamayún's tomb made two sketches, one of Shír-Shah's fort, a fine specimen of Patán architecture, with the buttresses sloping inwards from

* The Kutab was completed in the reign of Altamsh; everything shows it to have been a Hindu building. It is 242 feet high, diameter of base 48 feet; the three first stories are of red stone, the height of the lowest is 90 feet; it is composed of 27 divisions or flutes, alternately semicircular and angular, the second story, 50 feet of semicircular flutes only; the third, 40 feet of angular ones. The fourth story is of red stone, intermixed with white marble: the whole richly carved. The night before the defeat of Sindias (six miles from Delhi), 10th September, 1780, an earthquake injured this splendid pillar. It was repaired by the British, under Lieutenant-Colonel R. Smith. The third story is perceptibly out of the perpendicular. It was found necessary to construct the scaffolding quite distinct from the building, and to fashion each stone separately, exactly to the size and shape of the interstice it was to fill.

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the base. We had a most pleasant day, and arrived in time for dinner at the residency. It is difficult to convey any idea of the wild grandeur of the scene, the stately tombs looming in the distance like shadows of the mighty dead. There are numerous remains of summer-houses and palaces. They must have been magnificent old fellows, those old kings. A number of people surrounded us, asking for bakshish. C. asked what they had ever done for him. "We bless you," said one. "Yes," answered he, "to my face, and when my back is turned you will curse me as an infidel Feringhi." "He speaks the truth," said several of them, but it ended as usual in their getting a good bakshish.

Monday, January 7th.—Mr. R. went with me to the palace, and as the King and the Begum were both asleep, I sketched the interior of the Dewan i Khás. A cannon, a band, and a great noise soon announced His Majesty's waking. He did not wish to be drawn himself, so I finished the sketch of the Begum. Here is the Palace Report, 7th January, 1850. "At 4 P.M. His Majesty was informed that the lady had come to finish the likeness of the Prince Mirza Jawân Bakht, and the Zinat Mahal Begum. His Majesty directed that she should be admitted, and both the pictures were finished. His Majesty presented the lady with an emerald ring and 100 rupees, but the lady declined accepting them and took her departure."

Tuesday, 8th January, 1850.—The weather is very cold. Drove with E. and Mrs. C., to Selimghar, the old state prison. It joins the palace by a bridge, and is a fine specimen (that is, its walls are, for nothing else remains) of Palace architecture—gloomy, stately, and massive, with projecting buttresses. It now contains nothing but a garden, which I suppose supplied the numerous cauliflowers which I saw cutting up in the Begum's presence, to furnish forth His Majesty's dinner. It is pretty to see the wild peacocks in such abundance.

Friday, 11th.—We left our kind friends with much regret, and mounted an elephant, which conveyed us to some distance to meet our palki-gárri, which had started early. In crossing the sands we had an excellent view of Selimghar and the bridge by which it is connected with the palace. The rain had swollen the Jamna so much that it nearly reached the hip of the chaprási, who was a tall man, and some women who were fording it must have been wet up to their waists. About twelve miles from Delhi we passed Toghlakabad. Some tombs remain in a most ruinous condition. There was formerly a very fine Patan gateway, but the government (British!) has pulled it down to build barracks! We reached Allyghar about noon the next day, and were surprised to find it so pretty a place, with beautiful rows of trees. In the evening, drove to see the remains of the batteries used by Lord Lake against the town, about 1803, when he took it from the Mahrattas. Allyghar was held by General Perron, in their service. The batteries are only about 500 yards from the walls, rather different from General Whish's practice at Multán. Mr. L. has a very large horse, fit for so large a man. His Sáis insists upon calling it Mahadéo, or the "Great God," which shows that they have no real reverence even for their own idols. The next day was the anniversary of Chillianwala, and the Sepáhis of the 30th got hold of the only gun in the place and fired a salute in honour of it.

Monday, January 14th.—Reached Agra about eight p.m.

Wednesday, January 16th.—We rode to Sekandra. You remember my description of Akbar's tomb at Sekandra. The gardens round it struck me as more beautiful than before, for we slowly rode through them while waiting for the Sáises to hold our horses. They are full of fine trees, particularly one very leafy kind, called the Khirnì. After the stately, simple Afghan tombs at Delhi, and especially after the grand one

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of Akbar's own father, Hamayun, I did not admire the style of this, always excepting the beautiful uppermost story. It is in three stories, each one more or less encumbered by a multiplicity of gumbaz, a kind of short minar, or rather canopy upon pillars, which, when ranged closely together, look very much like bee-hives. The lattice-work of the garden wall is most beautiful.

Thursday, January 17th.—Mr. Taylor and Aga Mahomed accompanied us to the Táj on horseback. It was exceedingly cold—quite a hoar frost. The Táj seems more beautiful each time we see it. I had forgotten that the tombs in the vault were as elaborately ornamented as the mausoleums above. On our way back, Mr. Taylor pointed out the ruins of a fine building, called the Rúm-i-Ghar, or Roman (*i.e.* Turkish house), where the Ambassador from Constantinople formerly dwelt. What a change from the days when the "Grand Signor" sent his embassies to the "Great Moghul!" Is anything but this contrast needful to prove the truth of what Taylor says in the second chapter of the "Saturday Evening," that Múhammadanism is "superannuated and decaying with age."

I must give you the passage, for the whole of it is most true:—"The grave and masculine superstition of the Asiatic nations, after employing the hot blood of its youth in conquering the fairest regions of the earth, spent a long and bright manhood in the calm and worthy occupations of government and intelligence (as under the first emperors in India). During four centuries, the successors of Múhammad were almost the only *men* the human race could boast of (I suppose he means from A.D. 600 to 1000). In the later season of its maturity, and through a lengthened period, the steadiness, the gravity, the immoveable rigour which often mark the temper of man from the moment when his activity declines and until infirmity is confessed, belonged to Islamism, both Western and Eastern." (See the History of the Turkish Empire.) "And now is it necessary to prove that every symptom characteristic of the last stage of human life attaches to it? Múhammedan Empire is decrepit: Múhammadan faith is decrepit; and both are so even by the confession of the parties." We have often heard this confession both from Afgháns and Hindustanís.

Friday, January 18th.—Took an early ride to the fort. The walls of the fort are of red stone, and very fine, though smaller than at Lahore; but the walls, there, being of brick, are not to be compared to these. The fort and city were built by Akbar, hence its Múhammadan name of Akbárábad. We saw the lovely Moti Masjid, or Peal Mosque, with its gilt roofs, the ladies' mosque; the Dewan-i-Khos, and innumerable halls and chambers, the former open on three sides, and adorned, in the most elaborate manner, with beautiful carvings and mosaics. The lattice-work is very fine, and one projecting tower, with a balcony over the river, is particularly beautiful. This is the finest palace of any I have seen. Even the fountains are inlaid in Florentine mosaic; the rooms panelled with flowers in bas-relief, among which the lily is conspicuous.

All these halls are raised on a kind of platform, called a Chabutra, approached by three steps, and even these latter are beautifully decorated. We again saw the great throne of black marble, which is said to have been broken the instant a Ját set his foot upon it, at the time when they lorded it over the fallen Empire of Delhi. We rode back by the Tripolia, so called from three roads uniting in this spot, and then through the town. This is the first place where I have seen anything like a vegetable market. The streets are very clean, and it was a picturesque sight to see each man in his own little shop laying out his wares,

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which appeared to be equal in quantity to those of a pedlar. There were shops full of skull-caps, others of slippers, then again those of the druggists and perfumers, with Chinese jars and curious many-coloured bottles. Went to the house of Mr. William Woodcock, who is inspector of prisons from Bénares to Kurnal; and this being the central prison, immediately under Mr. Woodcock's own eye, we were anxious to see it. He kindly led us over the whole. We saw them making paper and *polishing* it with a piece of blood-stone, making pottery and tiles, repairing and adding to the prison, and grinding wheat. Among the paper-makers was a fine-looking young man, with an open honest countenance; he was a Thug! The sleeping wards are open galleries with an iron bar down the middle, to which each prisoner is fastened by a chain, except very well-behaved men, who are allowed to sleep free. These have been built at less than half the expense of those constructed by the engineer officer, who made his almost without ventilation and *bomb-proof* (as if prisoners were inanimate and explosive materials)! There is a very large garden attached to the jail, in which Mr. Woodcock humanely employs the life-prisoners.

Sepáhis are never allowed to work out of the prison, as the guard cannot manage them—a curious fact. The hardest work is grinding wheat. Mr. Woodcock pointed out to us the most troublesome man in the jail. He had a most determined look and a very badly shaped head; and as soon as he saw us looking at him he began to grind with perfect fury. Mr. Woodcock took us into the female ward. I never saw such horrible faces as those of some of the women. Most of them were in for murder, infanticide, or poisoning. One old hag had murdered seven people; the crime not being sufficiently proved to allow of her being hanged, she is imprisoned for life. They were all spinning. Some women have blinded themselves by producing ophthalmia, in order to avoid work; they are, therefore, made to grind. One woman had defeated all the magistrates and jailors for seven years. She said she never had worked and she never would, and nobody had ever been able to make her do so. Mr. Woodcock was determined that she should, and ordered her head to be shaved; she no sooner found he was in earnest than she fell at his feet and promised, if he would only spare her hair, she would work as much as he liked, and there she has been spinning ever since. The prisoners give very little trouble. Those with labour have 24 oz., those without, 20 oz. of atta and dâl (flour and peas) per diem, and 1 lb. vegetables, some oil twice a-week, with 1 oz. of tobacco a-week.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. B. drove us to the tomb of Itimah-u-Doula. This title signifies Confidence, or Prop of the State. His name was Abu Fazl, the famous vazir and friend of Akbár. He fell fighting gallantly against an ambuscade laid for him, at the instigation of Prince Selim, afterwards Jehanghir, to the great grief of his imperial master, who only survived him three years. The tomb is very beautifully carved, and the lower part has one of the most beautiful mosaic pavements I have seen, with a very bold arabesque pattern: both the tombs and cenotaphs are of yellow marble. Like all Mussalmán tombs, that of the wazir is distinguished by the kallamdán, or pen-case; and that of his wife by the tablet or slate. The building has only four short minars, one at each corner; there is a fountain in front of each side: and the chambers which always surround the principal tomb, contain those of other members of the family. This fine building is much defaced, quantities of agates and other stones being picked out and sold to Nattu, the present mosaic manufacturer. These depredations might surely be put a stop to. The

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late magistrate of Agra sold the stone of Fattihpur Sikrì; and Lord William Bentinck had the marble baths in the fort pulled to pieces and sold. We then went to the Rambagh, a fine garden.

Saturday, January 19th.—Mr. William Woodcock having kindly offered to show us Fattihpur Sikrì, we started at gun-fire. It was a hard frost, which gave everything a very home look. I remarked the great kos-minârs, for marking the distances. Mr. Woodcock told me a good deal about the character of the natives. He thinks (and I agree fully) that the women are worse than the men. He says the Hindu women have no religion at all. We arrived about ten o'clock. Our breakfast had been prepared in Bir Bal's daughter's mahal or palace. This is a building erected for one of Akbar's wives, the daughter of his greatest personal favourite, Rajá Bir Bal, who fell in an Afghân defile, in a desperate encounter with the Eusofzais. He is said to have been a man of great merit, liveliness, and wit; and Akbar, who, like his grandfather Baber, was a man of strong affections, was nearly inconsolable for his loss. It consists of four rooms on the ground floor, all most elaborately and beautifully carved in red stone, and two others above, built diagonally to each other, like the black squares on a chess-board, the white squares being open terraces. It will give you some idea of the immense extent of this magnificent palace, to know that this building is one mile from the entrance, and yet is not at the opposite end.

After breakfast, I walked out to the Rumi, or Turkish Begum's house, where the old guide pointed out the paintings of Rustam and other fabulous heroes, with which the outer walls were covered. We went to Salìm Christì's tomb. He was a famous saint, whom Akbar consulted in his distress at having no son. He advised him to build a magnificent mosque and palace around his hermitage; and Akbar complied by raising this stupendous edifice, in comparison to which even Versailles is insignificant. The tomb is situated in the midst of an immense quadrangle, on one side of which is a mosque, with a curious mixture of Hindu architecture, modified by the more lofty Múhammadan taste; and on the other, the finest gateway in the world. It is 120 feet in height; of very grand, simple form, and stands on the top of a gigantic flight of steps, so that it is a most conspicuous object from every quarter of the surrounding country. It is strange that we have not taken the hint. The gates are covered with horse-shoes; a kind of thank-offering for the recovery of sick horses and mules. The whole quadrangle is surrounded by lofty arcades.

The tomb of Salìm Christì is of white marble, with very peculiar and beautiful flying buttresses. The inner building is surrounded by a verandah, with the most delicate openwork in marble I ever saw. One, which is said to be made of a single piece of marble, is exactly like a veil of double net. The inner walls are painted; and to the lattice-work and tomb are attached innumerable scraps of cloth and thread, fastened there from the belief that doing so will ensure the fulfilment of any wish made at the time. The tomb and canopy over it are of mother-of-pearl. We then went to see the tombs of the Aulàd, or descendants of Salìm Christì, of whom our guide is also one. From thence we went to the palace of the Rajah of Jeipur's daughter (another of Akbar's queens), which is the largest of all, and built in the Hindu style. The Mahál, or chambers of the Istambul Shahzadì, are also very beautiful, though small as those of London lodgings. Everywhere the masonic sign of the double triangle is visible. We went over the rest of what still remains of this imperial palace. Court follows court—building follows building. There is one court where Akbar and his vazìr used to play at pachisì (a game played

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on a board in the shape of a cross, with twenty-four squares in each limb), with sixteen slave girls, dressed in four different colours, for counters. The squares still remain in the pavement. Then there is a building expressly for blindman's-buff, full of narrow passages, abrupt turns and cul-de-sacs; a large court for wild-beast fights, with a tower for viewing them, stuck all over with elephants' tusks: again, a five-storied building, called Pànjmahâl, consisting of tiers of pillars, arranged quincunx-wise, so as to form parallels in all directions. Then we saw Akbar's Privy Council Chamber. His seat was on a high pillar in the centre, while his four vazîrs sat on four spokes, which proceeded from it—a most curious contrivance. In another place is a small canopied seat for his Hindu astrologer; for Akbar was anything but a good Mussalmân. We came to Bir Bal ki Beti's mahal, and I sketched our old guide. It is sad to see the immense piles of bricks between the outer and inner walls, the ruins of masses of building as extensive as those which remain. We drove back, after a most delightful day.

Monday, January 21st.—Then we went to the house of Nattu, the mosaic worker, and saw all the processes. The stones are first cut in exceedingly thin flakes, about the thickness of a card, by means of a wood and pack-thread bow, water, and sand. A portion of the flake is then held close to a little steel pattern of the required shape, and filed into its exact form. The workman showed us the tips of his fingers bleeding from the filing. The object that is to be inlaid having been made in white marble, the intended design is drawn upon it and then hollowed out with the utmost delicacy, and the pieces of mosaic being laid in with a kind of mastic beneath them, are covered with talc, to prevent them from being injured, and the mastic being melted by the action of fire, the talc is taken off, and the work has only to be polished. I should like to know if this is the process now in use at Florence. The smaller specimens of this mosaic are not much worth having, but we saw some beautiful chess-tables, one for 400 rupees. Nattu's house was well worth seeing as a specimen of a rich tradesman's dwelling. The rooms were exceedingly small, like those at Pompei, with a tiny balcony, scarcely more than a foot wide, the door leading to it not being above three feet and a half high. There were a good many tiny rooms, all very clean. I saw an accordion with four keys on the table. The staircase was so narrow that I tried to put my arms akimbo in going down, and could barely do so. It must be very difficult for a fat Babu to thread his own house.

We passed the bridge made of iron pontoons and paid a farewell visit to the Tâj; Mr. Woodcock pointed out to us one small piece of repair which had cost 500 rupees. It was a slip of mosaic, not very minute, about a palm broad and three or four feet long; so this will give you some slight idea of the enormous toil and expense of the whole edifice.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—Packed and departed. It grieved us to take leave of our poor servants, some of whom wept; and of the Havildar and guard, the last we shall see of our regiment. We drove out two stages to Muhammadabad.

Wednesday, January 23rd.—The bearers, on crossing a bridge, shout Ram, Ram. Further north, superstition does not seem to prevail to the same extent, it does not seem to be perpetually on both knees as it is here.

Thursday, January 24th.—We get on very rapidly, going upwards of five miles an hour on a beautiful road through a well cultivated country.

Friday, 25th.—Reached Kissea Bungalow at eleven A.M. Our eyes were regaled all the way by green fields, and the weather is very pleasant. The Kahârs make a great noise as they draw us. As they proceed, one of

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their number puts two or three short questions, to which they all give short answers; a longer question follows, to which they respond in chorus with a kind of howl. They give warning to the bearers of the next Chowkì, or stage, by a peculiar cry, and generally bring us in shouting and screaming with all their might. The fresh bearers rush forward in a crowd, and each man endeavours to secure a place. The road to the river of Allahabad has been boarded over, which, as the sand is extremely heavy, is a great improvement. The roads are covered with pilgrims to Benâres. All accounts agree, that the number of pilgrims to all the great shrines is much diminished; so what must it have been formerly? We crossed the majestic river on a bridge of boats, and reached Benâres the next day (Saturday) at one o'clock, very hot and tired.

Monday, January 28th.—Started about noon. Crossed the Ganges in a rickety boat, barely wide enough for the carriage to stand in, so that they were obliged to put stones to prevent its running off on either side. There was a cool pleasant wind. The people here are very different from those of the Upper provinces, much slighter, shorter, and darker; much more Indian looking, with good foreheads, well-shaped heads, deep-set eyes, and well-shaped noses. Many young trees have been planted by the roadside and fenced with prickly pears.

January 29th.—We were refreshed by a view of some beautiful hills, which we did not lose sight of for the next three days. The road is covered with pilgrims. We were amused at the childish manners of our bearers. The way in which they trotted along, wagging their heads, was quite like that of children of four or five years old. Their voices have no depth, they are wooden and chattery voices, as if nutcrackers were speaking. My husband tells me that, even without the least anger, their language is indescribably coarse and bad. On this side the Sôn river we passed some indigo planters' graves. The B. N. I. was crossing on their way up the country. C. spoke to them, and an old Hindu Subadar, who had been with the regiment at Ghazni, was quite delighted to see him. He spoke openly of his former commanding officer, as "the son of an owl." Speaking of the surrender of Ghazni, and disgrace thus brought upon the regiment, he said, "Our honour became like mud." It was a pretty sight to see boat after boat crossing with the troops. We had three yokes of oxen to our light Palkigâri, besides the bearers pushing it and turning the wheels. The driver addressed the oxen thus, "O my son, pull, and I will feed thee with sugar; pull, pull, pull,—why dost thou not pull?" We passed five or six divisions of the stream, fording most of them, and at other times crossing in a boat. The water is of a deep clear blue, and the beautifully shaped distant hills made the scene lovely. The bed of the river is three miles wide, the intervals of water being deep heavy sand.

The road both to-day and yesterday has been broken up in several places.

Wednesday, January 30th.—It was what an old general officer called a *ravine-ous* country, very pretty, full of bridges, and with plenty of wood; quite autumnal in its varied tints. We had some very long hills, both this day and the next, there was a succession of hill and dale. At Barhi we found the 22nd M. N. I. My husband went to see them, and although he knew none of them personally, the officers all received him like an old friend. They told him that their Sergeant-Major, who had been Quartermaster-Sergeant in the 48th M. N. I., was always talking of him (as a rider and as an adjutant). He is an Irishman of the name of O'Driscoll. When sent for, he was quite overjoyed, though he did not at first recognize my husband, owing, as he said, to the "moustayches," and when C. gave him his hand at parting, tears glistened in the honest

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soldier's eyes. The trees were very fine, and so are the crops, and there is grass to be seen, instead of the sand of the Frontier Provinces. One of these days we passed a colossal figure of Rani lying on his back, all the bearers saluted it with the cry of "Ram Bahadar." Passed the *two thousand* camp-followers of the 22nd M. N. I.

January 31st.—Very early this morning, passed 1500 Europeans of different regiments going up the country.

February 1st, Friday.—It is now very warm, though with a nice breeze in the day. Passed the 42d B.N.I. on their march. Just before we came to their camping-ground we saw a man beating a little drum with a small flag beside him. This is a sort of Faqir, who attaches himself to the regiment, and is called the Dag Dagghi, and the sight and sound of him so encourages the men as he announces the vicinity of their encampment, that, as C. said, "in the fulness of their hearts and the emptiness of their stomachs, they give him something as they pass." Leaving Bardwân we saw the chapel and mission-houses of the Church of England Mission, a pleasant contrast to the Shewâllahs we had seen on entering it. The roads are bordered with fine trees. The road has been much worse lately; very different from the beautiful condition of that above Benâres. Imagine that this great trunk road was only made by Lord William Bentinck! Is it not disgraceful that it should get worse as we approach Calcutta? With much difficulty we were dragged across a nallah, the bridge of which was broken down more than two years ago, and has never been mended yet. The great want of India is the means of internal communication. At present there is scarcely any: though much is doing in this respect, far more remains to be done. During the last famine at Agra, the best grain was to be had 400 miles off at *one-eighth* of the price at which coarse grain was selling in Agra, yet the difficulty of transport prevented its being brought thither. How differently did the Romans act! *Their* first object in a conquered country was thoroughly to intersect it by admirable roads; thus opening it to civilization, making it available for revenue, and placing it thoroughly under military control; but in India, even if a Governor-General be fully impressed with the necessity of these internal improvements, he is thwarted by lectures on economy from the Home authorities. About 4 A.M., on the 2nd, we reached the Ghat, and were ferried over the Ganges.

CALCUTTA.—Marian took me to see the Church of England Mission at Mirzâpur, under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Sandys. It is large and very interesting. We also saw four young girls just placed there. A short time since a child of twelve escaped from the house of her master (a Mûhammadan in the city), on account of his cruelty. She had been sold to him as a slave, and said that there were four other slave girls there worse treated than herself. Mr. Wylie sent a police agent with her, and desired her to tell the others that if they liked to come, the magistrate would protect them. They all availed themselves gladly of the offer. One is in hospital from the effects of ill-treatment; another, whom we saw, has lost an eye from a blow. They all seem very happy and contented, and much pleased at the change in their condition. The elder girls read fluently in Bengalì, and answered well to questions on the Scriptures. They also understand English pretty well.

There is a large boys' day-school and a boys' orphan asylum. Behari Lal Sing, one of the Catechists, who is employed in reading the Gospel and speaking chiefly to the domestic servants of Calcutta, came to see us. He told us that a Mûhammadan native doctor is to be baptized on Wednesday (13th). He received a copy of the Scriptures sixteen years ago,

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and occasionally read them; but about two years since they arrested his attention, so that at last he came to Behari Sing for further instruction. His examination was very satisfactory. Behári Lal Sing, you know, is Timothy's brother. I went to Mr. Mackay's to draw some of the converts; but had only time to sketch Lal Behári De, who is now a Catechist, and Elmar Charan Ghose. It was a great pleasure to see these young Christians again. All of them seem to have become *men* since we met. Behári Lal Sing, especially, is like an experienced city missionary.

CHAPTER XXI.

About two, J. and M. drove us to the Ghat, where a large budgerow was waiting for us, C. having taken our passage to Bombay on board the "Sulimáni," Captain Dawson. The crew consists partly of Chinamen and partly of Mussulmâns from Suràt; every division is under a tindal, and the whole under a Barra-Tindal, or chief boatswain's mate. The Seraing, or chief boatswain is responsible for the whole crew. The Chinese are ugly, strong, and useful, and apparently merry, with great ugly hands and feet, and large limbs. The Surat men are small and slight, with delicate hands and feet. The cargo consists of 6000 bags of rice, of 164lbs. each, Bombay being supplied with rice from Bengal.

Monday, March 4th.—Yesterday saw Adam's Peak, and a very curious canoe came alongside. It was very long, and so narrow as barely to leave room for one person to sit in it, with an outrigger, which renders it perfectly safe.

Went on shore in the ship's boat with an awning; and the rowers—who were all in their best, with the curious Surat headdress, which is like a hat without any brim, made of parti-coloured straw, with gay red and other coloured handkerchiefs twisted round the temples—amused me by singing all the way. The chant was monotonous, but their voices pleasing. Ceylon looks very pleasing from the sea, from being well wooded. The houses form a red line, while the beach and everything on landing is strange and tropical. Every one walks about with palm-leaf umbrellas. The dress consists of a cloth, some ten yards in length, reaching from the waist to the feet, and wrapped tightly round and round the body. One would fancy it would impede them in walking, nevertheless they stride along, swinging their arms in a manner that is quite refreshing after the Bengáli saunter. The men wear their hair very long, and turned up at the back of the head with a comb, so that as they have very slender figures and soft features, unless they have beards, it is impossible to tell them from women. There are others, who wear white caps like plasterers, and those of some rank wear preposterous tortoise-shell combs, six inches and upwards in height. The heat was extreme. Drove through the little fort where the 37th Queen's is on duty (the men without any white covers to their caps), and then by the sea-shore, where we enjoyed the sight of the waves and the delightful sea breeze.

We passed a man with his long hair hanging down his back, smoking a cigar, another with a small gold cross round his neck, showing him to be a Romanist. All the fishermen are said to be Roman Catholics, and the tithe they pay to be worth £10,000 a year. English money is used in Ceylon. The scenery was delightful to us—the fresh verdure, the abundance of trees, the ponds, and the picturesque groups of people, all refreshed our eyes. We came to the cinnamon-gardens without knowing it. The plant itself is a broad-leaved shrub, in some cases a tree, and the

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ground was covered with most beautiful flowers, such as would adorn any garden. Came back by a village, where we saw a Budhist priest in his yellow robes. The cocoa-nut groves were very beautiful. Major L. showed us some very interesting sketches of places in the interior, which has only lately been subdued. In 1802, Major Davies and 400 men were destroyed by the people of Kandy, after having taken the place by a *coup de main*. It was the Kabul disaster on a smaller scale. After that we left the King of Kandy in peace till about 1817, when the interior was finally subjugated. There has lately been a pretender to the crown. He was taken, and made a stoker on board one of the steamers. In the morning Mr. Smith came for us, and drove us to see his coffee-store. It is on a very large scale. The coffee is separated from the "parchment," or skin, by huge wheels (moved by steam) passing lightly over it. It is then carefully picked by 500 women and girls, whose wages are four-pence halfpenny a day, then passed through a sieve, to separate the finest sort, called peaberry (which is very small and round, and therefore roasts more evenly), from the rest, and then packed in casks, instead of the bags formerly used.

I sketched two of the women employed—one a Cinghalese, the other a Malabar woman—both, especially the latter, as graceful as any antique statue. We drove through the town. I have nowhere in India seen such comfortable dwellings for the poor. Every man when we first went out had a cigar in his mouth. There is a large Wesleyan Mission here. By the time we returned, at nine o'clock, the heat was very great. The houses do not seem well adapted for a hot climate. They appear small and confined, and there are scarcely any Phankahs. Major L. says, that owing to the violence of the monsoons, Phankahs are never needed, except now and then, as at present, when one monsoon is ceasing, and the other not fairly set in.

I summoned one of the girlish-looking waiters, and sketched him on the spot, and took another frightful individual down stairs while my husband was paying the bill, which was a great relief to my mind, for I should have grieved at not having a drawing of these curious people. Re-embarked.

Friday, 8th.—A boat came off from shore with fowls, fruit, &c. I sketched one of the men, a fine young Malabar. They have open countenances, and are as beautifully and delicately made as any young girl, though not small men. Some old writer speaks of the Malabars as "a fierce and warlike people."

Wednesday, 13th March.—Passed the Sacrifice Rock, about three miles from shore, on which, till within the last few years, human sacrifices used to take place, especially of young infants.

Monday, 25th.—Captain Dawson told us that the Pársi women never show their hair to any except their husbands and nearest relations. When a person is considered to be dying, they place him or her in some outhouse surrounded by a wall of stones, and leave them there without food or drink, to die alone—a horrid and barbarous custom. A physician at Bombay, Dr. Case by name, was attending an old Pársi, when one morning on calling, he was informed he could not see him, as he had been laid out to die, and no one could go near him. It was only by threats of giving the family into custody on charge of murder, that Dr. Case succeeded in overcoming their prejudices, and obtaining access to his patient. He found him very ill, but after administering a restorative, the old man spoke. Soon he sat up, and he eventually lived some weeks later. The Pársis have a great affection for dogs. They think it a point

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of duty to give the first mouthful of food to a dog, and they believe that after death, the dog whom he has fed, meets the soul, and defends it from evil angels. Mad dogs abounded at one time in Bombay, so that the Government ordered that every dog straying about should be shot. The Pársis most vigorously resisted this, and made such a riot that the military were called out. The Pársis then endeavoured to prevent supplies being furnished to the ships in the harbour, but the troops protected their embarkation, and the malcontents were obliged to give in after some shots had been fired.

The Khalasis, commonly called Lascars, lie asleep on deck, in all manner of corners, with no covering but their clothes, and no pillow but a coil of rope. I asked Mr. Tingate if they had no bedding. He said he did not think two men in the ship had any, that is among the Khalásis. These men, who are all Mussalmáns from Surat, get from twelve to fourteen rupees a month, as they are considered able seamen; but they spend the whole of it in folly, and come on board with nothing but a change of clothes. The Chinese, who are but ordinary seamen, and only pull at the ropes, seldom going aloft, get only about eight rupees per mensem, yet every man has his bedding and a chest of clothes. They also live extremely well, eating pickled pork, fish, &c., daily with the ship's rations of rice, ghi, and dal. There are a few Portuguese on board, for steering and mending sails, some of them Indian, some European, some Portuguese, who get very good pay: they are called "Ship's Cunnies," or "Sea Cunnies."

The entrance to Bombay Harbour is very beautiful. I know nothing but the Firth of Forth and the Bay of Naples to compare it with. It is like an immense lake studded with picturesque and rocky islands, of which Salsette and Elephanta are the largest, next to the Island of Bombay itself. The coast is very fine, range beyond range of mountains, and then a sky and stars such as we do not dream of at home. Yet I would rather see a Scotch mist. We all sat on deck watching the scene, which was enlivened by many boats with white lateen sails. We had scarcely dropped anchor, when a boat full of Pársis arrived, offering themselves as servants. What an energetic people they must be! Men who would come out such a distance after dark, on the mere chance of obtaining employment, must get on in the world.

Went on shore in what they call a Bunder boat, much like a Calcutta Budgerow, with the same kind of queer spatulæ for oars. Drove on to Breach Kandy, Mr. Grey's bungalow, about five miles from the Fort. We were struck by the athletic look of the men as compared with the Bengalis. They wear sandals quite of a classic form, and huge turbans, the largest I have seen, and often bangles on the legs. One man at Mr. Grey's office had a huge silver bangle round his waist. There are numerous Parsis, known by their fair complexions and peculiar caps, generally made of shining black oilcloth, with a pattern on it. They are a handsome race, with piercing eyes, wide apart, arched eyebrows, aquiline noses, and a very independent gait. There is a remarkable family likeness between them all, and they have often a noble expression. They wear the moustache and whiskers, but shave the chin, and wear their hair generally rather long, and in curls behind the ears.

The Bombay women are fine and tall, but the dress of the Mahar, or low-caste women, is so scanty that they look like boys. It consists of a cloth or Sarí, wound round them so tight that, although the upper part of the figure is very decently covered with that and a little jacket, the lower limbs look as if clad in a very short pair of inexpressibles halfway

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down to the knee; but they are so beautifully made, that I could not feel grieved at their coats being kilted so high. Bombay is quite a different town from Calcutta. There every one lives in a splendid mansion *in* the town; at Bombay few Europeans live in the Fort: the remainder of the town consists of native shops and dwelling-houses, the latter, like those in Ceylon, are superior to any I saw in Bengal for the poorer classes. Almost all the Europeans and rich Parsís live in the country at Ambrolie, Malabar Hill, Magzagan, &c. &c. Nearly the whole way was lined with gardens and trees. Mr. Grey's dwelling consists of three Bungalows joined by covered passages, with a very pretty garden. It is close to the sea, on the north of the island, and enjoys a delightful breeze most of the day. Drove out in the evening, and enjoyed the view of the sea and the delightful breeze. We went along a bund or dam, made at a cost of £25,000 by Governor Duncan, to prevent the sea overflowing this part of the island, and turning it into a salt marsh covered with dead fish, and thus rendering the whole island so unhealthy, that European life was only worth three years' purchase; whereas since the bund has been made, the Island of Bombay has become one of the most salubrious places in India. Will it be believed, that the Court of Directors were much displeased at the expense incurred, and threatened to make the valiant Governor Jonathan Duncan pay the amount out of his own pocket!

Passed a very large tank with towers, covered with pigeon-holes, for the purpose of containing lights. Another evening we had a beautiful drive round Malabar Hill. The whole neighbourhood of Bombay is exceedingly pretty; I wonder that I have not heard it more often praised. Calcutta and the Hugli are not to be compared to it.

Mrs. Wilson called; a very pleasant person. She dissuaded me from visiting the Assembly's Institution, on account of its being in so bad a situation. There are many female schools, because parents will not send their daughters any distance. The teacher is obliged to go round to their houses to collect the girls, and to take them back in the same manner in the evening, as, owing to the ornaments they wear, they would probably be robbed if sent out alone. The teachers are almost all heathens, but they use the books appointed by the Mission, and each school is visited regularly (some daily) by a member of the Mission. Those in Dr. Wilson's Compound receive religious instruction from him daily, and from Mrs. Wilson in the afternoon after a sewing lesson. Most of the others meet at Dr. Wilson's house once or twice a month, to be examined and addressed by him.

Wednesday, April 5th.—Yesterday my husband met Mullá Ibrahín, who greeted him with the utmost joy. He is an extremely handsome man, the handsomest Jew I ever saw; quite as fair as an Englishman. Dined at Dr. Wilson's. Met Narayan Shishadri, a converted Mahratta Brahman, who is shortly to be ordained, and Hormazdjí Pestonjí, who is already a minister. Both wear their national dress. We were exceedingly pleased with Dr. Wilson, who is a younger looking man than I expected, and with Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, and not less so with the converts. Hormazdjí's child, of twelve years old (Bachu Baí), has been under Mrs. Mitchell's charge ever since her father succeeded in recovering her by a process at law. His wife has since been married again to a Parsí merchant. These two facts enable one in some measure to realize how much a native convert has to give up for the sake of Christ. Bachu Baí was at dinner; a very nice little girl of much intelligence. She has just returned from a four years' sojourn in Scotland

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with Mrs. Mitchell, and both in mind and dress is quite like a little fellow-countrywoman.

Thursday, April 4th.—Naráyan came about eight o'clock for me to sketch him. He told me that much greater enmity is manifested against converts in Bombay than in Calcutta. They cannot pass through the streets without being reviled; though the opposition is in some degree less than it was. I told him of the young pupil of the Assembly's Institution in Calcutta, who, when dying, warned his companions to confess their faith openly. Naráyan said he had known several such cases in Bombay; "but," added he, "there is a glory in confessing Christ openly, which cannot be told. Often, when in passing through the streets the people have abused me, one passage of Scripture after another has come into my mind, so that I have not felt their insults in the least." Naráyan told me that he was formerly a most bitter hater of Christianity; but the instruction he received, first in the school at Puná, and then in that of Bombay, completely weaned him from Hinduism; so that, to use his own expression, "his mind was emptied," and then the beauty and truth of the Gospel gradually dawned upon him.

Dr. W. gave us some lithographs of a Parsí Dakhma, or "Tower of Silence," where they expose their dead: it is a high circular building, within which, beginning six feet below the top of the wall, is a platform, sloping towards the centre. It is divided into three rows of compartments (the uppermost for the bodies of men, the next for women, the lowest for children), each of which has a channel which conveys the rain directly into the centre reservoir. Here the bodies are exposed; every three or four months a priest sweeps the bones into the reservoir, the contents of which are washed away in the rains, through a passage which conveys them to the sea, or to some river, whenever this is practicable. These sketches were made by a naval officer, who risked his life by so doing.

There is only one Parsí lad at present in the Free Church Institution, all the others go to the Established Kirk's School, because no conversions have yet taken place there; but Dr. Wilson considers the alarm and prejudices of the Parsís to be subsiding, for only two days ago he received a visit from a very learned Parsí, of much influence, who expressed his regret at the existence of such feelings, and hoped they would soon pass away. Dr. Wilson took us to see Mrs. Seitz's boarding-school. It contains thirty girls. Mrs. Seitz, who is country-born, and widow of a German schoolmaster, devotes herself to the work gratuitously. She is a very pleasing person. Dr. Wilson asked me to examine the girls on any subject. We asked them where Mexico was?—Bruxelles?—Germany?—the capital of Germany?—some town on the Rhine?—the boundaries of Belgium?—the religion of Germany?—of France?—of England?—the difference between Romanists and Protestants? Maina (a convert and assistant teacher) answered, that the Romanists worshipped images, and kept the Bible from the people; and proved the right of every one to read the Scriptures from the verse, "All Scripture is profitable for edification," &c. They also answered correctly as to the way of salvation. The younger ones hardly understood enough English to reply; but one little girl answered a few questions. Dr. Wilson said, that in Marathi they could have answered fluently. They sang very nicely, and work well in needle, knitting and crochet-work. They also write well; and that which struck me chiefly in this school, was the free use made of the pen as a means of intellectual culture. Mrs. Mitchell, who takes a great interest and share in their instruction (having formerly had sole charge

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of the school), requires them to write down, off-hand, on their slates what they remember of the lesson she has been giving them, together with any deductions or reflections that it has suggested to their own minds. I have seen no other girls' school where this admirable plan is carried to the same extent, and none where (so far as I can judge) the pupils have attained to the same understanding of the English language. In the day-schools they are taught extensively in Marathi, as it would be waste of time to employ any part of their very short period of learning in acquiring a few words of English.

I was much pleased with the appearance of the girls: Maina was dressed exactly like any other girl of her caste. There was a pretty little Arab child, of three or four years old, whose mother lately brought her to be educated. We then joined my husband and Mullà Ibrahim, who took us to the house of the latter. We were ushered up a dirty staircase, on the landing of which several richly-dressed women met us, and led me into a nicely-furnished room. They were Ibrahim's wife and her sisters; all of them very fair, and with pleasing expression. They wore false *red* hair, cut short over the forehead, and looped up in plaits over their turbans, while their own long black tresses were hidden. Strange to say, it had not an unpleasing effect. Their head-dresses were covered with strings of pearls, with small gold coins attached, and strings of pearls and emeralds passed under the chin. They wore closely-fitting dresses, with *no* folds, and tight sleeves. Hannah the wife's was of a striped material, and over it she wore a short-sleeved open jacket, of green velvet and gold; Miriam, her sister, was in silver brocade. All of them wore red-and-gold gauze handkerchiefs over the back part of the head and shoulders, and the rich stomacher covered with heavy gold chains. They are from Baghdad.

Ibrahim's only child, a sweet little girl of three, named Firhá, or "Joy," was dressed in blue satin and gold trousers, a little white shirt above, and a very unbecoming skull-cap, trimmed with lace, which was soon pulled off, and showed her pretty auburn hair. Miriam wore immense gold anklets; and all of them having bangles on their feet, and silver tassels at the end of their long plaits, made music as they walked. Their mother came in—a handsome woman, with few marks of age—and several handsome and well-dressed Jews, their near kindred, one of whom—a young man—begged that he might be drawn too.

Friday, April 5th.—Hormazdjí brought his little girl to spend the day; I sketched him. He told me that he has now friendly intercourse with several of his relations. His sisters were friendly from the first, but his brother's manner was very constrained for the first four or five days that he visited him, which is only quite recently. He told me that his mother died before his conversion, his father not long ago, and it is a satisfaction to him to know that his father received a statement of the evidences of Christianity, and of the reason of the faith which his son has embraced, before he departed, though he is ignorant what effect it had upon him. I expressed my strong satisfaction on hearing that he was kindly welcomed by many of his nation; he seemed quite moved, and said, "It does one's heart good to know that the people of God feel for one." Captain and Mrs. Dawson came and took me with Bachu and Germaine to see a wealthy Parsí broker of the name of Manokji, and his wife. They live at Mazagon, a beautiful house in a fine garden.

The Parsís go to great expense in cultivating their gardens. We were met at the door by a little boy of five or six, and a little girl of nine or ten, both dressed in short shirts and trousers, and a close cap on the head,

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so that the girl was only distinguished by a pair of emerald ear-drops. Mr. Manokji received us very heartily and politely; he speaks English perfectly. The house was very richly furnished, spacious rooms with velvet sofas, three or four very large pier-glasses, some portraits (one of the Queen, and another of Sir Jamsetji Jijibhái), marble tables, alabaster figures, French clocks, and vases of flowers, the Illustrated Times, books of prints, and different English works. I also saw a Guzerátti New Testament, some fine prints from Landseer and others, rich carpets, spring cushions, a self-acting pianoforte, which cost £300 (one of the barrels was made in Bombay, and plays Persian and native airs), in fact, everything which money can buy. His wife soon came in, and I sketched her. She was very fair, with large dark eyes and delicate hands and feet, like all the women of this country. She wore a nose-ring with three immense pearls, a pearl necklace and gold arm-band, on an orange satin jacket, bordered with green, with short sleeves, and dark purple satin sári (*i.e.*, petticoat and veil in one) bordered with red. Her hair was entirely concealed, like that of all the Parsí women, by a close-fitting white skull-cap. Manokji said she had a necklace of pearls as large as filberts, and that the Parsí ladies were never contented with their ornaments, but were always wanting more. He then took us over his house; the lower part contains an immense tank which is filled during the rains, and supplies the house and garden for the rest of the year.

Some Parsí ladies learn music; and many of the Parsís take their wives out driving with them, but as yet only in closed carriages. They have some of the finest horses in the island. We had scarcely got back when we started with Commodore Lushington for Elephanta. We had a pleasant run over of only half-an-hour. It is a very beautiful rocky island, with wood reaching even *into* the sea.

The entrance to the cave disappointed us, it is not of the gigantic character we imagined from reading the descriptions of Basil Hall and Mr. Erskine. After a kind of vestibule we entered three lofty aisles, divided by ranges of massive pillars all cut out of the living rock. At the far end of the centre one is the famous colossal threefold bust. The right-hand head, Shiva, is clearly smiling, *not* frowning, and the whole is, I believe, about nineteen feet high. On either side in the other aisles are immense colossal figures, one of which represents Shiva and his wife Parwatí in one figure, the right side being of the male, and the left of the female sex. Other gigantic figures stand sentry at the doors of some little chapels; and numerous alto-relievos, all gigantic, all more or less mutilated, and all of them in honour of Shiva, adorn the other parts of the excavation. So unhealthy is this beautiful island after the rains, that out of twenty-three Europeans who have had charge of it, nineteen lie buried beneath the little grove of trees. We sat outside the cave till it was dark, when the Commodore had each of the great aisles lit up by blue lights. The effect was beautiful, and every part of the sculpture much clearer than by day, while the bright ghastly light gave them a very uncanny appearance. Some of the sailors then walked before us carrying burning blue lights through the remainder of the cave. This is certainly the right way to see the caves. There is something Egyptian in their appearance, but I suppose the Egyptian sculptures are less monstrous and better finished. The cave-temple of Elephanta is supposed to have been made about A.D. 1000, when Buddhism was extinct in this part of India, for there is no representation of Buddh in it, except one small figure among Shiva's attendants.

We were towed back in a little Government steamer. You know

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that the Parsís (*i.e.* Persians) are descendants of the ancient inhabitants of Persia, and followers of Zoroaster. They fled from the Múhammadan conquerors about the end of the 7th century, and found refuge in Guzerat and the adjacent countries. Although much has been added to their faith, yet essentially they are of the same religion that Cyrus was. On the occasion of Hormasdjí's baptism, Dr. Wilson preached a sermon to the Parsís, who were present in great numbers, from Isa. xlv. If you read that chapter, bearing in mind that the chief doctrines of the Zoroastrians are, that the Supreme Being is entirely passive (somewhat like Buddh and Bramh), and takes no part in the affairs of the world, which are entirely governed by two Archangels, Hormazd, the creator of light, and Ahrimrán, of darkness, between whom and their followers a perpetual warfare is carried on, you will see the prophetic appropriateness of this address to Cyrus. The Parsís worship not only the Sun and the Elements, but everything as a manifestation of Hormazd; they are in fact Pantheists. Hence the Lord Jehovah says, "I am the Lord, and there is *none else*," no other God, no other object of worship—"I," the Supreme, the Almighty, I, and no Archangel, "form the light and creâte darkness; I make peace and create evil." These deluded people still say of Him who fashioned them, "He hath no hands." They teach that all things are made by the two supposed rulers of the world, and that God himself is wholly passive. The Parsís have greatly increased of late years. Some have joined the Syrian Church, and Dr. Wilson baptised the son of a Parsí convert to the Armenian faith. Many of the Apostles are said to have preached the Gospel in Persia, Mesapotamia, and India. The Church of Persia was not only rich in numbers but in martyrs, until the Mussalmáns were made the instruments of punishing the tyranny of the Zoroastrians and the corruptions of the Christians in that country.

Naráyan Shishadri is by birth a subject of the Nizám. The last time he visited his home he saw great numbers of people emigrating from the Nizam's to the Company's territories, on account of the oppression exercised in the former. The climate of Bombay at this season is delightful; but strange to say, though, they have two months of much hotter weather. Phankáhs are very rare, and only to be found in dining-rooms. The same is the case up the country at Puná, Ahmednaggar, Aurungabád, &c.; and as few people shut up their houses, one has to suffer much more from the heat than is at all necessary. I have not seen a Phankáh in a bedroom since I landed, though the nights in Bombay are not so cool in proportion to the day as one might expect.

Saturday, April 6th.—Germaine and I started at 6 A.M. with Mrs. Wilson in a carriage for Salsette. We had a lovely drive of about twenty miles, the scenery very beautiful, especially about Zion Fort. The shape of the hills is remarkably craggy and picturesque, they are of black tufa or trapp rock. The mangoe trees, with their rich dark-green foliage, form the greatest ornament of the island. Salsette is separated from Bombay by so narrow a channel, that it is crossed by a bridge. We overtook Hormasdji, and met Dr. Wilson at a village, at the end of our drive. He had been to Tanna the previous day, in compliance with a request from the inhabitants, that he would open a school there. A meeting was held, and he clearly explained to them that the Bible would be taught. "Well, never mind," was their answer, "it is a very good book." The native inhabitants have proffered twenty-five rupees a month towards the expenses of the school. We breakfasted, and then started for the caves of Kanheri, which are the finest on the island and

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about four miles off. We folded our plaid shawls into eight, and laid them on the top of our heads, and thus with blue veils and double umbrellas, escaped all harm from the sun. It took us about an hour and a half, through a very beautiful jungle filled with cocoa-nut, palmyra, cotton trees, and many others, with abundance of sweet-scented flowers, which in some places made the air heavy with their fragrance. These caves are, I think, far more interesting than those of Elephanta, from their greater variety and extent, though they have fewer and less remarkable sculptures; these are entirely Buddhist, the Buddhist religion prevailed from about B.C. 600 to A.D. 600, and these are supposed to have been excavated at the close of the period, as they are in some parts unfinished.

Buddhism is of a kindred origin with Brahmanism, a sort of reformed Brahmanism, but rejecting the worship of images and sacrifices. It is a rationalistic Pantheism. They consider everything as an emanation, and even as a part of the Deity; they deny in toto any superintending Providence; they are Fatalists, consider matter as essential evil, and recognise seven Buddhas or men, who have become wholly disengaged from matter. How many and various are the inventions which man has sought out to dishonour his Creator and Provider, his Saviour and Mediator, his Regenerator and Sanctifier! Well may one of the chief titles of the Most High be "a God, full of long-suffering." These unfortunate Buddhists were greatly addicted to the monastic life, and the caves cover an extent of upwards of four miles, and consist of innumerable cells, some solitary, some for communities; a temple for worship, tanks, and cooling places, and colleges, large and small, where the priests instructed their disciples. They contain many inscriptions which have been recently decyphered by Dr. Wilson and other learned Orientalists. The first we saw, was a row of cells about six feet square, with a little window the size of a man's fist. In many instances the cell is nearly filled by a bed-place cut of the living rock; there is often a similar cell for the monk's servant. Then we went to the great temple, which is an oblong square, with a vestibule, a range of pillars on each side, and a horse-shoe roof; at the furthest end is a Dagoba, a thing cut out of the rock, in the shape of a very tall beehive, and supposed to contain some relic of Buddha, such as a hair or a tooth, there are several of these in other parts of the caves. I think there were no sculptures inside this temple, or Chaitya, but at either end of the porch or vestibule is a colossal figure about twenty feet high, of Buddha, in alto-relievo, his left hand holding his garment, his right hanging by his side with the palm forwards, this represents him giving his blessing. There are two other colossal bas-reliefs, each contain two pairs of men and women with curious head-dresses, supposed to represent the inhabitants of the country at the time the temple was excavated. There is more life in their attitudes than in any others I have seen.

One of the women has a very petulant, saucy air. The dress and the ornaments are the same as those still worn by the Brinjaris or cattle-drivers; these are surrounded by innumerable representations of Buddha in the attitude of contemplation, *i.e.* holding the little finger of his left hand with the fore finger and thumb of his right, as if he were going to demonstrate a fifth point. We saw several small and one large college, or shala (from which Sanskrit term comes our word shawl), each surrounded by a stone seat on three sides of the room, and the last adorned with innumerable images of Buddh, and figures supporting his lotus throne. There were also many cells—all these excavations are

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reached by steps cut out on the face of the mountain: from one part the view is of a city of caves. On returning to the chaitya, Dr. Wilson pointed out to me the 115th Psalm—a most appropriate one for such a locality. The skin of a large snake was waving in the wind over the entrance, it seemed to me a fit emblem of the temple itself deserted by its demon inhabitant. Took the likeness of Vishnu Sháshtri, the most learned Brahman of Western India, and one of the first who decyphered the cave inscriptions. There was a remarkable expression of pride, inward dissatisfaction and unrest in his countenance. I have very often observed this, especially in Brahmans. Dr. Wilson pointed out that the east side of all the cocoa-nut trees is white with lichen, owing to the dampness brought by the monsoon.

Sunday, April 7th.—We all went in the evening to the Free Church, and I went home afterwards with Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mitchell, who had asked some converts to meet us. We spoke of rebaptizing converted Romanists. It is the practice in America, but it was not that of the Reformers, not even of Knox, though the Reformation in Scotland was chiefly after the Council of Trent had put the finishing seal to the Romish apostacy. We talked much of the American and German Missionaries. The former are most laborious, energetic, godly men, but are, I think, often deficient in eloquence and distinctness of enunciation. It is curious how common this defect is to the Saxon race.

The German missionaries they spoke of as devoted men, who did not take common care of their health, and therefore die in scores. Mr. M. seemed also to think they had less stamina than British Missionaries, probably from poorer diet. They told me about Maina. It was in school that Maina learned the value of the gospel. She declared her determination to be a Christian, and persisted in spite of the greatest opposition on the part of her mother, relations, and her whole caste, that of the Dhobís (washerwomen). She has often come to Mrs. Mitchell with her face all bruised and swollen from the ill-treatment of her husband, to whom she was betrothed. When at length she took refuge in Mr. M.'s house, her caste filled the court and made a terrible confusion. Her husband declared he would hang himself, and climbing up on the gateway he unwound his Pagrí (turban) and proceeded to put his threat into execution, but the police laid hold of him and carried him off for making a disturbance. She has since been with Mrs. Seitz, and is a most useful as well as consistent Christian.

Two young converts took tea with us—Vincent, a converted Romanist, who is to profess his renunciation of Romanism publicly next Sabbath, and Bàlu, a converted Hindu, who is now studying at the Medical College, with a view to become a Medical Missionary. These both live with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell. Vincent told me that it was not the perception of the falsehood of any particular dogma which caused him to renounce Romanism, but the general inconsistency between the whole Romish scheme of salvation and that of the Bible. "It was getting hold of the Bible," said he. Two interesting little boys are also living with the Mitchells, who were found by a gentleman, about two months ago, wandering about the streets of Bombày. One is a fine little Nestorian, an orphan about nine or ten, and the other a little Armenian boy, who has a mother living, and who seems to be about six or eight. It appears they had heard at Bagdad of the schools at Bombay, and so put themselves on board an Arab ship, and came to Bombay.

There are few even among Christians who would willingly receive so many inmates into their small dwelling, yet so far from thinking it an

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act of self-denial, Mrs. Mitchell said to me most heartily, in speaking of the little boys from Bagdad, and saying how remarkably free from vice they were—"Oh, they are *very* good boys! I like them VERY much," as if it were quite a delight to her to have them. At family worship there were four Scotch, one Parsi (Bachu Bai), one Portuguese, one Hindu, one Nestorian, and one Armenian. May all be Christ's at his coming!

Mr. Mitchell kindly brought me home. He says they have had little trouble with the native Christians—they mostly walk consistently with their holy profession. He spoke very highly of Hormazdji and said, "I never knew a more conscientious man than Hormazdji." He remarked how great a blessing it was, that the first two converts at Bombay should be men of such a high standard as Hormazdji and Dhanjibhái. The latter has married a converted Mussulmáni girl, all of whose family are likewise Christians, and of whom Dr. Wilson speaks in high terms. He is labouring in Guzerat, so we did not see him.

April 8th, 1850.—Ibráhim brought his family to see me. The Jews exchange rings in marriage, but do not constantly wear their wedding-rings as we do. They embroider in gold and silver, and make braid and fringe. They do not seem to know the use of lace. They have asked me to procure some light auburn hair from England for them. The day we were at their house, Ibrahim declined writing his name under his picture because it was the last day of the Passover, so strictly do they abstain from work on their Sabbaths, but he now did so.

I took a sketch of a very remarkable convert, named Yohan Prem. He is a native of Anjár, in Kach, of the Lohána caste, and being left an orphan, was adopted and made a Mussalmán of by the wife of Abd-el-Nabi, an Arab Jemadar, who was childless, and who took a fancy to the child when only nine years old. When grown up, he gave himself out to be a holy man, and supported himself sometimes by acting as guide to a blind faqir—sometimes as an assistant to a Hindu cloth merchant. After the taking of Puná by the British, he went to Bombay, and lodged in one of the mosques, where a Mullah instructed him in the Kurán and other Múhammadan works, at the expense of a devout woman. The Saiads then made him a masaiakh, or teacher. He scrupulously observed the five times of daily prayer and the fast of Ramadhan, and had a great desire to go on pilgrimage. He got disciples whom he instructed in Mussulmán traditions.

"At that time," said he, in relating his life to Dr. Wilson, "I had some idea of the evil of sin, but not of a very acute character. A faqir named Gharib Shah, a disciple of Kamál Shah, promised to show me the way of God. He maintained that every existing object is a portion of the Divinity, and sought to destroy within me every sense of dependence on the Divinity. At this time I fell into grievous sin. . . . The great object I then kept in view in the instruction of my disciples was the procuring of money." Sometime after his curiosity was excited regarding the religion of the Jews, and he was directed by the Headman of the Ben-i-Israel to attend the Arab Synagogue. One day meeting a friend of his, a Hindu of the name of Rakhmaji, the latter taught him the Ten Commandments. He then reflected on the power of the English, and had some thoughts that God must be on their side, and that their views of Jews must be more correct than those of the Kuran. He then dwelt for some months at Nasik and other places, giving instruction even to Hindu pilgrims, although he himself was a Mussalmán, teaching his disciples the Ten Commandments, and residing sometimes with a Múhammadan Kadhi, sometimes with Hindùs, considered by all as a

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holy man." He then returned to Bombay. "I went," says he, "to my friend Rakhmaji, and asked him if he could give me any further information about the religion of the Ten Commandments. He showed me the Lord's Prayer, and began to tell me of the genealogy of Christ. This I commenced writing down from his lips. He said, 'Do you mean to copy a whole book? I will get a copy of it for yourself.' He accordingly procured for me a Hindu New Testament. I commenced reading the Gospels in the houses of my disciples."

It is a curious illustration of the brotherhood that exists between the different superstitions of India, that a Hindu merchant prostrated himself before this Mussalman faqir, and besought him to come and dwell with him, for the purpose of discovering who had stolen his wife's jewels. He did so, and when the servant of the Banya fell sick, it was attributed to his guilt of the theft discovered by the presence of the holy man. He was afterwards lodged by a Mussalman Subadar, and then by a Parsi. In 1832-3, he was directed to Dr. Wilson, who explained to him the Gospels of Matthew and John, chapter by chapter, comparing them with the Old Testament. He also gave him his own work—"Refutation of Múhammadism"—taught him to pray, and prayed with and for him. The word of God came with power to the soul of the inquirer. He boldly declared to the Mussulmans that Jesus was "not only a prophet, but the Son of God, one in His Divinity with the Father and the Spirit," which greatly incensed them.

On the day of his baptism, 1st September, 1833, he was attacked by them, and his clothes torn. During all this time he had wholly supported himself; and after his baptism entered the service of a Hindú shopkeeper, and afterwards began to sell things on his own account. These he purchased from a young Armenian named Aratun, to whom he spoke of the Gospel, and finally introduced him to Dr. Wilson. This young man, after travelling to Burmah, where he joined the Baptist brethren, has returned to Persia, in hopes of doing good to his fellow-countrymen. Latterly Yohan Prem has been employed as assistant in the native schools, and as colporteur to the Bible Society. The Indo-Portuguese were for some time frequent purchasers of Scriptures, whereby some who have not yet become Protestants, have been greatly alienated from Popery. The Mussalmans frequently purchased the Scriptures, and discussed the Gospel with the convert; and an Irish soldier, who had no money, gave a flute for a copy of the Irish Bible. Neither the Hindús nor Parsis were such ready purchasers as the other classes. He is now employed as an itinerating Missionary among the natives.

In the afternoon, drove down, in great haste, to the Bunder and rowed to the steamer. Nothing can exceed the kind hospitality we have met with. There was a magnificent sunset, and our little voyage across to Panwell was very beautiful. My husband introduced Captain Mylne to me. He is superintendent of Police over a district of 2000 square miles, and his corps having been reduced in number, twice as many of his men are now on the sick list, from over-exertion, than were so when the corps was at its former strength. He remarked on the far greater Catholicism of feeling among Indian Christians than among the majority of those at home. He said, that if plain English meant anything, the Baptismal service clearly taught Baptismal regeneration, *i.e.* conversion by means of Baptism; and when I told him of Mr. Drummond's opinion, that we might give thanks in faith for that which we believed would be granted, he said, "Why you might just as well give thanks now for your safe

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arrival at Elichpur: you have prayed for a prosperous journey, and you believe it will be granted you, but you cannot give thanks for the performance of it yet." We may give thanks for promises, but not for the performance of them beforehand.

We started in two phaetons, uncomfortable shaky things, in which it was almost impossible to sleep. At the foot of the Ghát, Palkís were provided for us. The proprietor brought me a Parsí bouquet with the flowers arranged in circles according to their colours. I awoke about dawn, and enjoyed a magnificent prospect. We reached Khandala, at the top of the Ghát, about half-past six, got some milk and bread, and started again in phaetons.

April 9th.—We reached Puna about 1 P.M. Puna has a very large cantonment. We passed some Europeans playing at ball on the parade under this burning sun. Is it any wonder they die? Took a drive in the evening to see Parwati's Temple and Tank. The latter we only saw at a distance; the tank is beautiful, surrounded by fine trees, and with a little island in the midst, it looks like a tiny lake. On entering, in the morning, we passed some very picturesque Ghâts and temples; and in our evening drive we found Puna as full of the latter as might be expected from a "Sacred City." Although Puna is fifty miles from the coast, yet it enjoys a delightful sea breeze every evening. Many more people are seen in the Bombay than in the Bengal Presidency with idolatrous marks on their foreheads, for they are much more bigoted to Hinduism.

The next morning, called on Mr. James Mitchell, the Free Church Missionary; went on to the English School, heard the second and third classes read. In the latter they all read clearly and distinctly, and could explain pretty well the meaning. The Parsí boys seemed to me the quickest. There were several Sepáhis' sons in the school, a good many Portuguese, and one very fine lad, who, when C. asked him if he were a Portuguese, replied frankly, "No, Sir, I am a half-caste." The second class read English beautifully, and answered our questions in English. They also showed an excellent knowledge in geography. Their teacher is a very clever Brahman, fully convinced of the truth of Christianity. His name is Anna.

The second boy in the class is considered as a Christian, though he is not yet baptized. He is brother of two young Brahmans, Narayan Keshawa and Gopel Keshawa, who are both converts and teachers. My dear husband spoke very plainly to the teachers and scholars on the only way of salvation, of the peace enjoyed by believers, both with God and their consciences. Anna listened with much appearance of interest, and recognised every passage of Scripture quoted. An old Madras Christian acts as chaprási to the Mission, he brought me a glass of water. Drinking water from his hands was a kind of recognition of being of the same caste, which pleased me. Anna told me that a few educated young men instruct their wives. We said we hoped many more would do so; and my husband asked him if it were not very tiresome for an educated man to have a stupid wife who could not understand any subject which interested him, and he agreed very cordially. Female schools thrive well here; but the funds of the Mission are short of the expenditure, so that they have been obliged to give up the most important of their English schools (the one in the city), as also the farthest advanced and most prominent of all the Marathi schools. Surely this ought not to be. I asked Mr. Mitchell about the native Christians. He gave us the same account that we got at Bombay—viz., that their conduct is in general satisfactory

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and consistent; but they do not admit them hastily, but keep them in a state of probation for a lengthened period before baptizing them. There is only one member of the Native Church at present suspended. He is a Parsi, who was baptized in jail, rather against Mr. Mitchell's judgment, about two years ago, and who, since his liberation, a few months since, has been neglectful of Christian ordinances, and guilty of resuming the kasti, or sacred girdle, in order to facilitate the arrangements of his affairs with his kinsfolk.

Thursday, April 11th.—Colonel and Mrs. Parr took us to see a fine villa of the Kings of Nagar, called the Ferrier Bagh. It is rare that one finds any remains of the dwellings of the Mussalman conquerors: durability seems to belong only to their tombs. This is a two-storied building of octagonal shape. We ascended the ruinous stair with some difficulty, and from the top of the domed roof enjoyed a beautiful view of the hills, the wood, and the sunset.

Friday, April 12th.—Mr. Munger, of the American Independent Mission, came to see us. He is a tall, elderly man, with grey hair, and a plain though most benevolent and pleasing countenance. He has been here about sixteen years. The Native Church members are about one hundred, and they go on satisfactorily. They are very cautious in baptizing them, generally keeping them as catechumens for eight or ten months. By-the-bye, I was told that many of the Free Kirk Inquirers are such as would be baptized by the Church of England Mission; and that although some have left the Church of England, an instance is scarcely known of a member being expelled by her.

Took a drive in the evening, the girls going in a Nagar cart, *i.e.* a cart on springs drawn by bullocks. We went to the old Patan fort, which has a very deep ditch, and the best glacis in India, one which completely covers the works, so as to make it impossible to breach them. It was taken by the Duke in 1803. It contains some guns of monstrous size, among them a 56-pounder, lately sent out from England, which is considered the perfection of heavy artillery, it carries three thousand yards.

The tyranny of Múhammad Toghlak drove the Moghal Amirs of the Dakhan into revolt, and about 1347 this rich province, which had been conquered only a century previous, became independent under Hasan Gangu, an Afghán of the lowest rank, who founded the Bahmáni dynasty. His descendants reigned for thirteen generations.

After many contests between Shiáhs and Sunis, the Behmáni monarchy was divided about 1512-18 (in the reign of the Emperor Charles V.) into the kingdoms of Bijápur, under Eusof Adil Khán, a Turkish slave (said to be the brother of Múhammad II., the conqueror of Constantinople, whose mother sent him to Persia to preserve his life, at the accession of his brother); of Nizamul Mulk, the son of a converted Hindu, whose capital was Ahmednagur; Kutb Kuli, a Turkman, at Golconda, close to Haiderabad; and Imád Shah (descended from a Hindu convert) at Elichpur; some time after Amir Barid proclaimed himself King of Bidr, but little is known of his dynasty or territory. The Adil Shah, or Bijapur sovereign, was the constant enemy of the Nizam Sháh. Ahmed Sháh, the second of the Nizam Shái race, built both Ahmednagar and Ahmedabad. In 1595 Akbar took advantage of there being no less than four competitors for the crown, to send an army against Ahmednagar, under the command of his son Prince Morad, but was repulsed by the famous Chand Sultana, Regent for her infant nephew. But the next year the Prime Minister plotted against the authority of Chand Sultana, and recalled the Moguls. The King of Bijapur assisted her, and, after

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a furious battle for two days on the banks of the Godâveri, both parties claimed the victory. The Vazer, Abul Fazl, took the Fort of Doulatabad, and Chand Bibi having been assassinated by the soldiery, Ahmednagar was taken by Prince Daniál. It was on his march back from the Dakhan that Abul Fazl was murdered. The cause of the young King was maintained after the death of Chand Bibi by his Prime Minister, Malik Amber, an Abyssinian, who founded a new capital on the site of the present Aurangabad, and some years after recovered Ahmednagar, 1610, and successfully held it for six years. It was not till 1636-7 that Bijapur and Golconda became tributary to Shah Jehan, and the kingdom of Ahmednagar was extinguished.

Saturday, April 13th.—Went to the house of Mr. Wilder, one of the American missionaries. Their mission has no English service, thinking it their duty to devote themselves entirely to the natives, but I think this is to be deplored, on account of the Europeans. We went to the English school and heard some of the first class read. Here, as in the Free Church Mission, none are admitted to the English school until they have passed through a vernacular one. The American Mission, wisely I think in this place, rather discourages the boys from learning English, and endeavours to give them a solid education and thorough knowledge of Scripture in their own tongue. Some of the elder scholars read beautifully; the subjects were more simple than in the Free Church schools—I might say more juvenile, but they are taught in a very thorough manner, and translate everything into Mahratti, explaining all difficult words. They also answered very fairly in geography, and sang a hymn nicely. Some of them are paid for their attendance, in order to retain them longer in the school. They are chiefly of the lower castes. Mr. Munger drove with us to one of the five schools superintended by Miss Farrer. I cannot tell you how our hearts warmed to her when she came forward, the very pattern of a Christian old maid; so clean, a little formal in her curtsy, and so full of heart, and energy, and devotion to her work, in which she has been engaged twenty-three years.

It was a touching sight, to see rows of little native girls in every variety of picturesque colour and garment (some with their little soft infantine bodies bare down to the waist), reading, singing, and receiving Christian instruction. The woman who collects them and brings them to school, learns with them, and a great girl who is lame, is so attached to the school, that by her entreaties, she prevailed on her parents to let her return, after she had been taken away. They learn arithmetic, writing, and geography, and showed the places on the map of India very well. Miss Farrer has a Sabbath class, which they all attend, and at which she can speak more freely to them, from the absence of the heathen teachers who assist her on other days. There was one little fat child, whose dress consisted chiefly in a pointed cap tied under her chin. It looked like a little pixy, with such arch merry black eyes.

We then went to see Mrs. Burgess's school, also for girls, but older than the last, and chiefly boarders. They read and repeated large portions of Scripture in Marathi, showed a good knowledge of the map of Europe, and excelled any I have seen in mental arithmetic. One question which they answered immediately was—If four-fifths of ten are two-sevenths of another number, what is that number? Mrs. Burgess is a very fine creature, evidently full of intellect and energy. Miss Farrer told me, that in several cases her former pupils have visited her, and she has visited them after their marriage. She knows of some who are going on well, others have taught their husbands to read. An

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inquirer applied to another mission, I think in Gujerát, for instruction. "How did you learn to read?" "My wife taught me." "Your wife! where did she learn?" "At Miss Farrer's school at Bombay." Mrs. Burgess also has one married pupil, whom she sees, and who appears to remember what she has learnt. We saw two little girls, nieces of the Brahman convert who assists Mrs. Burgess, and daughters of his Christian brother, who assists Miss Farrer. They seemed pleased to shake hands with me, but looked a little frightened when the Sáhib put out his hand too. Mrs. Burgess teaches the girls to sing on Hullah's system, and consequently they are the best singers I have heard. It was curious to hear them sol, fa.

CHAPTER XXII.

We left our kind hosts with much regret, in two Nagar carts. We got in to Tokah, on the Godáveri, a very pretty spot, early the next morning, April 14th, and stayed all day in the bungalow. The heat of the day was intense. Started at seven p.m., and crossed the Godáveri into the Nizam's territories. The cry of my Madras bearers is very musical: it is in three notes, something like "Ah! ih! óh!" About dawn I woke, and found myself in a large plain, bounded by most curious truncated hills, rising very abruptly out of the level ground, and looking like walls and fortifications more than natural barriers. Brigadier Twemlow had very kindly sent his carriage to meet us; and we had a pleasant drive into Aurangabad. There were phankahs in the drawing-room, the first we have seen, except in dining-rooms, since we landed. This is generally the hottest month. How grateful should we feel to our Heavenly Father, who has thus graciously tempered the season for us. I firmly believe that such is the perfection of His scheme of government, that everything works for good to each one of His people, while at the same time it works that which is best suited to His plan as a whole; so that this mild season is at once a peculiar mercy to *us*, and a part of the grand scheme of the universe.

Aurangabad was in a great measure built by the Emperor Aurangzeb, about the time of Charles II. Here we tasted the popoi, a delicious fruit, something like a sweeter and more tender melon; and custard-apples, also exceedingly good, for the first time. We saw some of the Nizam's cavalry this morning: they are the finest in India; most of their horses Arabs.

Tuesday, April 16th.—Started very early for a tomb built by Aurangzeb in honour of his daughter. We saw the great extent of the old city, and how sadly its proportions have now shrunk. The tomb is an imitation of the Táj, but does not possess its perfect proportions. Most of it is of stone, chunamed; and where the chunam has fallen off, the stone quickly perishes. On entering the mausoleum, you look down on the vault where the tomb lies: it was covered with wreaths of flowers, brought the day before by a party of Mussalmaní ladies, who had come to pray there. A great part of the building is evidently intended for living in, as it has chambers and rings all around for awnings. Started again in our palkís after dinner.

Early in the morning reached the tents; pitched in the shade of some beautiful trees near the village of Baltri. We reached Ajanta early next morning, and met a very kind welcome from Mrs. G. Her husband, Captain G., is employed by Government to make drawings of the famous

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caves at Ajanta, and he has two very clever native draughtsmen under him. They are the only Europeans here, and live in a native house, where "the Duke" stayed after the battle of Assaye, and which they have made very comfortable. It is a very monotonous and lonely life for Mrs. G., her children being very young and her husband constantly away for ten days at a time, and under no circumstances can he be at home in the day. The skulls of thirty-six tigers, all of which he has killed, adorn his office. Opposite the windows is a rugged rocky gully, now dry, down which a roaring waterfall rushes during the rains. The country is infested with tigers; one was killed in Captain Gill's Ghusal Khâna (bath room) only three years ago.

The next day, Friday, 19th April, some poor Sikhs were brought before my husband, having come to the Dekkan on pilgrimage, and being detained on suspicion of being implicated in the late disturbances, or rather *because* they were Sikhs. So C. gave them a paper stating that he considered them peaceable men, who should be allowed to go their way. This and a present of ten rupees, with the exclamation of "Wa Jí Gurú ka Fátteh!" (Victory to the Gurú!) their own war-cry, greatly consoled the poor men. The Rajputs of the Dekkan are greatly oppressed by the Mussalmans. A short time ago the Rajput ryots rose, were joined by Afghâns, Arabs, Rohillas, and the hordes of masterless men who infest this country in the hope of fighting, and especially plunder; among them 300 Sikhs. They burned and plundered Malkapur to the amount of upwards of two lakhs of rupees. All this had been foreseen beforehand, and had been reported to the Resident; for strange to say, to such a height is the system of non-interference carried, that the Brigadiers cannot take the smallest step outside of their own cantonments without the permission of the Resident at Hyderabad. This delay costs a fortnight from Elichpúr, consequently the foreseen outbreak was allowed to take place; the city was ruined; and when all was over, a large detachment from the Aurungabad and Elichpúr divisions was sent into the field, where they have remained ever since, shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. The absurdity of this monstrous system is the more palpable, if you reflect that the Nizam's army is *bonâ fide* the army of the Nizam. The Brigadiers are in his service, and yet they are restrained by the British Resident from being of the smallest use either to him or his dominions; so that if a village were attacked, and 500 women and children impaled or crucified a hundred yards outside cantonments, the Brigadier would have no power to interfere.

We left Ajantá in the evening; stopped the next day at Bodur.

This night we halted about midnight (to allow the bearers to rest as usual) under the walls of Malkapur, in an open space, from which a leopard had just been driven. The town was completely deserted, and the troopers said the ravine below was still full of dead bodies. It was the first time I had ever seen a deserted place, and the perfect stillness where so short a time ago there was a busy and swarming population, made a most painful impression on the mind. The town is now left to wild beasts. My husband rode off to the camp of the detachment (sent out to look *at* Malkapur after it was burnt). The Nawab of Jhulgan had had tents pitched for us in a Mussalman burying-ground, and consequently in a pleasant spot, with a good well and fine trees, for these are the usual accompaniments of their burial places. The Nawab sent us an excellent dinner—the native cookery is, I think, very good—and in the evening paid my husband a long visit. Some of the poor Linewallas, as the Nizam's *private* army are called, formed our guard during the day.

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They were quite ragged and thin, for they get no pay. One of them told my husband that his father and brothers were small landed proprietors near Benáres, that he had come to the Dakhan to seek his fortune, and that now he would willingly go back if it were not for shame, lest his relations should say to him, "Kyun gaya? Kyun aya?"—"Why did you go? Why are you come?" C. gave them a bakshish, which doubtless consoled the poor things a little. I forgot to say that we were met by all the dignitaries of the town, forming quite a gallant Sawarrí (a procession on horseback).

Monday, April 22nd.—Reached Bowen Bir just at sunrise—a lovely spot. The son-in-law of the old Nawab, Alam Ali Khán, a pensioned Resaldar, was waiting to receive us, having pitched tents for our accommodation, and soon after the fine old man himself arrived. They are so fair that their Afghán descent is evident. The old Nawab is upwards of eighty, but quite vigorous, with a clear blue eye and white beard. I wish you could have seen the lovely spot in which we were encamped. It was again in a Mussálman burying-ground, with paths in every direction through the grove of trees, which consisted of Ním, pipal, and other fine branching trees, with the tall graceful palms towering among them. You cannot think how beautiful the red glow of sunrise looks through a grove of palms. The thermometer was 101° in the tent, and there was no wind to enable us to have tattis; yet this is a wonderfully *cool* season.

In the afternoon the old Nawab came again and paid a long visit. He was Resaldar, or Native Commandant of Major Davies's regiment, which many years ago mutinied, owing to the folly of the Adjutant, who had not only made all the men cut their hair short, but had disgraced some of them by having their moustaches forcibly shaved. Alam Ali Khán warned Major Davies that a mutiny was highly probable, and advised him to allow those who objected to have their beards cut to take their discharge. Major Davies was a man much beloved by, and of great influence among, the men, but he had clearly left too much power to the Adjutant. (Imagine an officer writing in the papers the other day, and saying, that when he was Adjutant *he* had entire command of his regiment. This is in the true Bengalí fashion. A man of five-and-twenty, and perhaps younger, is seldom fit to command a regiment; at least a man of forty ought to do it better: but so little are some commanding officers acquainted with their men, that I know an instance in which one was obliged to send for his native officers the day before presenting them to the Governor-General to learn their names, though he had been in command some months). Major Davies agreed with the Resaldar's proposal, but the mutiny was beforehand with him. He left Alam Ali Khán to take care of his young wife, and rode to the parade. At first he reasoned with the men, who excused themselves; he then offered a free pardon to all *except* the ringleader. The latter approached in a supplicating attitude, and shot him through the body. He just succeeded in reaching his own Compound, and fell off his horse within sight of his poor wife, who was waiting breakfast for him, His young second in command put himself at the head of that portion of the Rasallah which remained faithful, and pursued the mutineers, who had taken possession of a small Masjid at some distance; nothing daunted by their superiority in numbers, he immediately attacked them, forced the doors with great loss of life on his own side, and left not one of the mutineers alive to tell the tale.

A large cobra capello was killed near the tent, and brought for us to see. We found our own tents waiting for us at Akote, and the old Khalási,

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whom I was quite glad to see again. Before sunrise we had reached Elichpúr.

Wednesday, April 24th.—There was a beautiful range of hills on our left with sharp and broken peaks. Our way lay across a rich plain of black *cotton* soil (so called because the cotton plant requires the richest earth), studded with fine trees. At the top of a little rising ground beheld our house, to which my dear husband welcomed me. It is very nice and commodious; the garden and outhouses are also very good. The former is well stocked with mango, citron, orange, and other fruit trees, also roses and many flowering shrubs. The heat increased every day at Elichpur, so that we arranged to go up to Chikaldah.

Saturday, May 4th.—Had a beautiful drive to Imlibagh (or the Mango Garden) Bungalow at the foot of the Ghat. There we mounted. It was a lovely ride, and the increasing coolness of the air quite invigorated us. The famous Fortress of Gawil Ghar crowns the hill on the right. It was taken by the Duke and General Stevenson, and it was up the precipitous Ghat we ascended that the Duke brought his guns. An excellent preparation it must have been for Spanish warfare. We rode through part of the Fort, passing the gate which was carried by H.M.'s Royals. It is studded with long spikes to prevent its being forced open by elephants. Then we came to the beautiful table-land at the top of the hills. We went to see our own house; it is very small, but the view is lovely. We are on a promontory; a magnificent banian tree (*ficus religiosa*) on the right hand, and many other fine trees round about. The change of climate is delightful, and we found it quite cool at night.

Tuesday, May 7th.—Rode at gunfire to the Andhera Kora, or Dark Valley, It is very grand. A magnificent amphitheatre stretches out at one's feet, and far below we saw the great forest trees diminished to the size of shrubs. This is the favourite resort of herds of bison. Another morning we rode to the Amjira (or Mango Fountain). It is quite a different kind of scenery; a most lovely valley filled with magnificent trees. It is hard to say whether the sterile grandeur of the Dark Corrie or the rich luxuriance of this one is the most beautiful. Another morning we went to Park Point, which has been so named from its resemblance to an English park, and a herd of deer crossing it completed the likeness. In fact, it would be impossible to describe half the varied beauties of these hills. I greatly prefer them to the Himalayas, for there is much greater variety here, and the mountains are far more picturesque in form. It was most beautiful in the evening at Elichpúr, to see the fire running up the mountain side. One night the whole of one of the peaks was clothed in flame. These fires are constantly occurring in the dry season, and they greatly contribute to the fertility of the ground. Another morning we rode to the Fort. It is a most picturesque place, containing tank beyond tank for the supply of the garrison. It is now in ruins, inhabited only by some Rajputs and Gonds (Hill people). My Turki carried me up places as steep as a staircase, and so slippery that I wondered how he could keep his feet.

I wish you could see the lovely flowering trees; the Fort abounds with them. C. has been out several times tracking bison. They are enormous creatures, eighteen to nineteen hands high, not shaggy like the North American bison, but of a rich brown colour, with a ridge rather than a hump along the back. They do much mischief, destroying the fields, and even killing people. They travel very fast in grazing, and require to be approached with as much caution as deer.

June 28th.—The rains began about three weeks since, but not heavily.

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They have made a delightful change in the weather. We are now glad to wear warm dresses.

July 10th.—Captain M. has just been telling me the history of a most iniquitous native banker, named Kishen Das. Kundun Mall, the chief banker here, once gave out that Kishen Das was bankrupt. A third Saodáger believing this, accepted from Kishen Das bad debts to the amount of 15,000 rupees in payment of a debt for that amount—thus compromising it for about a fifth. It turned out to be a false report, so Kundun Mall gained the bitter enmity of Kishen Das, and the latter paid 15,000 rupees in cash with the same amount of bad debts. Soon after, Kundun Mall was going to Hindustan to contract a marriage with the daughter of a great banker there. Some one supposing Kishen Das to be a friend of his, wrote to tell him that Kundun Mall ought by no means to marry the girl, for she was of low caste. Kishen Das kept the matter secret, and Kundun Mall went to Hindustan and brought back his young wife. Kishen Das, who had been collecting proofs of the truth of the information he had received, then accused him of having thus married and got him turned out of his caste. The only way Kundun Mall could be restored was by buying over the accuser to propose his restoration; then he had to give large sums to procure his reinstatement, and finally to dismiss his wife, thus incurring the enmity of her family, who had taken him in. I thought these traits of native character might interest you.

Monday, August 12th.—As there was to be wrestling and divers games at the Fort, my husband gave Aga Sahíb twenty-five rupees to distribute in prizes, and allowed all our people to go. I went the other day to see the mother of our huntsman, who was ill with fever and a very bad cough. Her house is in the Fort, and I never saw anything cleaner. It was of mud, with light only from the door. The old woman was in the centre compartment, which was large, the floor raised, and beaten quite hard. There were two side divisions separated by a wall running half-way up to the ceiling, in each of which was one of her daughters-in-law. They were very young, with gold-leaf on their foreheads. I visited one, because she was sick; and when I returned, the mother asked me if I ever went hunting, and if I would like to see some shikar (game). I said I did not hunt, but I should like to see the game; whereupon an elderly woman ushered me into Mangal Sing's part of the house, and I found the "game" in the shape of a young wife, who stared at me most industriously. The fireplace for cooking and many bundles filled her compartment.

Wednesday.—C. and I were returning from our early walk this morning, when we met a small child of five years old, who marched up, throwing out his chest, and said, "Salam Sahib, if you will give me two annas I will wrestle!" It was the child of one of our bearers, or Buis. C. was exceedingly diverted at this martial mite of a thing, gave him what he asked, and meeting him afterwards, wrestled with him; so in the evening, when Aga Sahib, as usual, was with us, he came up to him, saying, "I have wrestled, and it is the Sahib's order that you give me a present," which the Aga, of course, hastened to do. Aga Múhammad is most useful. He writes my husband's Persian letters, and is quite a gentleman, often walks and hunts with him, and generally comes in every evening, when I play. His enjoyment of music is very great. His wife is a very fine, handsome creature, with a very noble expression. He is teaching her to read. He joined us the other morning, and after I went in, said, "It would be very pleasant to be able to take one's wife

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about with one thus." "Of course it is," said my husband. "It is having a very low opinion of women to think that they cannot mix with their fellow-creatures without thinking of running away." "It is a very great nuisance," said Aga Múhammad, emphatically. "But what can I do?" The people here, especially the Mussulmans, are not to be compared to those on the frontier for either intelligence or activity. Aga Múhammad himself said they were far worse than the Hindus—more immoral, greater liars, and greater cheats—which is quite true.

I have mentioned the wonderful way in which every one's character, habits, and circumstances are known and canvassed from one end of India to the other. It is truly astonishing! A shameful want of principle in money transactions is but too common here, and I am sorry to say more general among military men than among civilians. At the same time there is less excuse for a civilian, for his pay is higher, he is more stationary, and is not liable to be moved every year, often to stations where he has to build a house, which is no sooner completed than he is marched away. Civilians have also less idle time on their hands, which is a great blessing to them. Sir Charles Napier has been doing great good by rejecting all applications for mercy to officers who have been found guilty of dishonourable conduct in money matters. Almost everybody in India is in debt, and everybody avows it, and seems to look on it as a matter of course.

This is true enough in some cases, where officers, having been obliged to buy or to build houses, are suddenly ordered to a fresh station. The frequent and unnecessary removes of regiments are the most frequent causes of debt to military men; the expense of marching is enormous, to say nothing of the loss incurred in selling and purchasing furniture; and whenever they have to buy or to build a house, they are generally obliged to borrow money from some one of the banks, which, nominally charging 10 per cent., contrives, in reality, to exact *at the least* 15. That true soldier's friend, Sir Charles Napier, saw the hardship of these incessant removes, and intended, if possible, to leave every regiment at least three years in one place. Another cause which often cripples an officer is the necessity of taking sick leave for himself, or of sending home his wife or children. There are two boons which the army might justly claim from a paternal Government: one is, that sick leave should be reckoned in the period of service, and furlough to England as furlough to the Cape; and the other, that when a station is abolished, a certain fixed sum, according to his rank, should be paid to each officer as compensation for his house. If to this were added loans from Government of a certain amount, to be repaid by monthly instalments, deducted from the pay (with or without interest at 5 per cent.), to officers obliged to build on the formation of new cantonments, there would be an end of half the unavoidable debts which oppress the army. As the formation and abolition of stations are purely acts of Government, it is but fair that officers should not be ruined by them. The purchase of steps and expensive messes are two other fertile sources of debt to young officers.

The extravagant profusion in which the British in India formerly lived, is now almost unknown. An officer told me that, when he entered the service as cornet, he thought it necessary to have a set of silver dishes, covers, and wall shades! I really think the ladies in India much less extravagant than their husbands; and often the best thing a man can do to get out of debt is to take unto himself a wife. I have been quite touched by the self-denial and exertions of women (accustomed before their marriage to every comfort), in order to avoid incurring

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debt, or from an honourable desire to liquidate those already incurred by their husbands. Another wonderful fact in Indian life is, that women of undeniably bad character are received by those whose own lives are unblemished.

My impression of Indian society is, that in ability and uprightness both the military and civil services are unsurpassed by any other body. The average amount of talent appears to me decidedly above that of English society at home; and the reason is evident—in India a man has opportunities of developing whatever faculties nature has given him, which would not be afforded in Europe until they began to decay. A military man, by the time he is thirty years of age, has often acted as quartermaster to a division, or been left in sole charge of a detachment, perhaps of a regiment, in an enemy's country; he may have been sole magistrate of a large cantonment; and has probably acted as postmaster, paymaster, brigade-major, and commissariat-officer, or has commanded a regiment in action; perhaps has been transferred from an infantry corps to one of irregular cavalry, acted as political assistant, made treaties with hostile tribes, settled questions of revenue or tribute, besides having to build his own house and his wife's carriage.

A young civilian, with less variety of work, is even more uncontrolled, and has often greater responsibility thrown upon him. He is probably put in charge of a district half as large as England; with the combined duties of magistrate and revenue commissioner, he may be called on to defend his district as he best can; to suppress an outbreak; to seize conspirators; to trace gang robberies and wholesale murders; and is advanced to high judicial, financial, or political functions, while still in the full possession of all the faculties of vigorous manhood. No wonder that a clever young civilian, who returned to England four years after he entered the service, when my husband asked him if he were not sensible of a great difference between himself and the young men of his own age with whom he had renewed acquaintance, replied, "To tell you the truth, I find they are boys, and I feel myself a man."

The isolated life civilians so often lead, and the large amount of authority and responsibility committed to them at so early an age, probably accounts for the fact, that you scarcely meet a young civilian whose manner has not far too much confidence and pretension to be that of good society—where modesty, if not genuine, is at least feigned. As they grow older, this generally wears off; and as, *en masse*, they are more highly educated than military men, you meet very gentlemanly as well as accomplished and agreeable civilians. Young officers, though not often so well-informed as young civilians, have generally much better manners, and would be better received at home; for nothing corrects conceit and presumption so much as constant intercourse with equals and superiors, as in a regiment. One hears of jealousy between the two services, but I have never seen anything of it. The recent improvement in the religious and moral standard at home causes a marked difference between the majority of men under fifty and those above it.

But if the gentlemen in India are above the home average, the ladies are certainly below it. Young men constantly make inferior marriages; and girls, after having been deprived of a mother's care half their lives, are brought out and married far too young—before their education (if they have had any) is finished, or their minds formed, and before they have enjoyed what, in the present deficient system, is often the best part of a girl's training—the advantage of intercourse with really good society. They have thus no standard of manners or taste by which to

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test the manners of those among whom they are thrown; they probably marry under eighteen, often under sixteen, and adopt the strangest phraseology from their husbands and their husbands' friends. It is common to hear ladies speaking not only of their husbands by their surnames (a thing unpardonable, except of a peer), but of other gentlemen in the same manner; talking of "our kit," and using such terms as "jolly," "pluck," "a cool thing;" "lots," "rows," and "no end of things!" I think the wives of military men are worse in this respect than those of civilians.

The families of civilians intermarry very much among themselves. The great precedency given to the Civil Service is a curious feature in Indian society. A civilian of four years' standing ranks with a captain, one of eight years with a major, one of twenty years with a colonel.

Loss of rank and importance, as well as of their ample allowances, is doubtless a great reason why civilians, and especially their wives, so often dislike England on their first return to it. Precedence is so much attended to in India, that it is the custom for no one to leave a party before the great lady of the evening takes her departure; and a lady whose right to be led to table by her host had been overlooked, has been known to refuse going to the dining-room until the delinquent returned to conduct her thither. After being the recognised Bari Bibi, or great lady of a station, or perhaps of a presidency, for a number of years, to return home and find that a civilian is considered by most people as something between a merchant and a police magistrate (they do not exactly know which), and that his wife is placed after any captain's wife she may happen to meet, is a sad downfall!

There is certainly a great amount of domestic happiness in India. Married people are in many cases so entirely thrown upon each other, not only for sympathy, but for conversation and amusement, that they become knit much more closely than when each has a thousand distractions, and separate ways of spending the day.

The lady cannot spend her mornings in shopping or visiting, nor the gentleman at his Club. They generally drive or ride together every evening, and many married people, when separated, write to each other every day.

Circumstances which tend to promote such a high degree of conjugal union and sympathy, surely cannot be considered merely as hardships.

The news of an impending attack on the Nawáb induced my husband to resólve on returning to Elichpúr, as he did not like to be absent at such a time, though he is strictly forbidden to interfere. There have been several fights in the neighbourhood, and all sorts of atrocities committed on the defenceless villages.

Saturday, August 24th, 1850.—Nine of our servants have been ill at once with Birar fever, which is always prevalent when the rains cease, which they have done for a month past. It is a kind of typhus, with dreadful headache and brown tongue. Several of the people have been in great danger. We gave Warburg's invaluable tincture to two of them, and treated all the rest homœopathically, and I am thankful to say they are all recovering. Aga Sahib has been very ill indeed.

Thursday, September 12th.—I am quite pleased and happy at having been the means of releasing some prisoners. It fell out thus:—A poor Afghání came to beg for some assistance. Her husband was sick, and had been in prison for about eighteen months on *suspicion* of being concerned in some of the disturbances which are always going on in this country. C. allowed her two annas a day, for she and her daughter

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were nearly starved; he told me of this, and I was so horrified at the idea of this man and eighteen or twenty others being imprisoned so long without trial, that I entreated him to bestir himself for their release. He accordingly called for a return of the prisoners, and then desired them to petition the Nizam's Government, and forwarded their petitions to Hyderabad. The consequence is, that they have been tried and all released. Imagine the apathy of the officers in command here during the last two years leaving these men in prison without inquiry. One was a respectable old Pandit, against whom there was not even a charge; another, a gallant old soldier, whom they seized at prayers, slyly drawing away his sword from him. It has since been stolen, and C. is trying to recover it for him, for he loves it much. He said, "I and my sword were in prison." He said he was ashamed to go back to his house after being in prison; but C. told him his imprisonment was nothing to that which he himself had undergone, and cheered and helped the old man as he had the Pandit,—and I am happy to say the sword was recovered.

The evenings and mornings are delightful, there is always a cool breeze and cool night. The sunsets are most beautiful, and the sight of the hills is a perpetual source of pleasure to us. Aga Sahib has not yet shaken off the fever. One day when he had been very ill his wife told me in his presence, that he had wept much, thinking he should not recover. Why is it that we are ashamed of tears? No English lady would have said this of and before her husband, and yet the Afghâns are as hardy and brave a people as any in the world; and "Hezekiah wept sore." We have since sent the Aga and several of our sick servants out to Bergám for change of air. It is a place about five miles off, where we have a shooting-box, consisting of one room about ten feet square, sufficient to shelter one during the heat of the day when tents are not cool enough. It is on a hill, and the air is thought very fine. A frightful murder of a Sepahi of the 7th Regiment was discovered on Saturday. His body was found in the "Do," or deep water, almost close to our Compound, by a bearer who went down to fish. My husband immediately went to the place. The body was horribly mutilated; the lips, eyelids, and ears being cut off, a deep gash across the face, and another on the arm, but none on the trunk. The surgeon and officers were well-nigh sick. The unfortunate man has been missing since Thursday, and was doubtless murdered that evening. Some people have been arrested on suspicion, but the inquest on Saturday revealed little. I went up to Chikaldah to nurse poor Mrs. ——, who is dangerously ill.

C. has just given me a most beautiful lark, which imitates I know not how many creatures—chickens clucking and screaming, the cry of the hawk, a puppy whining, yelping, and barking, as if some one had trodden on its tail, a tattu neighing (so that a *cock* really neighs), the note of the partridge, pee-wit, mina, bulbul, &c. It is kept covered up, and wakes me in the morning with its sweet song. One of the orderlies takes care of it, and gives it a walk with its cage uncovered morning and evening, and catches grasshoppers for it. The Mussalmans here are extremely fond of these birds, and early in the morning you see numbers of Sepahis, each with a little cage in his hand, airing his lark. They look like Horace Vernet's young recruit bringing back a canary from his foraging expedition. These birds cost as much as 40 rupees, mine was 20, and it is indeed most cheerful to hear its varied notes all day long.

I heard some curious anecdotes of the acuteness of Police chaprasis just before I left Elichpur. One occurred the other day, some bangles

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and other ornaments were stolen. Some Chaprasis went to the house of the suspected person, but for a long time could find nothing, they tapped the walls, examined the floor—there were no traces. At last one of them took up a bottle. "What is in it?" said he. "Oil." "But what is in the oil?" said the crafty searcher. He poured it out, and there were the broken ornaments. Another instance occurred some years ago at Hingoli. A man was found dead in the Ramna (place for cutting grass), murdered by a blow with a sickle. One who had a quarrel with him was suspected, and a Chaprasi* named Lachman set off in search of him. "You nearly killed that man," said he, "by knocking him down in the Ramna, he has lodged a complaint against you before the Brigadier, and I am sent to fetch you." "Oh, but he struck me first," replied the guilty man, "and left me for dead after I had hit him." "Well, come along and tell your own story." As they entered the Bazár the murderer saw by the manner and jests of Lachman, and his comrade, that he had been imposed upon, and took to his heels, but they were too quick for him, and speedily captured him. He afterwards confessed the murder and was hung.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRIDAY, 18TH OCTOBER.—My dear husband came to take me back to Elichpúr, but was taken exceedingly ill with Birar fever, and was for some days in great danger. Warburg's fever tincture, which is almost a specific for this fever, was the means, under God, of saving his life. It stopped the fever at once. I could not have borne the dreadful anxiety, had not comfort been granted me from on high. No words can tell the support I derived from remembering the human nature of our Blessed Lord, "God manifest IN THE FLESH," therefore able to save to the uttermost, and yet to bear with our infirmities. When I thought of his "strong crying and tears"—and remembered that he was heard in that he feared, Heb. v. 7, I felt that he could and did understand, and sympathize with and pity my weakness, and doubts, and agonies, and that he would pardon my impatience and importunity. That passage also, in Exodus, iii. 7, 8, where the Most High declares, "I have seen the affliction of my people, and have heard their cry, I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them," was of inexpressible comfort to me.

We returned to cantonments on the 13th November. My husband had a return of fever on the 24th, and then came most vigorous preparations for our journey to Bombay, with the prospect of going to the Cape for eighteen months' sick leave.

Wednesday, December 18.—Got to Jaffirabad about six. This is the prettiest camping ground we have been at. It was in the midst of an old and very extensive Múhammadan burying ground, showing that the place had formerly been a large town. A little Masjid was close to our tents, and we were surrounded by magnificent Banian and Tamarind trees. C. proved to the Sawars that they were wrong in throwing away the paper of their cartridges. They carry carbines, a very inefficient weapon on horseback, compared to the spear; this change has recently been introduced by Colonel Beatson. In the evening we went to see the tomb of an ancestor of the present Nawab of Jaffirabad, who fell at the battle of Berhampur, between the Afghâns and Mahrattas (the latter enacting the

* Chaprasis are attached to every office in India; they are official messengers, known by their badge or Chaprâs.

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part of allies to the King of Delhi), in the time of Timur Shah, father of Shah Shuja, in which the former were victorious and carried off immense booty. The mother of this gallant Nawab lies in a sort of octagonal shrine, surrounded by a lattice, with a daughter on one side and a daughter-in-law on the other. Her tomb was covered with flowers, and offerings of rags and threads, with many little earthen pots for lights, brought by the women of the place in the hope of obtaining children or other blessings by her intercession; there is a little garden on one hand and a very fine well on the other, with many flights of steps leading to it; all this, together with the small mosque attached, were formerly kept in order by the present Nawab Haider Ali, who lives at Haiderabad, though his two brothers reside here. He allowed a Faqir five rupees a month to keep the shrine clean, the garden in order, and a lamp burning by the tomb, but he is such a skinflint that he refuses to do this any longer. The Persian expression for skinflint is, "one who would make tallow from a fly." The Nawab gets a lakh, about £10,000, yearly from this Jaghir, and ought in return to keep up 500 horsemen, but he only keeps fifty.

Friday, December 20th.—Rose at two. The mornings are lovely. There is no such thing as the grey dawn here, it is all rose-coloured and golden. It is very beautiful to see the full moon riding high in the heavens and the clouds around it all tinged with red by the rising sun.

Saturday, December 21st.—A beautiful ride; the country full of streams, but like yesterday, miles of it without any cultivation; in some places the hedges remained, showing that the ground had been tilled not long ago. We came suddenly to a steep descent: beneath us was a basin, surrounded by hills of a curious shape, rising abruptly from the plain, and truncated at the top. Reached Khazi Barúr about half-past seven. Halted here for the Sabbath.

Monday, December 23rd.—Rode into Aurangabad. Near each town we have passed lately, there have been numerous ruins of houses and walls, showing how far more populous this country formerly was. For miles before we reached Aurangabad, we rode among the ruins of streets and Mussalman tombs. There are also remains of grand old tanks and aqueducts, formed by the Múhammadan emperors.

Sketched three converts from Nagar: Ramchander Mohak, a Brahmin, who was converted by reading the books which he was required to teach in the Missionary school at Nagar; Ramji Bhore, of the Goldsmith caste, and Sidu, a Kunbi, or cultivator—both converted by being pupils in the same schools. The first has been a Christian six years, and is now a licensed preacher; the others assist him in selling books. Mohak told us that the Mission has given up distributing books and tracts, finding that but little care is taken of them. They now only sell them; but the people are not very willing to pay.

On Saturday, 28th, rode to Dhaigám.

Monday, December 30th.—Left Dhaigám at four A.M.: it was very cold; the moon had just risen, and the morning-star soon followed it. Passed great fields of wheat; jawári, a kind of grain, but with leaves like the maize and a great head of corn in shape like the top of a thyrsis; and channa, or gram, a sort of vetch; yet still there is much uncultivated land. Crossed five streams; the last was the Godáveri, on which Tokah is situated. One set of rooms was occupied by a young Englishman, travelling for his pleasure, with an English and a Portuguese servant, and a great train of horses, camels, &c. We joined forces, and found him pleasant and sociable. Aga Múhammad was quite charmed with a man travelling to see the world, and said,

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"How different is this from my countrymen, who, if they are rich, say, 'Why should we go to foreign lands? our fathers never did so. Do you take us for beggars? We have enough to live at home.'" We reached Rastapúr about eight. The whole country is admirable for riding, as it consists of vast level plains: no wonder the Mahratta cavalry was famous.

As Umrah, our lame Afghán Sais, did not come up, we sent two Sawars in the afternoon to look for him. They found him in a field three miles off, where he had been lying the whole day, all but insensible from fever and headache. He had brought up a great quantity of blood, which I think saved his life. We sent a pony for him, and when he came in put his feet in hot water. The Aga began to bathe his feet at once, and went to and fro for hot and cold water, while not one of the Hindustani Saises and other servants, who were close by, even turned their heads to see if they could be of any use.

The humanizing effect of Christianity on the whole nation by whom it is professed, struck me forcibly; for in England, if a man had been brought in, in so dangerous a state, every member of the household would have crowded round him, at least, to see what was the matter. The Afgháns have far more energy, and therefore more heart, than the apathetic natives. When poor Umrah got better, he told us he had been so ill that he made up his mind to die. When he found himself unable to proceed, he desired the Ghascut who was with him to let the Sahib know how ill he was. The Ghascut cared so little about leaving a fellow-creature to die under this burning sun, that he never said one word about the matter; for which C. gave him a richly-deserved beating. I used to think one should never have a servant beaten; but I now see that in many cases there is no other way of punishing or reprimanding that they would in the least degree feel.

Wednesday, January 1, 1851.—Got into Imámpur, fifteen miles, in two hours. Much of the country uncultivated, though the crops we saw were fine, and the soil apparently good. Almost all the villages are walled, and many have towers at each corner.

There are a good many Múhammadan tombs near Nagar, as this was formerly the capital of one of the five kingdoms of the Dekkan. Our troops had much trouble in taking the city. Drove to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, the Missionaries.

The next morning (Friday, 3rd) I was present at family worship, conducted by Mrs. Burgess, in Mahratti, for the younger children of the school; and my husband at that conducted by Mr. Burgess, for the adults and elder girls. The class I saw, read a portion of Scripture fluently. Mrs. B. questioned them, and one of them repeated the History of Jonah, which she had related to them the previous morning; then they sung, and Mrs. Burgess concluded with prayer. These little Mahrattas are far more lively than Hindustanís, and some of them were as difficult to keep quiet as English children often are. I was pleased to see the attention paid to good manners. Mrs. Burgess rises and salutes them when they are all assembled, they respond; and each came and made salam to us on leaving. Mrs. Burgess has about thirty-five girls in her school, of whom about three-fourths are the children of Christian parents. They all sleep on the premises in a row of low outhouses, with an elderly Christian woman to take care of them. They sleep on the earthen floor wrapped up in Kammals (coarse black blankets). Those who are heathens have an eating room, where they take the food their mothers bring them. The Mission gives them occasionally a suit of plain clothes. They

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are brought up entirely in the simple native fashion; and, as a general rule, the girls are not taught English.

Mr. Burgess is not much in favour of Orphan Schools, on account of the great demands they make on the time and funds of the Mission, and the unpromising character of the children, who are generally below the average point in intelligence and character. I quite agree with him in the fact, which is to be expected in those who are generally children of the lowest and most degraded of the community; and also in thinking, that the certainty of being provided for acts as a narcotic, and prevents their making the best use of the powers they may be endowed with; but I still think them *most* valuable when under the efficient superintendence of a female Missionary, who can devote her whole time to them, and where the education is of such a nature as to fit them for instructing others, and for being active helpmates to future native Ministers and Catechists. The Mission here has been established about twenty years, and numbers upwards of 100 communicants, including from eighteen to twenty who are scattered in different villages in the Warlia districts, near Tokah. Mohak and his wife live there; and Miss Farrer is now staying there for the purpose of conversing with some female inquirers. It is considered one of the most promising districts in Western India. This side of India is the region where the Bráhmins retain most of their ancient authority and influence. It is only of late that the Bráhmins of Bombay have condescended to engage in secular occupations, and this is even now unfrequent in the interior, but their hold on the people is daily diminishing. Mohak being a Brahmin, his conversion called forth great indignation; and when he first settled at his present residence, the inhabitants refused him even water. They were at last obliged to let him have it; but the strong arm of the law alone prevented them from proceeding to violence. Only two female visitors have ever called on his wife. She spoke to them a little on religion, and read to them, but they never came again. Nevertheless there are several inquirers in the neighbourhood. Mr. Wilder has charge of this district; it seems a wise plan to place each circuit under a special Minister.

The Native Church appears to be in a sound and healthy condition. This is, I think, to be attributed to the caution exercised in admitting members, and the efficient superintendence and care bestowed upon the women by the female members of the Mission. No children are ever baptized, save the infants of a Christian parent; whereas, in other Missions, orphans, of seven or eight years old, are constantly baptized, on the ground that those who have the charge of the school stand in the relation of parents to them. Children thus baptized in Orphan Schools often turn out ill, and thus bring much greater discredit on the Christian Church than would be possible if they had never been nominal members of it.

In many Missions, from the female members of it being mere wives of Missionaries, instead of Missionary wives, there are hardly any pains taken with the native Christian women, and they consequently dishonour their profession by idleness, extravagance, love of dress, bad management of their children, and the absence of all exertion for the souls of others. I have known the wife of a Catechist brought up in an Orphan School in the most simple manner, and yet always dressed in clear muslin, running her husband into debt by buying bears' grease and perfumes; several who always employ tailors to make their own and their children's clothes, they themselves sitting idle the while. Now here each Mis-

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sionary lady assembles the women who live in her own Compound as often as she can. Mrs. Burgess said that Miss Farrer had particular talent for making them learn; whether Christian or heathen, she makes them come (even the wives of the bearers), makes them read, and drills them admirably. Mrs. Burgess herself has about thirty-five women in her Compound. About ten who read well she meets three times a week, and is reading through the whole Bible with them, remarking upon and discussing the subject as they proceed; each commits one verse to memory daily, which they repeat on the Sabbath. Ten or twelve others are learning to read, one of the girls of the school teaches them daily, and Mrs. Burgess meets them once a week, reads to them, questions them, sometimes encourages them to pray, and sometimes closes the meeting by praying herself. A third class of about twelve, are either too old or their sight too weak to give any hope of their ever learning to read. These she meets twice or thrice a week, teaches them the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the first principles of the Gospel.

Besides this there is a meeting for the mothers of baptised infants (whether they themselves are baptised or not), which takes place once a month. Mrs. Burgess and Miss Farrer conduct it by turns. They take any subject which bears on the duties of mothers, and endeavour to consider it fully. For instance, on one occasion the Seventh Commandment was treated of, and they were instructed in its requirements, and how to train their children in the ways of purity. Every three months the children of the members are examined, and have refreshments and fruit given to them, so that the little things look forward to the day as to a feast. There are thirty-three female members, and about thirty-five children.

Sahguná, the daughter of Harripant, a Brahmin convert (whose two brothers are also Christian men), is a sweet child about eight, in whom there is as much evidence of a renewed heart as a child of her age can give. Her sense of right is very strong; every one knows that nothing can induce her to tell a falsehood. I took her likeness, she has a very Brahminical countenance, fair, intelligent, and the haughty air is softened into an expression of quiet majesty I never saw equalled in a child. It is quite what a regal air ought to be.

I sketched two others of the Mahár, or lower caste, one Yeshí (whose father is a Catechist and very useful man), a little girl of seven, very merry and intelligent; and the other, a great girl, named Changuná, who is very exemplary in her conduct, and whom Mrs. Burgess believes to be a converted person. They were all dressed in their national costume: a very short jacket, of some gay colour, merely covering the bosom, sleeves to the elbow, with a variegated border; then a very ample Sári, *i.e.* a cloth of red, blue, or purple, fastened round the body, so as to form a full petticoat, and the other end brought over the head as a veil. They all wore a good many ornaments; Sahguná a gold coin round her neck, gold earrings at the top of her ear, and coloured bracelets. Changuná wore a nose-ring, a silver ring on her wedding finger, with a broad plate of silver the size of half-a-crown, used apparently as a mirror, and one on the corresponding toe of a conical shape. We have been reading Sir Charles Napier's farewell order, a most admirable one and most true. He is the very pearl of Commander-in-Chiefs, never even by tradition has there been such a one in India; he is eccentric in some things, but he is in essentials a chivalrous soldier, of a frank, noble and generous nature, with the true good and honour of the army at heart.

Mrs. Burgess told me that it is not difficult to obtain access to the women in the villages. The Missionaries' wives accompany their husbands

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on preaching tours, in order to visit the native women. On one occasion last year Mrs. Burgess visited every house in a village and was well received in all except one, where they did not pay her much attention. Most of the inhabitants are Kunbís, or cultivators, but there are generally two or three Brahmins in each village, and the Mahárs, or lowest caste, live in the outskirts. The Missionaries visit all without distinction. I asked her how she broached the subject of religion. She said she generally begins by remarking that we are all sisters, that we have all souls, and must all die, and then goes on to speak of the way of salvation. She said the women are of course more difficult to deal with than the men, from their being in so degraded a position that their ignorance is extreme; but she sometimes has very pleasing conversations with them, and they frequently ask her to return and tell them more about these things. A short time since she had a very interesting conversation with an old Braminí. Mrs. Burgess said that the Missionaries always attack idolatry, and the people always confess it is unreasonable and sinful (just as we have invariably found them do), except in the case of crafty Brahmans, who defend their creed by subtle arguments which are sometimes very difficult to meet; for instance, if you allege the folly of worshipping a stone, they reply on Pantheistic grounds, that God is everywhere, and, therefore, in that stone. To this Mr. Munger replies, that although in a certain sense the Divine presence may be said to be in that stone, yet that there is a difference between God and the stone—the two are not identical. How remarkable it is that in all false creeds those who really believe least are the most stubborn and astute in maintaining error. Some of the Brahmins do not quite like to allow their families to be visited by Missionaries. The Choukedár, who as usual is a Ramushi, told C. that he was a Christian.

Saturday, January 5th.—Got into Serur about eight o'clock. This is a village with a regiment of Irregular Cavalry, in very neat comfortable lines.

Monday, January 6th.—Kondapur is very prettily situated, with three or four idol temples close to the Bungalow, and in one place a number of stones daubed with red were set up for worship. Mangal Sing, our clever young Rajput huntsman, laughed when he saw my little dog Motley playing with one. He told my husband spontaneously, that "when he heard the name of God he listened," but that he never joined in any idolatrous rites—for they were folly. This morning on the road there was a girl sitting perfectly motionless on a heap of stones; C. said to Mangal, and his Mahratta horsekeeper, "See, does she not look like an idol?" They both laughed at the resemblance, when he told them it would be more reasonable to worship her who was God's workmanship than a senseless idol fashioned by man.

Tuesday, January 7th.—We were questioning the Aga last evening as to who were permitted to see Mussalmání women unveiled; they are fathers, uncles, brothers, cousins, and husbands' fathers and brothers; but before the latter they generally draw their veils. A confidential or aged servant, who, as he expressed it, is like a father, is often allowed to see them, or a servant brought up in the house; but, of course, this degree of liberty depends on the character of both husband and wife. He often speaks of his aunt as being such a fine character, that every one respects her. Her husband used to be absent for twelve months at a time on journeys to Calcutta, and gave her full liberty to go where she liked, and do what she liked, saying, "My heart is pure to you, and yours to me; it is nonsense for you to veil yourself, for I have full trust in you." She managed everything for her husband, even his stable. This morning

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I went in the Nagar cart or chaise-garrí with the Bibi Sahib, and being unable to sleep from the jolting, we talked a great deal. She told me that wives always address their husbands as "Aga," or "Aga Ján" (My Lord—Lord of my Life), and husbands their wives as "Bibí" until they have children, when they call them the mother of such a one.

The Afghán girls do not marry before sixteen or twenty, not like the Hindùstanìs, when mere children. She said it was very bad to have more than one wife; that when there were several, one always got everything she wanted, and the others nothing; there was incessant quarrelling among the wives and their children. She said, some she knew had nine wives. She said many of the sons of Shah Shujah were *women*, that they never did anything, but sit with a glass before them painting their eyebrows, putting surmá on their eyes (which is reckoned a piece of effeminacy), rubbing their cheeks and hands with soap, to make them soft and white, and arranging their hair and turbans; but that Dost Múhammad Khán's sons were all *men* (mardon). Dost Múhammad has about twenty children. She said Akbar Khán was "very good," and so are his four brothers. Their mother is still so young-looking that she is like the sister of her sons, with hair down to her knees, and very thick, long arched eyebrows—eyes *so* big—and beautiful nose and mouth. Akbar was her image. She is very clever, can do everything, and is always busy.

Akbar left six children, and a great many wives, all of whom, according to the detestable Afghán custom, have been married by his brothers. This is also done by the Kashmirìs, but her people, the Kazzilbashìs, only do it when the widow has been merely betrothed to the deceased brother. She spoke with a sort of horror of the Afghán custom. She says that the Pathans, as she called the Afgháns proper, are a wicked race, though good fighters; and that it would be very good if the British would take Kabúl, for that now there is nothing but fighting, and that but few "Kazzilbashìs" remain, many have been killed, and numbers have left the country. We spoke of the beauty of the Kashmirì women, the ugliness of the Kashmirì men, and their extraordinary propensity for scolding; she said, what is perfectly true, that they are very industrious, very quarrelsome, and have their mouths full of bad words; that they fight with the tongue, but not with the hand; that their hearts were very little; and then she grew quite animated in describing her own people, how they drew the sword, put the beard into the mouth, bound their pagris over it (showing the action with her veil), and rushed into battle, repeating that they were "Bara Shàmshirì" (great swordsmen). Khán Shirìn Khán still lives at Kâbul. He is the head of the Kazzilbashìs. At Korigám, about a mile from Luní, I got out to see the obelisk erected by Government, to commemorate the noble defence of this village, on the 1st January, 1818, by Captain Staunton, in command of a battalion of the First Bombay Grenadiers and a small party of Madras Artillery, against the Peshwa and the whole of his army, about 40,000 strong, who completely surrounded them. The conflict continued throughout the day, and when, after the last charge, the Peshwa found this little band as far as ever from being subdued, his heart failed him, and he drew off his troops. The obelisk records, in English, Mahratta, and Hindui, the name of every officer and man, European and Native, who was killed or wounded on this glorious day.

Puna.—Mr. Mitchell told us that some time ago, the Christian Mahárs (who are the lowest among those who are reckoned people of caste) objected to communicate at the Lord's Table with the Sweeper converts, while the Brahman converts made not the slightest objection.

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Thursday, January 9th.—C. accompanied Mr. Mitchell to a class of about twenty young men, consisting of the Monitors of the English school, and others who are employed under Government, who meet to study Milton; they begin with prayer and reading the Scriptures; and two evenings in the week Mr. Mitchell lectures to them, and they write essays on given subjects. They are now going through the "Evidences of Christianity." These young men have lately petitioned Government to give up teaching Hindu science in the college—a request they were willing enough to comply with, though they did not like to take the initiative in abolishing it. This will greatly increase the usefulness of the Government schools. Why they should not long ago have utterly refused to teach the puerile falsities of Hindu astronomy and geography is not very clear. They can hardly be afraid of an insurrection in support of the platitude of the earth! Some of the converts from the Poor-house, where Mr. Mitchell constantly preaches, came to Mahratta worship, which, when Mr. M. is occupied, is conducted by Narayan, a Brahman convert. One of these poor people was a Madras Romanist, another a blind woman, a third a Mahar whose daughter is married to a Brahman convert, who teaches a school of Mahars. We also saw a Tamal Christian convert who teaches a school. Narayan is much occupied in giving religious instruction to the schools in the city, which are taught by heathens. The people from the poorhouse are not required to attend worship, but do so when they choose. A great part of the Mission-house is occupied by the chapel, to which the Presbyterian soldiers are regularly marched on the Sabbath. There were about 200 Presbyterians in Her Majesty's 83rd, which has just left.

Some time ago, Colonel W. forbade the soldiers to meet for prayer, whereupon Mr. Mitchell gave them a room, which they have had ever since. Poor man! he told Mr. Mitchell that he had no objection to the soldiers meeting with him; but for soldiers to meet by themselves was quite contrary to all military rule! Mr. Fenton and Mr. Mitchell are great advocates for Teetotalism. They began by being merely Temperance men, but they found the other plan more useful. In many instances, intemperance has been the overcoming sin of apparently Christian soldiers; in others, converts have been guilty of it, who, but for intercourse with Christians, would never have known the taste of wine. Mr. Mitchell considers that it is also a great check upon their servants, especially the Portuguese, who commonly drink. Mr. Mitchell has wine and beer at table for his guests; they are teetotalers after my own heart. Their reasons for being so are those of the xiv. Romans (which Mr. Fenton at a temperance meeting called "our chapter"); and they are wholly free from the extravagancies by which many of its advocates, and many temperance papers, injure this good cause, to the infringement of Christian liberty. For instance, the Independents in America make teetotalism a *sine quâ non* with their communicants. We have no right to add limits of our own to those which God has required; and those who make tasting wine a sin, would have looked coldly on Timothy; but I think its use should be limited to cases of necessity, like that of Timothy, and other instances. We should abstain—first, on account of our neighbour; secondly, on account of our health; and thirdly, on account of our purse, which should be devoted to better objects. There is only one lady member of the Temperance Society, besides Mrs. Mitchell. On the contrary, I am ashamed to say, the ladies are its most bitter opponents.

This was the evening of the soldiers' meeting. About forty or fifty

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were present. Mr. Mitchell lectured on a chapter of the Confession of Faith (on Saving Faith)—a very plain earnest exposition of the difference between head and heart belief, the origin, necessity and effects of the latter.

Friday, January 10th.—Went about sunrise to see one of the girls' schools in the city. The streets are broad, airy, and clean, and many of the women carrying water-pots are as fine looking as the Sikhs. This part of the town to which we went, is inhabited by shop-keepers, and the girls are consequently of that class; there are eighteen, all of them Mahratis, except two Brahmanis and one Mussalmaní; the Pantoji, or teacher, is paid four annas a month for each scholar; he fetches them from their own houses, and teaches them reading and writing; another teacher goes round to the different schools, and instructs them in geography, &c. They all read fluently; Mahrati is a very easy language to read, as every sound is indicated; they write both the printed and running hand, on wooden tablets covered with brick-dust; learn Christian Catechisms and read the Scriptures; Mr. Mitchell gives them religious instruction. They seemed very lively children, and pointed out the chief countries and cities in the world on a map; they were then questioned on Christian doctrine, and answered quite as well as children of their age at home;—as to our sinful nature;—what Christ has done for us; and similar points. Mr. Mitchell had brought some little books which they were very eager to receive. They are much less shy and timid than Hindustaní children; some of their mothers came in.

The old Pantoji amused me by his zeal and fierceness, tapping them with a little wand, calling to the people at the door to get out of the way, and making a great fuss which nobody seemed to mind. There are two other female schools, both taught by women. One of these consists almost entirely of Brahmani girls who come just as willingly as the other castes. In fact there is no limit to the number of female schools which might be established in Púna, but the want of Missionaries to superintend them. No one with less than Mr. Mitchell's unwearied zeal and bodily strength could go through the labour he performs. There is most urgent need of more Missionaries, and especially of a zealous and judicious female Missionary, for in no part of India is there such facility for obtaining female scholars of the higher castes. We then looked into a Marathí boys' school containing about sixty boys, who are instructed in Christianity through the medium of their own language. After breakfast I accompanied C. and Mr. Mitchell to the English school, containing about 120 boys, and taught by Wazir Beg. He teaches the first class entirely, and superintends and examines the rest. His method of teaching is particularly animated, comprehensive and thorough, he cross-examines them upon everything bearing on the subject in question.

Speaking of truth, he made them repeat in how many instances the Shasters, Kurán and the Zendavesta permitted deceit, he made a Hindu boy show that Múhammad could not be a Saviour, and a Mussalmán overthrow the claims of the Hindu idols. There was evidently not a particle of belief in their respective creeds in any one of them. In the third class the first boy was a young Mussalmán who has only been at school a year, and already reads and answers in English. Next him stood a Parsí, a Brahman, and a Portuguese. These boys all learn the Shorter Catechism. The first class write English themes. I read one on the "Goodness of God," by a lad of eighteen. It would have been a very fair one for an English boy. I think a further use of the pen would be very advantageous in this school, letting those who cannot write in

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English do so in their vernacular tongues, for by making them write, you find out what has really entered into their minds, whether of thought or fact. The Hindus are better accountants than the Parsís; the Múhammadans have less facility in this matter.

Saturday, January 11th.—Went to see the temple of Parbatí, which may be considered as the Court Chapel of the Peshwa, whose palace adjoined it, but was burnt soon after we took Puna in 1817. It is situated on a steep hill, which we ascended by a flight of very broad steps, and from below it reminded me much of some of the Italian monasteries. The view of the surrounding country and hills was very beautiful. From the parapet we saw the field of Kirkí, where the Peshwa lost his last battle. He witnessed the defeat of his troops from the place where we stood. A leader who *looks on* generally does see such sights.

They (the shrines) are all pyramidical, and much carved. These heathen shrines are actually supported by *Government Funds!* If it be alleged that lands were set apart for this purpose, let them either be applied to a better, or let English Church lands be restored to the Papal See. A Government has no right to confiscate such legacies, but they are surely justified in applying them for the public benefit, and withholding them from idolatry. The hereditary dresser of Parbatí, a blind Brahmán, has some impressions of the truth of Christianity. He once told Mrs. Mitchell, "I am the servant of the Government, not of Parbatí." The whole place is surrounded by extensive groves of Mango trees, planted by the Peshwa as an atonement for his sins!

In front of Parbatí's Shrine we found several men touching and making salam to the image of a Bull in black stone, called Shíu's wahán or seat, and then giving a stroke with the bell which hung from the canopy over it. They would not let us enter the temple, but brought lights that we might see into it. Before the doors were opened, those who had worshipped the Bull fell on their faces, or salamed at the entrance, and then putting their faces close to the gate shouted to Parbatí within. When they opened the door we saw a brazen image with emerald eyes, dressed in white clothes with a turban on its head. It made one rejoice at the promise "The idols he shall utterly abolish." A good many Brahmans came about us, and when Mr. Mitchell and C. spoke to them, they said they did not worship the images, they only used them "to put them in mind," exactly the Popish and old heathen evasion. They appeared to me to answer with levity, as if they had no belief in their own system.

Hinduism is undoubtedly a decaying superstition, so is Múhammadanism. Of all the Hindu sects, that of the Jainas (a sort of amalgamation of Budhism and Brahminism) is said to have the most vitality, and to be the only one which now attempts to make proselytes. The first Jaina convert of Western India has just been baptized at Rajkote. From a gallery opposite the temple proceeded sounds of wailing discordant music. Two performers on penny trumpets alternately took up the strain, accompanied by a drum. These were Parbatí's matins. On our way down we met numbers going up to worship the idol. There is another very favourite idol in this part of the country, called Kandoba. Children are constantly consecrated to him. If girls, they are called Kandoba's wives, and are not allowed to marry honestly,—if boys, they are called Kandoba's dogs. On our way home, Mr. Mitchell took me into the garden of a rich Parsí, the mail contractor. It was perfectly *filled* with flowers, and had many trellised walks with vines trained over them. We went through the public Bungalow, where he receives his visitors. It was fitted up with a profusion of mirrors and glass chande-

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liers. In front of it is a very large stone basin with three fountains, and vines trained above it. Lamps are fixed to posts all over the garden. In the evening, Mrs. Mitchell took me to see the Bund, which is an immense dam constructed across the river, at the joint expense of the Government and Sir Jamsetjí Jijibhai, in order to secure abundance of water to the people of the city. They say the Parsí knight's motive was to obtain a sufficiency of water for his fire-temple. A young Bhíl chief, and his hereditary manager, have been sent to the Government College by the authorities. They live with Wazir Beg, who has full charge of them, and may give them as much religious instruction as he likes. The Bhíls, being of very low caste, have no scruples about eating with any one.

Sunday, January 30th, 1851.—Public worship was at eleven o'clock. About 100 soldiers were present, We went in at the close of the Marathi afternoon service, to see the congregation. A school of sweepers' children, with their converted Brahman teacher, were present; the nine boarders (girls) who live in the Compound; some people from the poorhouse; and a good many boys from the Marathi schools, besides the members of the church, about twenty in number. I read a very good sermon of Mr. Mitchell's, in which he speaks strongly of the distant manner of some Christians towards converts, as well as other natives. Wazir Beg had mentioned something of the coldness he had met with, even from Christians; so I spoke to him on the subject of the usual incivility of English manners. He said, at first he thought it was a mistake, but others soon informed him it was intentional. No such distance and coldness prevails between different ranks in India (indeed, I believe it prevails nowhere to the extent it does in England); and the Anglican want of courtesy (treating the natives of all ranks as inferiors and slightingly) is a great obstacle to intercourse with them, and hinders the exercise of Christian influence over them,—especially over the haughty Mussalmans. In addition to four services, and family worship twice, Mr. Mitchell twice went to see a sick person.

Monday, January 14th.—Mrs. Mitchell took me over to the boarding-school: it contains nine or ten girls, who are taught just like the schools in the city, *i.e.*, instructed in reading, writing, geography, &c., by a Pantojí, and in Christianity by Narayan. They are under the constant superintendence of a pious widow, who teaches them plain work, which they do beautifully. One little girl, a Portuguese, is a good reader and excellent sempstress, though she has been only five months in the school. She is an orphan, and was under the charge of her godmother, a Portuguese Ayah, who treated her so harshly, that she got a Brahman to write a petition for her to the Bazár master, requesting his protection. He said, if she would name some house she would like to go to, he would place her there; whereupon she went to the Mission, and asked if they would take her in. From this extraordinary firmness and decision, in a child of only nine or ten years old, Mrs. Mitchell feared she might prove difficult to manage; but she is not in the least so.

Drove in a phaeton to Karla, about thirty-four miles. The next morning set off for the caves. They are about a mile from the bungalow. The shape of the hills is most picturesque and abrupt. The Chaitya, or temple, is the finest in India: it is hollowed in the rock, and entirely Buddhistical; and at the lowest calculation is supposed to be two thousand years old. It is 126 feet long by 46 feet wide, and is much on the plan of a rude Gothic cathedral, with lofty vaulted roof, with ribs of teak. The nave is separated from the side aisles by rows of pillars,

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placed so closely together that no light can penetrate beyond. The upper end of the temple is of a horse-shoe form, such as we find in some of the old German churches, with a row of columns behind the Dáhgob. In all these Chaityas, the light is admitted solely from an arch above the door; it is therefore concentrated on the Dáhgob (or beehive-shaped erection at the altar end, which is supposed to contain some relic of a Buddha), and the effect is very fine. Above the Dáhgob is a wooden canopy, not unlike a sounding-board. The entrance door is small and low: on either side of it are curious figures in relief, supposed to represent the inhabitants of the country. The vestibule or porch has at either end four elephants, in stone, supporting several stories of carved galleries, intended, I suppose, for musicians. Some very discordant music was sounding loudly, but we did not see the performers.

On the left hand, outside the entrance, is a curious monolith, called the lion-pillar, with sixteen sides, and four lions at the top, much broken. I sketched the entrance, which is very fine. Numbers of European soldiers were visiting the caves, and among them a young fresh-coloured woman, just out from England, to whom I lent a thick parasol: she had only a handkerchief over her head. It is no wonder they die of fever, especially as the doctors *never* warn them, considering it of "no use." I certainly think commanding officers and doctors together might contrive some measures to prevent their men from wantonly throwing away their lives.

CHAPTER XXIV.

In the evening, drove to Khandala, where we found Mr. Grey's comfortable bungalow ready for us. It is in a lovely situation, surrounded by the most romantic and rugged hills: the air is delightful. Left about three A.M., on Thursday, and reached Panwell by eight o'clock. The descent of the Ghát we performed in palkís. The hills looked most beautiful in the bright moonlight; and our subsequent drive was not much less so. Met droves of bullocks, laden with cotton for the Bombay market. Embarked in a Bunder-boat, with the Aga and his wife, and some of the servants. The horses were sent round by Tanna, to avoid the voyage. The Bíbí was greatly struck with her first view of the sea, and asked innumerable questions about the ships, fire-ships, *i.e.* steamers, buoys, flags, &c. We reached the Bunder—the Bombay name for landing-place—about half-past four. On the steps, we met first, a fine group of Beluchis with their long black hair and sturdy forms; one of them with a hawk on his wrist: just after, a negro with bright turban; then Bhattas (merchants) with their high red turbans, and some gaily dressed women in crimson satin and gold ornaments.

Bombay presents a far more varied and picturesque scene than Calcutta, both male and female costumes are more varied and gay. Many of the houses are beautifully carved, others are painted and ornamented, so as to resemble gaudy bird-cages.

Tuesday, January 21st.—Went into the Fort. Took Mary, Aga Sahib, and Karim, to see the Chinese shop, with which they were all much pleased. Colonel Watson in the most obliging manner showed the Aga over the Arsenal. On his return, Aga Sahib related what he had seen of the riches of Bombay to Karim, whose emphatic remark was: "What a glorious place for a chappao!" (raid or foray). At the Chinese shop I saw a Chowri, made entirely of sandal wood. This most

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brittle material is first cut into ribbons, about half an inch wide, and then split into hairs, but how it can be done is a mystery.

Wednesday, January 22nd.—Went to the Free Kirk Institution. We were delighted with the Institution, though it labours under great disadvantages. The situation is bad, and the house extremely hot and confined. It contains about 300 boys, chiefly Hindus; among them are about thirty Portuguese, some English boys, one Parsí, a few Mussalmans, and several Jews. We first went round the Bible classes; they all answered well; the junior class read a portion in English, and several of the boys repeated a part of the "Sermon on the Mount," from memory; were questioned on it: "What is salt?" "When are we like salt?" "If we speak bad words, are we like salt?" "What is the use of salt?" A boy answered, "To keep things from being bad." Then they translated the passage, and their own explanations, into Marathi. Another class of Portuguese boys named all the chief parables; and related one or two. The senior class cross-examined each other on the "History of Joseph;" when asked, what was to be learnt from the Life of Joseph? one said, "To trust in God, and He would take care of us, as He did of Joseph in his troubles." Another said, "We learn the grace of God, and Joseph's love to his brethren." We saw the questions which they are required to write on each chapter: some were very much to the point. C. explained everything to Aga Múhammad, who was much interested; Karim and divers of our servants came also. Two classes were examined in geography, and answered very well. One lively little boy made a sort of compromise between European and Hindu ideas, and said that Ceylon was only *half* gold. My husband told them he was sorry to say there was very little gold there. They then asked, if the people were not giants. We told them of their long hair and womanish appearance.

Narayan Sheshádri, who is the principal teacher (next to Mr. Mitchell, who spends all his mornings at the school), has a peculiar gift for communicating instruction. He examined his class on Roman and Greek History, from Barth; they answered perfectly: then on the French Revolution; they gave the date, the causes,—bad laws, unfair taxes, irreligion, infidel writers, and their names, in a manner which showed how well they had been taught. He questioned them in a lively energetic manner, giving them information as he went on, and leading them to think of the causes of events. We then heard the senior class of all examined on different points of doctrine, such as, "Does obedience precede salvation, or salvation precede obedience?" Mr. Mitchell instructs this class, which consists of the teachers, daily. Then we questioned them on the influence of the school, the opinions entertained by natives of the European character, of Christianity, and other points which you will gather from their answers, which were as follow:—They said, the native opinion of Europeans was, that "they did not tell lies, but that they were drunkards." That their influence was sometimes good, sometimes bad, perhaps generally bad; that there were many bad, and a few very good; most educated natives distinguish between real and nominal Christians. Hinduism is losing ground; they themselves are disgusted with it, especially with the worship of idols, with the Hulí festival, with the false science of Hinduism (we said, "Name anything which strikes you as bad,"—some named one, some another); they may not speak of religion in their own families, but they often meet to speak of it with other educated young men. They would all wish to have educated wives, and would like to teach their own, but they cannot, on account of

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the system of every member of a family living in the same house; if they were to begin to instruct their wives, their mothers and sisters would take her away. Very few teach their wives; most natives now know something of the nature of Christianity, they all admire its morality, but they do not like the doctrine of the Atonement. The Mussalmáns especially cannot bear the Divinity of Christ, or the idea that so holy a being was really crucified. They said the young men from the Government Schools were generally infidels and atheists. One mentioned, that a friend of his told him he did not believe any religion was divine, but that Christianity was a beautiful system. Mr. Mitchell told us, that a man high in office lately said to him,—"We want lads from your school, those from the Government Schools cannot be trusted." He also said, he thought all of this class spoke the truth. One said, that the thought struck him, Hinduism has *no* external evidence, but Christianity has. Among their objections to Hinduism one stated, "I am not a Brahmín, but why should I not read the Shasters as well as a Brahmín?" They did not think Christianity would prevail, but they thought Hinduism would soon fall.

A few, among them Vincent and a clever young Mussalmán, then formed a logic class; Mr. Mitchell examined them, from Whately, made them transpose syllogisms, invent some in each figure, and then turn them,—point out the error in some of the specimens given by Whately; in regard to one syllogism, one of the young men remarked, "If you grant the premise, the conclusion is just," thus showing that he *thought* as well as reasoned correctly.

We were exceedingly pleased with this school. I do not think they are in anywise behind the Institution in Calcutta, except that they have fewer first-rate teachers, the only one here being Narayan Shíshadri. As there are no scholarships, and the Institution is not able to offer high salaries, the most advanced pupils always seek situations under Government, or elsewhere. We saw one young man who is employed by a Rajah, not far from Bombay, in teaching a school. There is a great need of a better building, both on account of the health of the Missionaries, and to afford room for an increase of the number of pupils. We asked as many of the young men as felt inclined to give us in writing the views of the educated natives towards Christianity.

Some time after, I received papers, and that they had, according to our request, written frankly and boldly just what they thought, is proved by the first paper I happened to read, which was one by a youth who had only been in the Institution two months. I copy the extracts verbatim et literatim. He begins thus: "There are many religions, as Hinduism, Múhammadanism, Parsíism, and Christianity. Among which, Hinduism is the best. Though I have not properly studied Christianity, still, from what I know, and what I have read, I am obliged to say that Hinduism is the best." He then asks why, if this is the case, do any Hindus become converts? "The answer is, that they do not study their own religion well. . . . Some are converted through the love of money. . . . Now look at the state of the man that is converted. He who gets himself converted is guilty in the sight of God. He breaks the advice of his parents. Every one hates him. Even the Missionaries do not like them. They are laughed at by the Missionaries, though not outwardly. Do you think, that after the death of these converts, they are carried to their burial by the Missionaries? No, the Mahars (lowest caste) are to carry them. These poor Brahmins are entirely deceived by this way. . . . See, for instance, Mr. Narayan Shishadree. I am sure that he was entirely

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deceived. . . . By his conver*tion*, what an immensity of sorrow he has heaped on his parents, as well as his friends. Is this the object of the Creator, that he should hurt the feelings of his parents and his friends? . . . Do you think that by doing so they would enjoy the eternal happiness? No, but they would suffer the eternal hell." The ideas of heaven and hell are wholly opposed to Hinduism, and is one of those which the Mahrattas seem to have imbibed from the Portuguese. The young writer continues. "See this man (Narayan Shishadri) has acquired great deal of knowledge, and many languages, but this does not beautify him. I am sure, that if he would have acquired the same knowledge, and would have remained in Hinduism, he would have occupied the second chair of Bolshastri. Therefore, O my countrymen, I advise you that (you) never become Christians. Christianity is a brass, while Hinduism is a gold. (Signed) "VENKATESH GOVIND."

The second paper describes the change of feeling produced by attending Christian instruction. "When a Hindu boy enters an English Christian school, with the intention of receiving instruction in the English language, he shows a strong attachment to his own religion, and even stronger to the superstitions of his ancestors. This time he cherishes such abhorrent feelings towards Christianity, that if he find the name of Christ when he is reading a small tract, he will tear the book and throw it off. Soon after, the instructions which he receives from his masters in the school have such an effect on his mind that he forgets all his former conduct, and seems divested of all the superstitions which he was so exceedingly fond of. If we inquire into the cause of this change, we can ascribe it to nothing else but the truth of the Gospel. The Missionaries in this country are labouring very hard for propagating the truth of the Gospel among the Hindus, and it is on them that the welfare of this country depends. They have been executing their duty with such zeal, by giving liberal instructions, public lectures, and preaching the true word of God to the natives. I have some good ground to believe, that the Missionaries of the Free Church of Bombay have sown numerous sweet seeds in many native minds, *which are now gradually springing up*, and which they will have the advantage of seeing full grown. The writer, who has been only six months in the Institution, then states what appear to him the most important arguments in support of Christianity, naming the fulfilment of the prophecies respecting the Messiah, and the spread of Christianity throughout the world. He ends thus: "It is very difficult for natives to follow this system, though they have been long inclined to it, *being a divine one*. Besides, they have been bred up from their infancy under the Oriental pomp and temporal pleasures, and, therefore, how would they like to be stripped, at once, of their pleasures, and lead a pure Christian life? Happy is the day that Christianity would revive in native minds!

(Signed) "SUDASHEW NARAYAN."

It will be seen that the young writer of the above is fully convinced of the truth of the Gospel, and anxious for its prevailing in India.

Another writer complains of the difficulties cast in the way of the young Hindus by their parents and relatives, who oblige them to leave school as soon as they are able "to read, spell, and write a little, for fear of their minds being changed from the religion in which they are born, to a foreign *but better one*, of which the old parents are ignorant." The consequence is that "when they get hold of an office, they give up all study, and spend time in vain conversation and plays,—and what is much

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worse, they forget what they previously learnt. Let us turn our attention to those young men who have received liberal education, notwithstanding the strong barriers laid across their path of improvement. Most of them belonging to institutions where the Word of God is not preached, have become deists, some have imbibed the principles of Epicurus—namely, eat, drink, and be merry—and others have become infidels. Others attending institutions where the Word of God is preached, acknowledge their sinful nature, feel the necessity of atonement of an infinite value, can with boldness proclaim that the Bible is the real Word of God, and all other religious books are false. The difficulty that comes in their way is, how to leave their kindreds with whom they lived for several years, and embrace Christianity. Most of the young men before they entered missionary schools were bigoted Hindus, but after a year or two, that is, when they began to understand the Word of God, were changed in their sentiments.

(Signed) "RAMACHANDRA JAGANNATH."

In accordance with the above is the statement of Anunta Ragoba. He names Hinduism, Parsíism, Múhammadanism, and Christianity; states that the followers of the three first are completely involved in idolatry, while those of the latter "are the worshippers of the true and living God. But it has so happened that the first three, particularly the Hinduism, has been losing ground from the minds of those youths who are educated both in Missionary as well as Government Schools. . . *Hinduism has scarcely any firm abode in their minds.*" He mentions that although Christian instruction has shown some of the Múhammadan boys "a little of the false doctrine of their Prophet, yet it cannot be said that their religion is also led to the same point of decay." He argues against idols, and adds, "But the reason that hinders them from imitating it (Christianity) is, that they complain of having a father, mother, wife, and relations, whom they are quite unable to part with. This evidently shows that Christianity has not as yet made a very strong impression on their minds; but I hope that by the grace of God this will no longer continue. As for me, I also am of the same opinion with these my companions."

An unfinished paper by Dinamorabeí bears the same testimony as to the universal disbelief of Hinduism among the educated young men. "I must acknowledge (says he) that the unspeakable superstition which exists in the Hindu community cannot bear the attacks of conscience and the light of science. The faults in the Purans with régard to science, viz., the elements being five, the non-sphericity of the earth,—its not revolving round the sun, and so forth, have agitated their minds so much that they cannot see what to do. This being the case, almost all of them secretly, if not openly profess of the Shastras not being from God, whom they see from the light of nature steady in His rules as a rock." This is sufficient to prove that the education given in the Government schools overthrows Hinduism as completely as Christian instruction does. The difference is that the Government schools give nothing in place of the error they destroy, so it is not astonishing that the young writer adds: "Some of them, I am exceedingly sorry to say have become atheists. . . . . The learned, who are convinced of the fallacy of their Shastras, *wish for a reformation.* They say, that we might assemble together under a meeting, and make a complete reformation. But how could they make a reformation when they had no revealed religion? I would better invite them to the Bible, which contains the whole history of man—his inter-

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nal constitution—what is he—the disease which he is suffering under—and the remedy which God has provided him with."

Another paper draws a lengthened contrast between the Government and Missionary institutions. "In the former, attention is paid only to the intellectuals of the children, while the morals of the youth are totally neglected. . . . . Hence it is not to be wondered at that the pupils of the institutions where religious considerations are banished at all, should imbibe largely of the deistical principles, if not altogether atheistical cast of mind. Though at first they do not deny the existence of God, they absolutely come to that conclusion in course of time. . . . . They study Nature without so much as looking up to Nature's God. Self-dependence is one of the first principles they instil in their minds, and nothing is there that they want but it may be obtained by self-exertions. They implore not aid from above to bless their studies." How truly this describes the self-sufficing school of Channing! The paper continues "By the by I should have mentioned here that there are some among them who admit the importance of attending to the subject of religion, and so reserve it for some future period . . . . but alas! it so happens that that future period scarcely ever comes.

"On the other hand, the youths attending the Missionary schools present in their conduct a striking contrast to theirs. . . . . Great attention is paid to the morals of the youths. They are at first brought to a habitual sense of their entire dependence on their Maker and Preserver, as human, and therefore fallen beings. . . . . Humility, that ornament to humanity, is the first lesson that is taught them, and thus a sense of all-sufficiency and self-dependence is comparatively put down, if not absolutely destroyed. Hence the reverential fear with which we ought to be filled up at viewing the Jehovah's infinitely holy character, begins to take possession of their mind, and the principle of the wise man 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom' becomes realised in them . . . . As nature is remiss, or, in other words, as she is incapable of showing the Lord's attribute of holiness in all its perfection, because she gives us the impression of His imperfect government in her bosom in suffering vice very often to triumph over virtue, so equally remiss or incapable is she, in, or of exhibiting the attribute of His mercy in all its fulness. Where then is the wonderful provision of His infinite mercy made? It is made in the gracious gift of His only-begotten Son. And here the student is strikingly led to observe the propriety and reasonableness of the great Truth, God so loved the world that He spared not His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, John i. . . . . . What an overpowering instance at once of His infinite mercy and unsullied holiness! Oh, that Jehovah's name might be known among men in these two distinct views of his character: 'Jehovah is a flaming sword, Jehovah is all love.'

"By this time the student has been impressed with a deep sense of his fallen nature, and the heinous guilt attached to it. He no longer trusts to his self-exertions and self-righteousness. He feels strongly the absolute necessity, and, therefore, of the infinite value of the Great Sacrifice made for him to be his substitute and surety. . . . . Henceforward he looks to the merits and righteousness of the Son of Man. . . . . Two things he now thinks are wanting to make him meet for the kingdom of God—these are the doctrines of justification and sanctification." He then speaks of the "cold apathy" shown by the scholars of the Elphinstone Institution to the cause of true religion; but adds, "I should be very sorry to omit that some of the present and past scholars of the

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said institution have of late formed a sort of religious brotherhood, supported as it is on the principles of natural religion. . . . . They have taken largely from the Bible as far as morality is concerned. . . . May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working in wonders, 'make of my mother country, even India, a royal priesthood and a holy nation;' and may He grant an early fulfilment of my desires, is the sincerest prayer of Hari Narayan."

I shall give but one more extract. The writer, Mahadew Bulajii speaks of the benefits conferred on India by the British as having their source in the Bible, and thus describes the feelings of many of his educated countrymen:—"Many of the youths write and discuss for hours, and it may be for days, with the Missionaries; they join with them in prayers, they attend the Sabbath classes, and anxiously and patiently hear the evening sermons. Many of them observe the Sabbath, and all, if not many, attend any lectures connected with religion. To some the doctrines of the Trinity, of the resurrection, of the justification, and sanctification, appear easy and exactly fitted to their wants. To others they seem difficult; but in no degree unsatisfactory, The thoroughly educated and noble-minded youth rejoice at the conversion of their friends to Christianity. They wonder at their boldness, and speak highly of them among their friends and relatives. In short, they declare that had they not been surrounded by difficulties, they would have embraced Christianity within a moment. . . . . Many of the young men, especially those connected with the Missionary institutions, *pray to God every day*, and that *prayer they offer in the name of Christ*. They have come to the conclusion that they cannot save themselves by their own righteousness. They require the righteousness of one who was infinitely holy and infinitely great. . . . . They would wish Christianity to be the universal religion. I have often heard many of them repeat, 'We should embrace Christianity if a hundred of us had joined together.'" He then examines why the natives do not embrace Christianity, when they are convinced of its truth. "1st. The natives do not possess the spirit of Martin Luther. They are more afraid of the persecutions of men than of the wrath of God. . . . . 2nd. Early marriages is one of the obstacles to the embracing of the truth. . . . . 3rd. Worldly riches, worldly fame engage our attention. . . . . God says 'Confess me openly before all men;' we say, 'We shall confess thee in a corner.' . . . . God says, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image,' and we make millions and millions of images. God says, 'I have given my Son to atone for thy sins,' and yet we go to Vithoba and Khandobá, Rama and Túkaráma. All this clearly shows that the 'heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.'" He says also, "That the Board of Education are *afraid* to put the Scriptures into the hands of students," adding, "The Board should not cultivate merely the intellect, but also the heart."

Friday, January 24th.—It was very hot. Hormazdji came, and brought Bachú. He told me that there was less prejudice among the Pársís than formerly, but that they form such a compact and determined body, that he has little hope of individual conversions, but thinks they will come in *en masse*. Only one Parsí has attended the Free Kirk School since he and Dhanjí were converted, ten years ago. Mr. Mitchell said, that the very success of the school has hindered it, for it is looked upon by the natives as a *converting* institution. Caste is far stronger here than in Bengal or the upper provinces. There it is rare to see any one with idolatrous marks on their foreheads; here, almost every person

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wears them conspicuously, sometimes in the form of a spot, at others in horizontal lines, sacred to Shiva, or perpendicular ones to Vishnu. Captain Davidson, who went with us to the institution, was in a great measure the means of Hormazdji's conversion. The latter attended a Sunday-class taught by a Mr. Payne, who being ill, Captain Davidson took his place, and spoke so solemnly on the necessity of religion, that Hormazdji and another young Parsí agreed that they must lay the matter to heart. Hormazdji came forward for baptism not long after; but his friend went back. Captain Davidson never knew the effect of his words until long afterwards.

Captain Davidson called with the Rev. David Wood and a young travelling companion, Mr. Kavanagh. They have traversed Norway, Sweden, Russia, Persia, Syria, Egypt, and are now for a short time in India. Mr. Wood seems a pious large-hearted man. He said he had seen no Mission which gave him such unmingled pleasure as that of the Americans, Dr. Perkins and his colleagues, among the Nestorians. All the Nestorians are under a Patriarch, who lives on the Turkish side of the frontier, and who, being of very high church principles, and seeing the good done by the American Missionaries, wrote to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and asked for a teacher. The Archbishop unfortunately sent a Mr. Badger, now chaplain at Aden—a very high churchman. The American mission consists of about six married members, with two unmarried ladies, Miss Fisk and Miss Reed. There are four Bishops on the Persian side, one of them, Mar Yohanan, is a man of great piety—he has been in America; two others appear to be Christian men; and even the fourth, who is quite a worldly man, and a great sportsman, speaks of the Missionaries with the greatest respect and esteem, and forwards their views.

Mr. Badger is about to publish a work on the doctrines of the Nestorians, which have been greatly disputed, some considering them as the Protestants of the East, while others maintain that they are no better than Greeks or Armenians; but Mr. Wood considers that even an account of their faith, from their authorized standards and liturgies, will not give a correct idea of their present belief, because many works that were standards are so no longer. The Missionaries work by preaching, making tours, distributing books, and by their male and female schools. The senior classes learn and understand English. The Missionaries do not generally officiate in the Nestorian churches; and their object is not to form a separate Church, but to kindle the flame of true piety in the Church as it exists. The four Bishops most heartily co-operate with them: many candidates for the ministry are trained in their schools. At their family worship, they generally called upon one of the Nestorian priests or deacons present to lead in prayer.

Mr. Wood said this Mission interested him beyond all others, because the fruit was so manifest and so abundant. He said, all the American Missionaries he had met were devoted hard-working men; and we cordially agreed with him. Captain Davidson spoke of the different fields occupied by the Free Kirk Mission and the American one, at Nagar; the object of the latter being to pervade the people with a knowledge of the Gospel, by means of preaching regularly throughout stated districts (a practice that might be advantageously imitated by other Missions), and by vernacular schools; that of the Free Church being to form native agents, for the future evangelization of the country, by giving them as complete and high an education as possible. The tours of the Scottish Missionaries are necessarily more desultory, and generally in previously

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unvisited districts; each scheme being the needful complement of the other.

In some points the American Christians interpret the Divine aphorism, "the labourer is worthy of his hire," more liberally than we do. For instance, they provide their Missionaries with houses, and all needful repairs or additions are made by the Board, which is much more convenient than giving them a larger income and requiring them to find houses for themselves. Then their travelling expenses are paid by the Mission; so that the Missionary tours are more adapted to the necessities of the country, and less limited by the finances of the Missionary. When a man's whole soul, and talents, and time are given to his Missionary work, surely the least we can do is to free him from all worldly anxieties and care; and I think our Missionary committees might advantageously copy their American brethren in this matter. The generous and open-hearted hospitality of all the Missionaries, of every denomination, and "the riches of their liberality," in all cases of distress are truly wonderful. I have known an American Missionary, with two children, and a salary under 200*l*. a year, send a large donation to the starving Irish, and another give 100 rupees to a tract society, and then start on a journey of some hundred miles with sixteen rupees in his pocket. But it is still greater self-denial in others to renounce the pleasure and honour of literary success, which they might so easily attain, for the sake of their work, whose praise is "not of men, but of God."

The simple preaching of the Word of God doubtless is a means of far greater spiritual good to the hearers than is ever manifested to others in this life. The following incident, related by Mr. Clarkson, proves this:—"I had pitched my tent on the banks of the Mye, amongst the Kolis, an aboriginal tribe, reputed by Montgomery Martin 'savage and unreclaimable.' I preached day after day the doctrine of repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ. These doctrines I illustrated in every way I thought adapted to reach the consciences of the people. One day, after addressing them on these subjects, and exhorting them to weep on account of their past sins, I asked, 'Do any of you weep on account of your sins?' To my utter delight, a young Koli, about twenty-two years of age—a farmer—said, with considerable feeling, 'I weep on account of my sins. Ah! my eyes do not weep, but my soul weeps, on account of my sin.' I replied, 'If so, what do you wish to do?' He said, 'To believe on Jesus Christ.' 'What do you know of Christ?' asked I, with intense interest. 'I know that He died for my sins.' This Koli had never heard the Gospel but from me, and had only listened to me two or three times; probably he had not heard me speak more than four hours altogether. That man was baptized, and is a consistent believer at the present time."

Tuesday, January 28th.—Drove to Mrs. Seitz's boarding-school. The girls read both English and Marathi, and were cross-examined on Scripture History and Doctrine, and Geography. They showed a manifest improvement since last year. They quoted texts to prove particular doctrines, related parables from memory, and showed a very good knowledge of Scripture. They work beautifully, both fancy and plain work. I sketched one of them, Saguni, a convert. We saw the little Arab girl, whom her mother brought to school, Gaurbi by name; she has a very engaging manner. Captain D. afterwards gave me a curious instance of the timidity even of those who are considered Christian men in regard to religion. Having effected the settlement of the revenues of a large district on terms very favourable to the inhabitants, he proposed to Government that instead of absolutely remitting the whole amount of the

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difference between the former and present tax, a part of it should be reserved for educational purposes within the district. Coming at the same time as the reduction, both would be received as boons; whereas, if it were proposed at any subsequent period to raise a sum for the support of schools, it would be looked upon as a tax and a hardship. Sir G. Arthur cordially approved of the scheme; but begged Captain Davidson to omit a passage in his letter, to the effect that he wished this education might be of a Christian character. Captain Davidson declined doing so, thinking there would be a certain degree of meanness in not avowing his principles.

Thursday, January 30th.—Took Aga Sahib and the Bibi to see the Mint. Several of our servants went also. The Bibi was greatly pleased with her drive through the Bazár, which presents a most varied and lively scene. Here you see the tall austere Bedouin stalking along with his loose burnouse, or cloak, floating behind him, and a shawl handkerchief drawn over his head, leaving his sad and grave features in deep shadow; the handsome Arab Jew, with a fairer complexion than Europeans generally retain in this country, or a group of wild-looking Bíluchus, with their long black hair and piercing eyes, surmounted by the cylindrical Sind cap; the intelligent Pársi, with his clean white garments, hawk eye and nose, thick moustache, whiskers, and eyebrows, shaved chin, and side-locks, appearing from under a cap not much unlike the Sindian, but cylindrical only in front, and sloping backwards from the forehead. Then there are the Bombay people themselves, with more curious head-dresses than were ever devised by any other set of men, enormous turbans, generally red, some towering upwards, others of vast circumference. Then there are the Portuguese, with complexions as dark as the darkest native, but wearing the European dress.

Many more women are seen in the streets of Bombay than in those of Calcutta; one meets them in flocks, carrying water for the use of their families, or walking about on their own errands. There are the Parsi women, with their hair closely concealed under a white skull-cap. I saw two in canary satin sàris, but they are oftener in grave purple and black. The Hindu women of the lower class wear their clothes very far above the knee, very small bodices, and a chaddah over the head. A few Mussulmánís are sometimes seen with linen boots tied at the knee, and the rest of the person enveloped in a sheet, with a thick veil over the face, a piece of gauze opposite the eyes to enable them to see a little. I sketched a handsome little boy, the son of a Jain broker, and a Battiah, or merchant, very intelligent, very dirty, and very rich. His red turban is somewhat in the form of a mitre, folded in the most elaborate manner. I asked some of the Battiahs if they undid their turbans daily. "Oh, no," they said, "only when they are dirty—every six weeks or two months!" Mr. Coles soon after overheard my sitter talking to his friends in Guzerattì. He said, "The Madam Sahib is very clever, and has made a very good picture. Do you think she would give me a copy? I would give her two or three rupees for it—*not more*." The Bibi was much dismayed at seeing in Mr. Coles' room a small figure of Venus rising from the sea. She fixed her eyes upon it, and inquired in a severe tone, "What *is* that? Her clothes, where are they?" So not being able to give a better explanation, I told her it was a Pari (fairy). She could not get over her horror at it for a long time, and inquired of Mary, "Why English people made such figures?"

Dined at Parell to meet Sir Charles Napier. I think society in Bom-

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bay seems much less stiff and formal than in Calcutta. The ladies dress much more in the English style, and much more simply. There was also an excellent band. Lady Falkland is an excellent hostess, taking great pains to make her house agreeable. Sir Charles was most cordial to us.

One day, being at Mr. Grey's office, I sent our Afghán servant Karim to catch some Biluchis, and bring them in a buggy. He soon returned, and with great glee informed me he had got three Biluchis. They were rather stout square men, with straight, well-made noses and brilliant eyes; their hair a very dark brown. I gave one of them a gun to hold, and he stood like a rock, in the attitude of raising it to take aim. They were very dirty, but their independent, frank manner pleased us much. They walked about, looked at everything, told us about their tribe, and all in the most cheerful, social way possible. Another day, Mulla Ibrahim brought me two Arabs, Ezra, a Jew of Basrah, and Syad Othman, the son of the Kazi of that place; the former an extremely handsome man, with a very independent manner. Ibrahim dresses just like an Afghán, in white, with a buff-coloured chogah, faced inside with blue silk, but Ezra wore the fez (the red cap, with an immense blue tassel) and a small shawl twisted round it. The Kazi's son wore a jammawar (striped shawl) turban. He had a cough, and was incessantly asking for water, which Ezra brought him in Mr. Grey's tumblers. Mr. Murray Mitchell took me for a drive to Mama Hadjini's tomb. Parsis and Hindus visit this tomb as well as Mussalmans, and Mr. Mitchell told me he had seen Hindus making offerings at the Romanist shrines, near Bombay.

Sunday, February 2nd.—Went to the Murray Mitchells'. Mr. Mitchell then brought in three young Beni Israel (who, with some other of their tribe, come to him on the Sabbath), and we had a very interesting conversation with them. Their people, who are numerous in Western India, especially near Bombay, are supposed to be descendants of the ten tribes. Nothing is known of the date of their arrival in India; but until the Church of Scotland Mission first took an interest in them, about fifteen years ago, they were sunk in idolatry, used images and worshipped the serpent. One of these young men told me that his father had helped to remove and destroy the images in their houses. They knew nothing of the Talmud; hardly a copy of the Old Testament was to be found among them; and it was only by the observance of some of the principal Jewish rites that their descent could be authenticated. They are as dark as other natives, and of the same stature and appearance, though in some the Jewish cast of feature is very strongly marked. They wear a ringlet in front of each ear. They were in a very low condition, socially as well as intellectually, being chiefly oil-sellers; but since schools have been opened for them, and the Bible put into their hands, there is a great change. As these young men said, "they have become industrious, and anxious to rise in the world:" some are carpenters, and numbers are Sepahis in the Bombay army. These young men are convinced of the truth of Christianity, and are in the habit of daily prayer—one of them once a day, the others twice—for about a quarter of an hour at a time. They read the Scriptures daily, and pray to be led into the truth—to know it and to receive it; but they seem rather afraid of going a step further, by praying to be taught if the religion of Jesus be true, and for strength to embrace it. I told them, nothing could put them back into the position of those who knew not the Gospel; that their responsibility was equal to that of nominal Christians; that every word they read or

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heard increased it; and that, by refusing to confess Christ before men, they were despising His love and His most precious blood. They confessed that this was all true, and that many who were in some degree impressed with the importance of religion while at school, soon lost all interest in it when they returned to their homes, and the love of the world took possession of them. When asked to name the chief difficulty in the way of their professing Christianity, one said, "Love of the world;" the other two, "Love of their relations;" one added, "Our caste would scorn my relations, if I became a Christian." They were very interesting young men, and spoke in English. Mr. Mitchell exhorted them to pray that if the religion of Christ were true, that God would enable them to embrace it. I promised them a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Mitchell said that there had been fruit from every other class—Parsís, Hindus, Mussulmans, Jains—but none as yet on this side of India from the Jews.

After they left, Mr. Mitchell brought in a young Brahman, who has been teaching a school belonging to the Rajah of ——. His companion, Mahadù, who was tutor to the Rajah, was a most promising young man, fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, and many think that he had really embraced it; but he was cut off by a fall from his horse, before he openly confessed Christ. On his death-bed he had the Scriptures read to him. This young man has now returned to the institution for further instruction; but though he comes to Mr. Mitchell every Sabbath, expressly to receive Christian instruction, and, as he said, *intends* to be a Christian some time or other, yet he has no thought of becoming so at once. He prays and reads the Bible—but not every day. I asked him what was the chief obstacle to confessing Christ: he said, "The scorning of the people"—a very characteristic answer from a Brahman.

The young Ben-i-Israel appeared to me in a much more softened state of mind. It is wonderful that so many young men should not only be intellectually convinced of the truth of the Gospel, but should willingly and constantly seek religious instruction, and put themselves in the way of constant Christian exhortation, and yet not have any fixed intention of leaving their own faith. Surely frequent prayer should be made for them. Man has done all that he can do: the sacrifice is prepared and laid upon the altar; only the fire from heaven is wanting. May He swiftly send it down, so that India as a nation may stretch forth her hands unto God.

Some among the Parsís as well as Hindús have advanced beyond this state, and are earnestly praying for grace to enable them to confess Christ openly, whom they already believe on in their hearts; and these weak brethren, who as yet come to Jesus only by night, have a still stronger claim on our prayers and sympathy.

There is another way in which any one who is willing could do incalculable good, at very trifling expense. The best scholars of the Institution leave before their education is fully completed (as in the instance of the young man just mentioned), because they can obtain salaries, either in Government offices or from private individuals, and there are no scholarships to enable them to remain at the institution.

The funds of the Mission are too low to allow of their giving good salaries to the monitors, so that they also leave as soon as they are well qualified. Scholarships of from five to fifteen rupees a month (*i. e.*, ten to thirty shillings) would be most acceptable, and would enable the institution to retain her best pupils at the very period when they are most capable of profiting by instruction, and most likely (humanly speaking) to embrace the Gospel. Many are obliged to leave by poverty. Twenty

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such scholarships would also greatly increase the efficiency of the institution by supplying a far superior class of monitors to those which can now be obtained. I cannot omit that the Queen of Saxony, a Roman Catholic, has often denied herself a new shawl or a new dress, that she might have to give to them that need. Cannot Protestant ladies whose private station makes fewer demands on their purse do likewise?

CHAPTER XXV.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH.—Went with Mr. Candy to see the schools in connexion with the Church of England Mission. First saw a female school, containing also some boys, fifty-seven in all, under the care of Miss White, a most zealous and energetic Indo-Briton, who has seven other schools under her charge. The children are taught by Pantojis, and all of the class we heard (a large one containing some very little girls) read Marathi well. Some of them were girls of fourteen or thereabouts. They come regularly, and imbibe much Christian truth; many of their mothers also come to hear. They are of all castes. It was at first a great difficulty to get girls of different castes to sit in the same school; but now there is none. We next went to Mr. Candy's own school, chiefly for children of European descent, on one or both sides, then to the Money Institution—a Christian school, under charge of Mr. Jerrom—founded about ten years ago, to commemorate the excellencies of Mr. Money, an admirable Christian civilian. It contains about 200 boys: the lower school learn Marathi, the upper English.

In so hurried a visit I could only observe that the monitors taught and the boys answered in a very animated manner, so that the eagerness of the answerers often prevented those who were tyros in English from getting out the words in time. As we passed, two classes were being examined in grammar, in which they answered well—another equally so in geography. Some difficult sums were written on the boards, being the morning exercise in arithmetic. We heard the senior class answer well in mechanics. The pupils are made to write essays in English. Mr. Jerrom complained that it was rather difficult to keep up their knowledge of Marathi, as they are not made to write themes in that language after entering the English division. They only translate into their mother tongue. The number of boys attending this excellent Institution at present, are as follows:—English department—Brahmins and other Hindú caste, 175; Mussulmans, 7; Parsís, 7; Roman Catholics, 30; Ben-i-Israel, 6; Protestants, 10: total, 236. The Church Missionary Society act on the principle that if any one professes belief, and there is nothing to disprove his profession, he should be baptized; whereas the Free Church require some proof that his belief is real.

Met Mr. Bowen, of the American Mission; a most devoted, but singular young man. He has renounced his salary from the Board of Missions; lives in a native house, on about seven rupees a month, and, as nearly as possible, in the native manner, eating no meat, taking only one meal a day, teaching all the morning to support himself, and preaching all the rest of the day. He is worn to skin and bone. He thinks this the right method of influencing the natives; it may have some advantages, but I do not see any to compensate for throwing away his life by such incessant mental toil. Paul wrought as a tent-maker, manual, not mental labour, and in his native country. The value of such men is so great, and their loss so irreparable, for years often, that I

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feel quite angry with them when they do not take proper care of their health.

Wednesday, February 5th.—The Bungalows on the Island of Bombay are the prettiest I have seen. They have generally beautiful verandahs, wide and high, with lofty porches for carriages to drive under, and the whole surrounded with fine shrubs and flowers. Went to the Fort to look at some goods brought by Borahs (the same that I have been accustomed to call Boxwalas). Ibráhim was there, and said, "Whenever these people enter my house, my head turns, and I tremble all over, for women always need a thousand things." I drove home by the sea-shore. It was just sunset, and we saw numbers of Parsís, standing with their books in their hands, praying towards the setting sun. One of them ended by turning round several times against the course of the sun. We were troubled by a smell which surpassed everything that had ever reached my nostrils. I found that the shore was lined with smoking heaps, the remains of Hindu funeral piles. We shortly after came to one still burning fiercely; it was a small square, the wood was nearly burnt to a level with the ground, and the only remnant of mortality was a small black *piece* in the centre. A crowd of men were sitting to windward, watching it very composedly. The deceased had died that morning!

Friday, February 7th.—Went into the Fort to draw. Both my husband and Ibrahím have been exerting themselves to get me some Bedouin Arabs as sitters, but in vain; they make appointments and do not keep them.

To-day, being again disappointed, Ibráhím went out to lay hold of a Bedouin, if it were possible. He found one, but when it was proposed to him to come, he said, "Why should I go to the house of the English? God alone knows what may befal me there!" and nothing could induce him to run the risk, until Ezra, the Jew of Basrah (whom he knew), and another man, stood security for his safe return. The Arab was a tall, austere, sad-looking man, who never could have been otherwise than in earnest during the whole of his life, and who was, I suppose, too thoroughly convinced of the dangers of sorcery and magic to feel ashamed either of his fears or his precautions, when he found me alone as his only enemy, he being accompanied by a stout Bedouin attendant, beside Múllá Ibráhím. He was not handsome, having plain irregular features and deeply sunk eyes, yet there was something almost awful in the imperturbable gravity and austerity of his gaze. During the whole time I was sketching him, he kept his eyes fixed on me, without the slightest change of expression. He looked like a man accustomed to hardships from his birth. I have often reflected on the cause of the difficulty I find in taking the likeness of a European, as compared with that of an Oriental. The expression of the one can be caught in an instant, that of the other is not only more varying, but more complicated, and I suppose it to be from the simplicity of their lives, as compared with ours. Consider the infinite variety of objects which engage our attention and interest; the infinite variety of thoughts and emotions which these give rise to, and you will see that it is impossible for a cultivated European to retain the repose of feature and the unity of expression which is observable in the Oriental. Add to this, our habit of suppressing the outward manifestation of feeling (for, when an Oriental really feels deeply, he shows it much more freely than we do, except where he is obliged to feign), and the generally inferior intensity of the passions in Europe, and you will see why the countenances vary. This Arab was the most perfect

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specimen I ever saw, of a man of few and simple emotions. He could understand hatred for an enemy, and love for a friend; bodily privations he is accustomed to disregard,—bodily suffering to endure; probably this comprises the circle of his feelings; how can such a one, accustomed to hardships, to solitude and exertion, be made to understand the thousand-and-one aims and strivings of civilized life? He is a being of another sphere, and moves among the crowded streets with neither interest nor comprehension for the world and its ways; there was no harshness in his expression, but it was the calm indifference of an ascetic. Are not these men, in some respects, wiser than we? gifted with a truer insight than we are into the nothingness of the world, though not of the great realities of life? This man could both write and read; his name was Ali Suklawi, of Kuwed, and when C. came and spoke with frank cordiality to him, both he and his companion seemed more satisfied that we were not Djinns. He wore the long Chogah, or cloak, nearly touching the ground, a many-coloured handkerchief on his head, bound round by a coil of camel's hair by way of a turban; the ends of the handkerchief hanging down on each side of his face threw his countenance into deep shadow; he had but scanty beard; on his feet were sandals; both hands, feet, and ankles finely shaped, bony and strong, but not more delicate than a European's of spare make.

Saturday, February 8th.—My husband being very busy, Mr. Murray Mitchell kindly accompanied me to the Synagogue of the Arab Jews. It was a lovely cool morning. The service had begun, but Ibráhim had left a servant and little Firha to show us the way. I wanted the child to come into the carriage as usual, but the servant objected, as it was the Sabbath. We were in some doubt whether I should be admitted into the body of the synagogue, but Ibráhim came forward to meet us, and led us to the "chief seats," placing us between himself and David Sassanán, the richest Jew in Bombay, a very fine-looking old man, with an eye like a hawk for brilliancy and depth. The synagogue was a long room with a high divan all round it, on which the worshippers sat cross-legged. A chair was provided for me to put my feet on. Down the middle were two benches, back to back, for the boys of the congregation, and nearer the door a desk, like a high sideboard, at which the reader stood, opposite to which was a curtained recess, containing the law. All present wore veils, generally white with blue striped borders and a single fringe at each corner, but some of the younger boys had them of spotted net, adorned with little tufts of wool of various colours. I never saw a handsomer set of men, and this with their varied dresses of rich colours and the beauty of the little children who, gaily dressed and covered with ornaments, were curled up by the side of their fathers or sitting on their knees and ever and anon roving about or eating sweatmeats as bribes to be quiet, rendered it a most picturesque scene. But though this was my first impression, it soon changed to astonishment at beholding the heartlessness of their worship, which excels anything I have ever seen as a mockery of devotion. Every man had a prayer-book, but the service was gabbled over in a way that rendered it impossible even for Mr. Mitchell, who is a good Hebrew scholar, to follow it. The boys seemed to strive who should read loudest, and shouted "amin, amin, amin," as if it were very amusing, looking about and laughing the while. The men were talking, and I soon found there would not be the slightest objection to my sketching the scene. Water was brought me, and I took the group on my left hand. No sooner did David Sassanán perceive that I was sketching him, than he put down his book and spread his hand upon it

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that I might observe his valuable diamond and ruby rings. Several were called up to the desk in succession to read different parts of the service, which they did in a sort of loud chaunt, rocking themselves to and fro. Several young boys, after reading, came to kiss the hand and fringes of David Sassanán and a venerable old man who sat next him, who laid their hands on the head of the boys. It was a pretty action on both sides. One or two little girls were there with their books.

During one part of the service each man collected the fringes at the four corners of his veil and kissed them repeatedly, touching both eyes with them. Most of them did it in the same "perfunctory" style in which Romanists generally cross themselves. Then they drew the veil over the right side of the face and uttered a lamentable cry. Then the whole congregation turned towards the west, and, bending, uttered a confession of sin. This was the only part of the service in which there was the slightest appearance of earnestness. Towards the end of the service several Jews that I had seen before came to speak to me, and also a rabbi from Jerusalem. One of them ushered me into the small chamber allotted to the women, with a pardáh between them and the synagogue, through which they can see without being seen. There were not above a dozen there, including Hannah, Miriam, and their mother. All of them were covered with ornaments, many with their eyes painted with surmá, and some I strongly suspected of rouge. They all wear false hair. They seem to be generally of low stature—less than the Afghán women—but with very fair complexions. They welcomed me very cordially.

On our way home Mr. Mitchell told me that this extraordinary irreverence in the form of worship prevails throughout all the Eastern Churches, Christian as well as Jewish. In the Coptic Cathedral at Cairo, he heard one correct the reader by calling out, "You pig! that's wrong." David Sassanán corrected the reader several times, but in a more seemly fashion than this.

Sunday, February 9th.—The Communion.—Mr. Taylor, of Belgam, gave an excellent address before distributing the bread and wine. This is as it should be. I like to see the Minister of one Church officiating in another, and thus testifying to their oneness in Christ. This is the first opportunity we have had of communicating since the 23rd December, 1849, at Loodiana. Is not this a proof that the more frequent celebration of the Lord's Supper is expedient? After dinner, spoke to Harrichand, a young Brahmin from the Assembly's Institution, who comes with three others from the Elphinstone College to receive Scriptural instruction from Mrs. Mitchell. For the past month or six weeks he and three of his friends (I think the same who accompany him on the Sabbath) have met daily to read together. Their present study is History, and they have begun with Genesis, as being the oldest historical book. They have also read Wesley's Sermons.

Harrichand said he did not think there was much difference between the pupils of Christian and Government institutions; he said many of the latter wished to read the Bible, and did read it. I asked him what made them wish to read it. He said, they find allusions to it in other books, and this makes them curious to read it; but added, "that those who do not believe in Christianity believe in nothing." He said that educated young men naturally wished for educated wives; but that the chief obstacle is, that so soon as a girl is married she is wholly taken up with her household duties, so as to prevent her having any time for learning. He said a relation of his, who died only last Sunday from

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cholera, and who was the daughter and wife of rich men, so as to have everything done for her, was very learned, and even read Sanscrit. When I urged on him and his companion the necessity of confessing Christ, he said we could not understand the difficulties and trials that a Hindu had to endure,—that it was very easy for us to speak thus,—and expressed himself with much warmth and even eloquence on the subject. I granted that we had not the same outward trials to undergo; but endeavoured to explain that all mankind must belong to one of two classes —that every man must be a child of God or a child of the Devil—must be unconverted, that is, alienated from God and without love for Him, or converted, that is, filled with such a love to Christ that he counts all things but nought in comparison to Him; that it was, indeed, easy for us to be nominal Christians, but that it was not a bit easier for us to be real Christians than for them; that being nominal Christians only enhanced our condemnation; that those who were such were very much in the condition of Harrichand himself—that is, intellectually assenting to the Gospel, without receiving it with the heart; that conversion was the work of the Spirit alone, and was the same work in the heart of a European as in that of a Hindu; and that unless a European was filled with such love to Christ as would enable him cheerfully to renounce *all* things for His sake, he is no more a Christian than the Hindu who shrinks from actually renouncing them; that God alone could read the heart, and see whether this love existed; but that it was clear that without it no one could be saved. I assured them that we felt most deeply for them.

I., the Jew, told me that his brother to the last acknowledged Jesus as the true Messiah, but that he himself was very much ashamed of confessing Him. Many of the Jews in Bombay secretly read the New Testament; but although they know the difference between Protestants and others calling themselves Christians, yet the idolatry of the Romanists and Armenians is a great stumblingblock in their way.

Tuesday, February 11th.—Paid a farewell visit to Ibráhim's family, taking Mrs. Mitchell, Bachu, and the Bibí with me. A good many Jewesses were there. Ibráhim retreated when they came in, as it is not the custom of the Jewish ladies to see strangers. I sketched a Jewess with a very sweet countenance, smoking the huqá, and also her half-sister, a little girl of twelve, who is betrothed to a son of Dáud Sassanán. The young man is now in China, with which country his father carries on a great trade, principally in opium. I also drew the daughter of the elder lady, a girl of thirteen, who has been lately married. Their dress consists of a tight-fitting coat reaching to the feet, and open on each side nearly as high as the knee, to allow of walking. This is generally of gay colours, striped or figured—in one instance it was of silver brocade. It is cut down in front below the bosom, which is covered (besides under-garments) by a sort of stomacher of muslin, embroidered in gold and colours, while numerous necklaces, pendants, and chains surround the throat. The sleeves are tight, and over this long dress (under which they wear trousers, and are always curious to know if we do the same) they usually have a jacket with short sleeves of scarlet merino, green velvet, or some such bright material, the seams guarded with gold lace. Their own hair (except in the case of the little unmarried one) is hidden in front by false hair of a bright auburn, cut straight half-way down the forehead, and looped up in plaits at the side. The real tresses are plaited, and hang down the back with silver tassels and coins at the end. They often wear the Fez, or red Turkish cap with blue tassel, round

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which is a small muslin turban of colours on a white ground; a handkerchief of the same is folded over the head and crossed under the chin (only the unmarried girl was without this); and over all are bands of gold, pearls, and jewels, crossing the head in every direction, strings of pearls passing under the chin from one ear to the other. They wear gold coins, some of them very large, fastened to their chains; bracelets, rings, and immense gold bangles on their ankles. One lady had hers covered with a muslin case. They mostly wear stockings or socks.

The Bibí was very much pleased with their cordial manner. Ibráhim gave us some delicious tea, called Pâho. We then embraced his family and parted. Several of the ladies wore rouge, but neither Miriam nor her mother do so, for their skins were like satin to the touch. I then took the Bibi to see the wife of Nassirwánjí, a rich Parsí broker. We had to ascend innumerable stairs, till we reached the highest story of the house, which was handsomely furnished with many mirrors and ornaments, much in the French style. Our host made a self-acting piano play for us: he used to play himself, but now has no time. He then took the Bibi and me into some inner apartments richly furnished, where his wife sat on a velvet sofa. She was a very pretty person, but disfigured by having her hair wholly covered with a white skull-cap. She was richly dressed in a satin Sari, and with a short jacket underneath. She wore very handsome diamond earrings, pearl necklace, and handsome bangles and rings, but she was very inanimate, did not rise at our entrance, and scarcely made a salam. She had two beautiful children, both dressed in little black velvet tabards with spangles, and caps of the same. A very pretty little girl, about nine, sat on a chair near her, as immovable as herself, so we concluded it was the Parsi mode. The Bibi was highly indignant at it, and declared our fair hostess was "just like an idol, for she neither rose nor made salam;" and the only thing she said was to ask if I was a Madam Sahib or a Baba. This extreme apathy of the Parsi ladies is the more remarkable, as the men are very animated in their demeanour. It by no means follows, however, that they are as quiet as they appear, for a friend of mine saw one, when irritated by the impolite behaviour of an English lady, and admonished by her husband not to show her displeasure, dash her hand into his face in the presence of the whole company in the most contemptuous manner.

Nasirwanji spoke of hiding the women's hair, as "an abominable custom," and one that would certainly be abolished in a few years. Their religion does not allow them to speak, walk, or eat with their heads uncovered. He then brought my husband and Agha Múhammad in to see his wife, as the Parsi ladies may receive visitors, though they do not go out in public.

It is astonishing that the most enlightened and enterprising race in India should profess so utterly childish a religion—one which gives minute directions for cutting and burying the hair and nails! and teaches that the star Sirius is a bull with golden horns. It is a religion wholly devoid of external evidence. No one knows who Zoroaster was, or whether there was one or six; a few Parsis acknowledge the inspiration of the Zendavesta only, of which the text is corrupted, and the meaning almost unknown; others acknowledge as sacred the Pehlevi and Persian writings, which are all modern!

Our kind hostess, Mrs. G., has a very nice Ayah, who is a learned woman, and reads the Kuran daily, without understanding a word of it. The Aga said she reminded him of a devout kinswoman of his, who got

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a Munshi to read to her the "Martyrdom of Hasan and Hoseyn." As the lecture proceeded, she became more and more affected, wept, tore her hair, beat her breast, sobbed and groaned, until the irreverent Munshi burst out laughing, and told her he had been reading the Loves of Majnun and Leila!

How great is the want of missionaries at this place! The Institution alone requires at least two to itself, besides the native brethren. Bazár preaching is a field for as many as can be found; the Portuguese community require a missionary to themselves; so do the Parsis: so do the Ben-i-Israel; the Mussalmans have been sadly neglected.

Sunday, 16th February.—Puna.—There was the communion in Marathi. We both partook of it. About eleven female converts and twelve or fourteen men communicated. We saw two Sepáhis who had made the last campaign, both of whom were baptised by Mr. Allen. One of them is now pensioned, having been wounded; the other is in the 3rd Bombay Native Infantry. He is a Madras man. These were the first Christian Sepáhis I have ever seen. There are a good many Romanists and some Protestants both in the Bombay and Madras armies. I never heard of one in Bengal. Some years ago a very gallant Sepáhi Havildar—a Mussalman I think—was converted, and the Government were so much alarmed at it that they forced him to retire on a pension: but times are greatly changed now.

Friday, February 28th.—Doulatabad.—Started about sunrise, rode as high as we could, and then climbed up to the top of Doulatabad, built by Múhammad Toghlak. This famous fortress, "The City of Riches," was impregnable by assault, but is now in ruins. It rises abruptly from the plain, exactly in the form of a tent; the walls of the tent representing the scarp, and the sloping fly the upper part of the fortress. It is a fatiguing ascent. The winding arched gateway, the Killadar's house at the summit, and many passages and staircases, still remain, with one solitary minar. The view from the top is fine. We saw a curious eighteen-pounder, of immense length. We then went to the vineyards. The vines grow like small trees; the stem five or six inches round. There are two kinds of grapes—an oblong, sweet, fleshy, white grape, very like a cherry in taste; and a black grape, of higher flavour, and eight times the price. We saw the Pangra tree, without leaves, but covered with a beautiful crimson blossom; and also a delicious little straw-coloured rose. On returning to our tents, we passed a poor donkey which had just been killed by a panther; but though the gentlemen went after the latter, it got away.

In the afternoon went on to Rozah to see the tombs. Aurangzeb lies here, with no monument whatever—only a white cloth over his tombstone. Close by is the shrine of a Pír, which they would not allow us to enter: the doors seemed to be of silver, and a row of ostrich eggs hung above the tomb. This place is under the care of the stingy Nawab of Jafferabad; so it is not astonishing that it is not in good order. The muezzin was calling to evening prayer.

Saturday, March 1st.—Started before sunrise for the famous caves of Elora, that are close to Rozah. After descending a very wild Ghát, we were summoned to the edge of the hill, and looking down, we beheld the magnificent temple of Kaílas—a monolithic pyramidical temple, 100 feet high, most elaborately carved, with detached hall and gateway, connected with it by bridges, with obelisks on each side of it; the whole in a court about 400 feet square, and entirely hewn out of the basaltic rock which surrounds it. This is the most astonishing work I ever saw; and

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this the most striking *point de vue*. We were not, however, suffered to linger long over it, as we had twelve caves to see; so we rode on to the most distant.

The caves at Elora are supposed to have been made from A.D 800 to 950. While Alfred was inventing clock-candles, and Charlemagne was conquering the Saxons, and converting them, after his manner, the Hindù system of mythology was becoming general, and these caves, and those of Elephanta, are the monuments of Tankrita principles; by which is meant, a sort of amalgamation of the worship of Siva and Durgá with Buddhism. It appears that even the Buddhists do not question the superior antiquity of Brahmanism. Their own faith was a protest against Vedantism. The Buddhists protested against the division of men into castes, and especially against the Brahminical hierarchy, and against animal sacrifices. I have never seen a clear account of their tenets, but like those of most Eastern philosophical schools, it would probably be next to impossible to give a *clear* account of them, and they seem to have varied a good deal among themselves. Both the Buddhist and Brahminical systems always remind me of what Voltaire said, "Quand celui qui écoute n'entend rien, et celui qui parle n'entend pas plus, c'est la métaphysique." The Budhists, besides five or six immaterial Buddhas, who seem to be personifications of the elements, have seven mortal Buddhas, *i. e.*, men, who by contemplation and mortification have become Buddha; Gautama, the last of these, died in Behár, about B.C. 588. He is said to have had 550 incarnations! Buddhism reached its apex of prosperity under the Emperor Azoka, B.C. 242, who became a convert to it, and who inscribed his decrees on the pillars which he dedicated to the Sun, at Karlí, Allahabad, Delhi, and other places. Mahendra, the son of Azoka, carried Buddhisn to Ceylon.

We partly rode, and partly walked, to the furthest cave, which forms part of the northern series, which is of Buddhist or Jainá origin, the middle caves being Brahminical, and the southern pure Buddhist. Indra Sabhá is entered by a fine gateway; on the left is a monolith pillar, surmounted by four Buddhas, and on the right an elephant of black stone. The temple, which stands in the centre of the court, is cut out of the living rock, like every other part of these wonderful monuments of labour and art. It is pyramidical, supported by pillars. A flight of steep steps leads to an upper story, which is square, with a sort of vestibule running the whole length of it. At one end is a colossal figure of Indra, seated on a tiger, both coloured with red lead, and at the other is his wife, Indraní. The ceiling is very beautiful; it is supported by low square pillars, the arabesques on which are quite Grecian, and superior to anything of the sort I have seen in India, a sort of acanthus pattern. In a smaller apartment beyond, is a figure of Buddh. The pillars on each side of the doorway, when quickly rubbed, emit a sound like a drum. There are many smaller chambers attached to this temple, with Buddhs in each. I cannot pretend to give an accurate account of the caves, for they are so numerous and extensive, that such a rapid view of them as we had, is not sufficient to enable one to remember each particular. In one of them, there were three circles marked on the floor, forming the three points of a triangle, meant, we were told, as places for human sacrifice.

The Durmá Lena, another grand cave, has couchant lions at each door. It is a Brahminical temple, somewhat resembling Elephanta. The outer part is composed of an Egyptian sort of colonnade, beyond which is a square temple, with eight colossal janitors, one on each side of its four doors. Descending some steps on the right, there is a striking view; during the rains the water pours from a hole in a neighbouring rock in a

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cascade from 80 to 100 feet. There are many horrid images of Shiva, or his wife, Kalí, or Parwatí, with many arms, impaling one infant, holding another by the hair, and the hands filled with every sort of weapon. Then we came to Kailas, or Paradise, the most wonderful of the temples. There is first a fine square gateway with a pillar or obelisk, and an elephant on either side. Then a pyramidical temple, 100 feet high, and beyond, a spacious hall. The upper stories of the temple and hall are connected by bridges, and the whole is most elaborately carved. The hall is supported by huge stone lions and elephants fighting with each other, and the exterior of the temple is covered with bas-relief, representing Rani's conquests in Ceylon, where assisted by an army of monkeys, he delivered the gods, and his wife, Sita, from captivity. If for gods, you read Brahmans, who are so called and so considered, and for monkeys, wild hill-tribes, there is little difficulty in discerning the true basis of this fabulous history, allowing for such poetic embellishments as those we saw represented; for instance, the monkeys carrying mountains on their heads, and Hanúmán, the monkey-god, providing a seat for his tired leader, Ram, by coiling up his tail till it was nearly as high as Ram himself, who comfortably reposes on the top. The upper story of the gateway contains an image of Siva's bull.

On entering the great hall, we observed a Suniasi, or devotee, ghastly from being besmeared with ashes. There were two others in one of the dark aisles, who prudently kept out of sight, as they were entirely devoid of clothing. This great hall is about sixty-six feet by fifty-five; the roof is carved to imitate rafters; the ceiling is only sixteen or seventeen feet high. Close by is an unfinished temple of Siva, which shows the method in which the temples were excavated. They were begun at the bottom. By this temple is an immense colonnade, filled with bas-reliefs of the incarnations or miracles of Siva. In one a Thug is represented strangling a Brahman, who is worshipping an emblem of Siva, who comes to the rescue and kicks over the Thug; in another he is disembowelling a man; in a third, he has horse's legs, as one of the Brahmans explained, "for galloping on the sea." Many of these figures have ten or twelve arms; they give one a vivid idea of the mingled puerility and cruelty of the Brahminical creed.

At some distance is a very fine Buddhistical cave, almost as fine as that of Karlí. The Dahgób is very fine, and in front of it is a colossal figure of Buddh seated, with an attendant on either side, their ears drooping to the shoulders, from the insertion of immense ornaments in the lobe. It is curious to remark the mitres and the nimbus, or glory, on the heads of so many Buddhistical figures. It may be considered proved, that Buddhism is the source of Monasticism. It extended to Bámian (as we see by the colossal figures there), to Persia, where it had a great affinity with some of the Zoroastrian tenets, and to Alexandria. The latter city was the birth-place of the Eclectic School, and Egypt was the birthplace of the Monastic System. Gnostic doctrines of the sinfulness of matter, and consequently of the body *per se*, mingled with Buddhistical ideas of abnegation and a life of celestial meditation, hence the fanatic austerities and seclusion of Simon Stylites and others. Several of the Alexandrian fathers give a detailed account of Buddhist doctrines.

We returned to Rozah, and rested in a large and beautiful mausoleum, which was far cooler than the tents. The heat was extreme. Left about three o'clock. Captain Sutherland Orr has been telling me of the late outbreak at Darúr. He visited the Fort about a month previous, and found the unfortunate Rohillas (chiefly Afghâns) confined at the bottom

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of an old well, in a state of filth and misery that *could not* be described. He said it made his blood boil to see them. A month after, they overpowered their guard—did *not* hang the Killadar, but behaved with great moderation, victualled the Fort, and held it until Brigadier Beatson forced them to surrender. Being now in our hands, they have certainly gained by their move. Brigadier Beatson mentioned that fine trait in the French army, where the memory of the gallant Latour d'Auvergne, the "Premier Grenadier de France," is preserved to this day by his name being the first on the roll-call. When the answer is given, "*Pas ici;*" "*Où est-il?*" and then comes the thrilling reply, "*Mort sur le champ de bataille.*" Who can tell how many soldiers those six words have made?

Colonel Twemlow has a volume of the "Dnyanodaya"—a Marathi paper, published by the American Mission. I will give you two or three facts I gleaned from it. It shows that caste is falling. A scholar of the Elphinstone Institution (not a Christian school) writes of many of his countrymen,—"They have no more faith in Jesus Christ than in their own religion. They believe the Jesus of the English and the Krishna of the Hindús to be alike impostors."

In the same letter he argues against the idea of caste. A native paper, the "Prubhakar," openly advocates toleration; laughs to scorn the Brahmans for threatening loss of caste to those who send their children to the Missionary schools; and exhorts converts and inquirers "to weigh the respective merits of Christianity and Hinduism, and if they adopt the former to be good and thorough Christians." "The educated Hindus ask in what caste consists? A man is not a Brahman till he has assumed the sacred cord; eating with another caste disqualifies him, and yet re-admission can be purchased by money. A Sepahi having been converted, his caste offered to pay his expenses of his re-admission to caste, if he would apostatize." Another curious fact is, that secret societies exist, to which men and women of all castes belong—Brahmans, Marwadís, Mahars, Gosavis, &c.; the condition of their admission is eating meat and drinking spirits in common. These societies, though altogether evil, must be instrumental in weakening the prejudices of caste. Spirit drinking and intoxication seem to be far more prevalent in the Western Presidency and the Dekkan than in the upper provinces. At Elichpúr all the lower orders drink, women included. Madras and Goa cooks almost invariably do so. At the same time the Goa people (*i.e.*, Portuguese, Roman Catholics) will seldom suffer their wives to enter into European service, thinking it disreputable. Another curious fact is, that (as I have mentioned before) Romanists, Hindús, and Mussalmáns amalgamate after a time, so that the Hindús celebrate the Muharram; Mussalmáns have adopted the Hindú idea of caste; and Brahmans will perform Vedantic ceremonies in the house of a Goa woman. Mr. Murray Mitchell has himself seen Hindús making offerings in the Romanist chapels near Bombay. The "Dnyanodaya" gives some frightful details of the Charak Pújá, or Hook-worship, when infatuated devotees, swing themselves round in the air by hooks inserted in the back. It says that this practice is diminished in Calcutta, but nowhere else, though it receives no sanction from the Shasters; and it justly remarks that this self-torture is as fit a subject for prohibition by Government as Satí was. This paper also relates a case which occurred at Nagur, where a mother was bound over in a penalty of one hundred rupees not to injure her own children, she having given poison to two of her daughters who had become Christians. The poor girls were very ill in consequence, and even delirious.

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Monday, 10th.—Rode to Umlapúr. Went on in the evening to Waragam. Past a tenantless fort, and just after, a place where a tiger had killed a poor cloth-merchant and another man, only on Saturday; so we closed up our ranks, and went slowly on account of those on foot. C. put a young lad (the brother of one of our Saises) on his own horse, for he was quite knocked up, and so was I by the time we arrived.

Wednesday, March 12th.—We halted. The heat was great, even with tatties. Found a poor Telinga man and his daughter (Romanists) going to Jalan, to a son of his, in great distress, having sold even the girl's sari to buy food. She had a fever, and though they had a Lotah or brass vessel, they had no string, and "nothing to draw with, and the wells are deep;" so that they have often been obliged to wait half the day, under the burning sun, until some traveller came up who had a rope. We kept them the day, and sent them on with the return escort the next morning. At Umlapúr I tried an experiment, by sending our old Sikh into the town with tracts for sale. He sold about a dozen (chiefly to Brahmans), though most of the men were out at work.

Thursday, March 13th.—The heat was dreadful. This morning we had a very pretty ride, and saw a large sounder, or herd of boar-pigs, about fifteen of them; a huge old boar bringing up the rear. The roads give one a lively idea of what roads are "before they are made;" at the same time, the country is so level and fertile that fifty rupees a mile is my husband's calculation for making really good roads, besides a few ghats. We are now ascending a little. This evening, the jungle we passed through was on fire in many places, enough to look pretty but not enough to frighten the horses.

Saturday, March 15th.—Rode into Elichpúr; the neighbourhood is certainly most beautiful. We entered by the city, where I had never been. The Sawars actually could not show us the way to cantonments!

Chikaldah, Tuesday, April 8th.—Since then C. and I have been living in our own house, improving and adding to it. We inspect everything, and think there is much more pleasure in a house which one has, as it were, built oneself, superintending everything, and thinking of everything, than in a far finer one, done to one's hand. One whole day did we toil in papering the drawing-room, measuring the paper, showing them how to put it on, and fixing on the border. Orderlies, Khalasis, Chaprasis, servants, and all, worked with wonderful zeal, and would scarcely leave off. Two sides of the room were done, and really well done. We all rejoiced in chorus, over our cleverness and the beauty of our room, when C. heard crack, crack, and the paper and size on one side bulged out, and when we came back from our ride, almost all one side had fallen down! Thakur is a very fine young Rajput. My husband has been visiting him twice daily, at the Fort. He was delirious for some days, and solemnly warned my husband against a Mussalman, who, he said, was following him to kill him. He then upbraided Mangal. "You call yourself the Sahib's follower," said he, "and there you sit, and don't take a step to defend his life! you 'asal úlú!' 'you genuine owl!'" Mangal was in great distress about his brother, especially as they have just lost their mother, but now that Thakur is better, he is inexpressibly diverted at the recollection of these fancies. I never saw a more beautiful face when he is amused, it is like that of the laughing fawn, only with a much more noble expression; every feature beams mirth.

April 7th.—C. went on a shooting expedition to a place called Mazan Am, or the Corpse Mango, from a body having been buried beneath it. The Gonds disinter the bones of their friends a certain time after death,

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and then bury them again under some great tree. My husband's informant added, "Ismen bhóte ilm hai," "This requires *great* science."

A poor woman came the other day to appeal to my husband. Her story was a very sad one. It appears that about eighteen months ago she and her daughter, a girl of thirteen, were on their way to Nagpùr, where she has a brother, when their means failed, and they were obliged to stop halfway at a village within the Nagpùr territories, where this poor woman earned her living by the labour of her hands. The headman of the village cast his eyes upon the young girl, forcibly took her from her mother, and, after keeping her in his house upwards of a year, murdered her, and threw her into a well. The poor mother found her daughter's body floating on the water, all mangled and disfigured, and taking her lotah, and a tiny bundle a foot long, came here for justice. The old Pandit, in interpreting her story, added sadly, "These things are too common here." This shocking case occurred in the Nagpùr territory, and my husband is prevented from even forwarding any representation of it. The poor woman, a few days after her arrival, showed evident signs of derangement, though there is no reason to suspect the truth of her story.

The same day a poor old Gond came to complain of the murder of his son. Crimes among the Gonds are extremely rare. They are a very primitive simple people, with much of the Tartar in their physiognomy. Their language has no affinity with Marathì, or Hindùi, or any of the Sanskrit family of languages, but is considered to have much resemblance to Tamil, and the other tongues of Southern India; they have no written language, and no part of the Scriptures has ever existed in their tongue, even in MS. Those of the interior understand no language but their own, even here only a few of them have picked up a few Hindustanì words, so that they are shut out from instruction. Mr. Hunter of Nagpùr, however, informs us that efforts in their behalf will speedily be made by the Baptist Mission at Ságar. They are the same at the Khunds of the west of Orissa. They inhabit a portion of the Sátpura Range, about one hundred miles in length, between the Tapti on the N. and Púrna Rivers; and are divided into two castes, the Gonds Proper, and the Nihâls, who are the Dhers (or low caste) of the Hills, and who were nearly exterminated by the Mussalmâns, who are said to have brought the Gonds from the North to replace them. The Tartar Physiognomy of the Gonds is in favour of this hypothesis, but the nature of their language is against it.

The Nihâls are herdsmen and sweepers—they carry loads, act as guides and watchmen, and for these services, a piece of land, tax free, in every village is cultivated and reaped for them by the Gonds. The two castes do not intermarry, but have the same religion; they have no temples, priests, or images; they worship stones, and appear to be Hindùs only from imitation of their neighbours. Both Gonds and Nihâls bury their dead. The Nihâl is said to be given to theft, but the Gonds are honest, quiet cultivators of the land, truthful, and easily contented. They are exceedingly ignorant, and are said to have no words for numbers above twelve; they have no artificial irrigation, no trades, not even weaving, and are wretchedly poor and ill-clothed. They are allowed two wives, and have a curious custom of buying their spouses.

A young Gond, the servant of our huntsman, Mangal Sing, paid a sum of money for a girl, and then served her father a certain number of years (as is their custom) to make up the balance of her value. After the father had got all he could from his son-in-law, he made arrangements for selling

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his daughter over again to another person, and the young Gond, finding she was not averse to the transfer, declined having anything more to do with her, and demanded back the price he had paid for her. This the grasping father refused, so Mangal appealed on his behalf to my husband, who, though he has no authority over the Gonds, used his personal influence in the matter, which was satisfactorily settled. Divorces are very rare among them. The Gonds have music at their feasts, which is not allowed to the Nihâls. Their instruments are a Dhol and Dholki, *i. e.*, a large and small drum and fife. They erect a wooden pillar, on which the figure of a horse, and the sun and moon, are rudely carved, in front of the hut of a newly married couple, where it remains till it decays, but they can give no explanation of this custom. They have sorcerers, who are consulted at births and marriages, and who use incantations to render tigers harmless. I believe there is no doubt that they offer human sacrifices to propitiate their idols in time of calamity. The Gond sorcerers are much respected by the Hindús and in the plains.

The Nihâls sometimes have bows and arrows: the Gonds have no arms but a hatchet. Their huts are low sheds of "tats," *i. e.*, walls of thatch; and their villages are unwalled. They have elective, not hereditary Patels, and Chowdris, or assistant Patels, each of whom has one plough of ground free of tax. The only tax is about five rupees on each plough: this is levied on the whole village. The population is now so small, that there are not above three persons to a square mile, whereas formerly the hills were so populous, that a proverb tells of the villages being only a peacock's flight from each other, and of the sound of the drum being heard from village to village throughout the hills. The Gaulis assimilate closely to the Gonds; but no other Ryots ever settle in the hills. Their decrease in numbers is partly owing to the invasions of the Peshwa and the Elichpúr Nawáb, at the beginning of this century, and to the great famine of 1803, which desolated this part of the country; but the revenue of the most fertile portion of Gondwana is said to have decreased three-fourths since that period. This is owing to the oppression under which they at present groan, owing to the removal of their hereditary Rajahs.

The history of the principal Jaghir (fief) will give a pretty good idea of that of the rest. The ancestor of the Makhla Rajah was a Chuàn Rájput, to whom one of the Mussalman Emperors granted about 2000 square miles of territory in perpetuity, with extensive Haqs (privileges) and Inám lands in the low country. This grant was confirmed by Alamghír. No conditions are stated, but they were understood to be, guarding the northern frontier of the Dakkan. Accordingly, the Makhla Rajah resisted all attacks until 1812, when Zitkhuru, the brother of the Rajah, on some family quarrel, sought the assistance of Salabat Khan, the Nawáb of Elichpúr, and the contest ended in the elder brother, Abdul Sing, being established at Makhlah, and Zitkhuru at Mhailghàt. Soon after, Chatter Sahib, ex-Rajah of Sattara, having taken refuge in the hills, the Peshwah sent 20,000 men, under his golden standard, from Puná, who drove out both the brothers, and left garrisons of Sindís at Makhlah and Mhailghàt, and an Arab force in the plains to support them. Abdul Sing, having escaped from captivity, destroyed the Sindí garrisons, but was again expelled by the Arabs. The British having taken possession of Puná and Nagpúr, the Arabs withdrew voluntarily: and when, in 1818, the British came to Elichpúr, they were joined by Sálabat Khan, on whose representations they put his troops in possession of the Makhla Jaghír.

This was the more inexcusable on our part, as the Gond Rajahs had

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always shown themselves friendly. In 1803 the Duke, then General Wellesley, had recommended that they should be treated with liberality; and in 1818-19 Captain Jones and Major Grant, commanding at Gawilghar, reported the services of the Makhla Rajah, by which Captain Jones's detachment had been saved from disaster. Captain J. says, "From what I observed in my march through Makhla, I am confident that the Rajah is beloved by the Gonds, and has great control over them. He is looked up to as the head of the Gonds of the range, and appears to be perfectly attached to the British Government."

Notwithstanding this, all the Rajahs were dispossessed save two, the Bhìl Rajah Shabàz of Bingarah, and one Gond Rajah, Zuráwan Sing. The Makhla Rajah was reduced to extreme indigence; and the Elichpúr Nawáb of course opposed any investigation with all his might. The father of the present Rajah was about to be restored by the Haiderabad Government, in 1825, when he unfortunately died, and his son never could get his claims inquired into, until, in 1841, the Gond Rajahs were confirmed as stipendiaries of Government, on condition of finally relinquishing all watandári (feudal) and proprietary claims on their Jághirs in the hills.* Extreme need compelled these chiefs to accept terms so unfair to them and so injurious to their people.

Captain B. Johnstone, in 1842, suggested 250 rupees a-month, as compensation to the Makhla Rajah. The rule is, to give two-thirds of the value of the Jaghir. He is, therefore, justly entitled to a total of 13,683 rupees per annum, instead of 3000!

The result to the Gonds is nothing less than gradual extermination. The country is still nominally subject to the Rajahs, but they are forbidden to exercise any authority or interfere in any way, and yet are made responsible for disorders! All authority is in the hands of the local Náibs and Zemindárs, who do not reside among the people, and who are liable to be changed every six months. Their only object is, therefore, to make as much money as they can during their precarious tenure of office. The Gonds are left without protection, to their rapacity; and being a free, wild and sensitive people, it is their custom, when suffering from undue extortion, to make a heap of their property, set fire to it, and abandon the place. The poor old Patel of Chikaldah was put in irons by the Killadár of Gawilghar, who wished to force him to increase the tax paid for his herds of buffalos, and to give up the rent of some officers' Bungalows, which justly belonged to him.

No sooner was the old man released than he deserted the place with his whole family, and would probably never have returned had he not relied on obtaining some redress through the Brigadier. The same misery would occur in any other place, if the Zemindárs, or hereditary landholders, were withdrawn; and of course, so ignorant a people as the Gonds are peculiarly defenceless when deprived of their Chiefs. Should the present system be persisted in, the Gonds will be extinct in ten or fifteen years, and these lovely hills will become the abode of robbers, who may make us pay dearly for our apathy towards the sufferings of their harmless predecessors. The only way to secure the Gonds from undue taxation and breaches of faith, is to act on the recommendation of Captain T. H. Bullock, in a report sent to Government in 1847, and restore the Rajás to their hereditary rights. They possess the confidence and affection of the people, and would be as formerly, the medium of

* Khurn Sing and Jabber Sing, aged relatives of the Raja, were eye-witnesses of these events, and are, I believe, still living.

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communication between them and the Government. Tara Sing, the Dhulghât Rájá, still retains some of his Zemindári rights. Dhulghât is one of the great passes through the hills. Another is Bingarrah, where there is a Bhíl Raja. It is just on the boundary between the Gond and Bhíl territory.

Captain O'Brien has just established a school at Makhla, which is likely to be well attended, but the Gonds of this region will be extinct (at the present rate of depopulation) before they are educated, unless the British Government interfere. Another matrimonial case was brought before my husband a little while ago. A young and rather nice looking girl came to complain that a man three times her age claimed her as his wife; she said—"I am not his wife, I never was betrothed to him, or if I was, it was when I was too little to know anything about it. He has only one arm, and rather than marry him, I will kill myself."

Truly, a residence in India is sufficient to make one most arbitrary and unreasonable in European eyes. One can get almost anything done, simply by insisting upon it. For instance, the bearer could not make some little wicks which I burn at night. After incessant failures my husband fined him four annas (sixpence), and my lamp has never gone out since, but burns upwards of twelve hours at a time.

CHAPTER XXVI.

August 30th.—Truly, this land groans because of oppression. We were gardening the other day, when an elderly man with a long black beard accosted my husband. His name was Saiad Hasan, a merchant of Multán, and it appeared that his younger brother had set off for this country with four elephants and a rich stock of merchants. When the Rohilla disturbances took place about three years ago, they were made the pretext for seizing every stranger from whom any profit could be extracted, and among others, Saiad Khairulla, whose property was confiscated, and he himself cast into prison, where he has remained ever since. His brother came in search of him (more than many European brothers would do, but family ties are certainly more strongly felt here), and spent all his substance in endeavouring to obtain his release at Haiderabad. An order was at length sent to the Nazim (or Nawab), in which the name of the elder brother Saiad Hasan was inserted (whether out of knavery or mistake) instead of that of the prisoner, who was consequently kept fast. Saiad Hasan in despair came to my husband who wrote a friendly note to the Nazim, pointing out the mistake, and in a few days Saiad Khairullah came up to express his gratitude. His property was gone past recovery, so we gave them letters and some little assistance towards their journey to Multan. Khairullah was a very handsome, cheerful looking man, with such a bright smile, that it was wonderful how he could have retained it after such an imprisonment. We heard of a frightful instance of similar oppression when at Arungabad. An old Afghán who had received a grant of land for good service done in his youth to the Nizam's Government, was seized by an English officer as a Rohilla. In vain his neighbours bore testimony to his character for upwards of five and twenty years, and the estimation in which he was held as a peaceable Zemindar, the white bearded man was thrust into that abominable dungeon at Darúr and died there in great misery.

Will you believe the following story on the testimony of an eye

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witness? Our Munshí Badrudín is ready to swear that he saw it "many years ago when he was a very young man." A mad dog bit a horse which was tied to a Mango tree that had long been noted for the excellence of its fruit. The horse became raving mad, tore great pieces out of his own flesh, and out of the bark of the tree, and finally died. In a short time the Mango tree withered away and died too. A woodman seeing a dry tree began to cut it down, a splinter flew off and hit him on the crown of the head. "It drew two or three drops of blood, not more," said the accurate Munshi, "nevertheless in a short time the unfortunate man began to bark like a dog, to tear his flesh like the horse, and became raving mad. A bystander said 'It is time to put him out of his misery,' so he threw a little cold water in his face and his spirit departed."

Our potatoes have all failed this year—after promising fairly they have unaccountably withered away. We thought the cause might be the unusually heavy rains, but the gardener attributes it to some persons of no caste, pariahs, having looked upon them! Did you know that potatoes were so aristocratic? The strawberry plants seem stronger minded, for they are flourishing.

To my great amusement C. is tyrannized over by an old woman, the servant of our Munshi, who "flytes" him *secundem artem*. He was standing outside speaking to the Munshi the other day when she came up with her hand full of vegetables which we had sent to the Munshi. "Look here," she said, "do you call these vegetables? They are sticks! How can I cook such vegetables? Are such as these fit for my master?" (They were certainly very odd-looking hard things.) "Do you call these vegetables? Do you send such as these to my master? A fine present truly! There are your vegetables," cried she, throwing them down at his feet in a transport of scornful indignation, leaving the Munshi transfixed with shame and horror at seeing the Brigadier Sáhib so treated.

Another day she met my husband, "I am very cold," said she, "look at my clothes. You are called the cherisher of the poor, why don't you give me some?" Whereupon C. humbled himself in her presence and shortly after gave her a piece of cloth, for which the poor old thing was very thankful.

"Le Glaneur Missionaire" came by post the other morning as we were standing in the verandah. C. showed the people a picture it contained of the Egyptians buying food from Joseph. This led him to read the whole history of Joseph to a most attentive circle of orderlies, chaprasis, and servants. They were quite touched by it; and when Jacob lamented for his son, and Joseph recognised Benjamin, tears stood in the eyes of several.

Soon after we had a great treat in the shape of a visit from Mr. Hislop and Mr. Hunter, of the Free Kirk Mission at Nagpúr. They stayed with us about a fortnight preaching in the city, at the Missionary-house, as well as almost daily to our servants. They were accompanied by several native Christians. One of them was a most zealous colporteur, who sold many books in the city, and thought nothing of walking as far as to Akote (thirty miles) in one day, and to Amritsir another, for the same purpose. Baba Pandurang, the Brahman lad, who, having taken refuge in the British cantonments, which, by treaty, are considered strictly as British territory, was delivered up by the Acting Resident, Captain Ramsay, to the Nagpúr authorities, by whom he was cast into prison for no other crime than professing Christianity, was also with

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them. By imprisonment, threats, and entreaties, he was at last persuaded to comply with some idolatrous rites; but he was no sooner his own master, than he returned to the Missionaries. He is not yet baptized. It appears that the British authorities at Nagpúr have generally opposed the Gospel. Brigadier S—— put a stop to the labours of a Bible colporteur in Nagpúr, though the native authorities made no objection to them, and though the agents of the Madras Bible Society freely carry on their work in the territories of the native princes.

Objections much more frequently come from nominal Christians than from the heathen. For instance, an excellent officer, Captain William Hare, of the Nizam's service, was threatened with dismissal by the Resident at Haiderabad for allowing Sepâhis to be present at his family worship, which was in Hindùstanì. He did not urge, but simply permitted their attendance; they came of their own free will, yet a so-called Christian forbade their doing so! I am happy to say that the present Resident at Nagpúr, Mr. Mansell, lately presided at an examination of the Mission Schools.

Few people at home know that the British authorities still countenance idolatrous ceremonies by their presence. Whether this be merely from custom, or in consequence of express orders from the Supreme Government, I do not know; but neither can justify it.

This is the case at Gwalior, Indore Baroda, and Nagpúr, if not elsewhere. An officer described to me a solemn Hindù sacrifice, at which he was present, in the suite of Sir Henry Pottinger. At Nagpúr the Resident annually makes an official visit to the Rajáh, on the occasion of that most degrading saturnalia—of which educated natives are thoroughly ashamed—the Holi festival; and a former Resident even submitted to be sprinkled with the red powder used by the natives on this occasion. No Mussalmán Government ever degraded themselves thus.

Again, the Dasára is the only time in the year when the Brigadier and troops at Nagpúr are drawn out to salute the Rajáh. As the Hindú prince is on his way to worship a tree, and as the troops march ten miles into his dominions for the purpose of saluting him on this, and no other day in the year, the natives naturally consider the honour as paid to the feast, and not so much to the prince. At Baroda, when the Resident and the Gaikawar were not on friendly terms, the former refused to be present at the festival of Ganpati, in consequence of which no royal honours were paid to the idol.

This shows that were the British everywhere permanently to refuse attending idolatrous festivals, the step would materially diminish the importance, and hasten the disuse of these feasts; and the natives would be convinced, contrary to their present opinion, that our Government does not sanction idolatry. Even on the score of worldly and sinful expediency there is no plea for sanctioning idolatrous festivals. The heathen would only respect us the more for respecting our own religion. A proof of this occurred at Travancúr in 1848. "A European officer, of the Nair Brigade (that is, the Rajah's own troops), felt aggrieved at being required, in the ordinary course of his duty, to attend his Highness at the celebration of an idolatrous ceremony, and appealed to his commandant on the subject. On the case being referred to the Rajah, he at once dispensed with the attendance of the European officers at all Hindu ceremonies for the future. Mr. Hislop justly remarks, "Why should European officers (and soldiers) under a Christian Government, not enjoy the same immunity as those under a heathen prince?"

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Mr. Hislop began the Mission at Nagpúr in 1845. He is just fit for a missionary pioneer—a man full of bodily and mental energy, practical sense, and indomitable determination. He was joined, in 1847, by Mr. Hunter, who is of a gentle, poetical, sensitive temperament, great refinement of mind, and extraordinary accuracy and readiness in the use of his extensive acquirements, spiritual in his conversation, and altogether a sort of Melancthon to Mr. Hislop. They seem admirably suited to each other, from their diversity of character and oneness of purpose.

On their return to Nagpúr, one of their colporteurs was seized at a village on the road, and put in prison. The Missionaries went straight to the palace (some circumstances preventing their applying to the Resident); they proved that the convert had committed no civil offence, and his release was immediately granted by the Rajah, with permission for him to continue his labours. They, therefore, sent him back to the village where he was arrested, in order that he might make known the Rajah's acknowledgment of his right to circulate the Scriptures, by resuming the sale of them from the place where he had been interrupted, up to Nagpúr. We have since heard from Mr. Hislop. He writes:—

"You will be pleased to learn, that certain encouragements given to idolatry, by the British here, are to be abolished. Among these we reckon the inscription of "Shri" (an invocation to Ganpati) on official documents, and the use of Ganges water in the administration of oaths to Hindus. Still the countenance afforded to Hindu festivals continues. Since the new Resident came, he has paid the annual visit to the Palace on the Holi; and, last week, he and the military were out with great parade, saluting the Raja on the Dásara. These things ought not so to be; and I trust that all Christians in Britain will unite in earnestly striving for their discontinuance."

We spent the hot weather and rains as usual at Chikaldah.

August 21st.—We made an expedition into the jungle, accompanied by divers Chaprásis armed with swords to cut our way through the creepers, to see some waterfalls. They were very fine; three were visible from one spot; and they must have been 600 or 800 feet in depth. The jungle was in its greatest beauty, abounding in lovely flowers and creepers of every hue, manifesting the rich luxuriance of Nature in a tropical clime. We picked some leaves about four feet long. There was a grand fight, at Amrauti, about January. I cannot give the exact particulars of the quarrel, which was between the Governor and the Commandant of the troops, and caused by breach of faith on the part of the Nizám's Government. However, the Commandant, a Golúnt Rájput, Bhowani Sing by name, threw himself, with a small party, into the travelling Bungalow, blocked up the doors, and fortified himself by hollowing out the floor, so that his men were safe, even when they brought artillery against him; and, after a most gallant defence, for about three days, until the house was reduced to a heap of ruins, he managed to escape into cantonments, where my husband gave him refuge on parole, and afterwards sent an escort with him, to Haiderabad, to secure him from being murdered on the way. He was a thin wiry man, with deep set eyes, aquiline nose, and a most melancholy determined expression. He died, not long after, at Haiderabad. This unfortunate country is still in a very disturbed condition. Long after peace was considered as "restored," the most frightful excesses were of daily occurrence in the city of Elichpúr; and now that the Nawáb has, I know not how, managed to get the Rohillas out of the city, they have gone off towards Amrauti and Hingoli, and the whole country, in that direction, is en-

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during all manner of atrocities at their hands. Children are carried off as hostages, until their parents pay a heavy ransom; merchants are plundered of all their money, our own carts were stopped near Jalná (the other side of the country), the drivers robbed of everything, and one of them speared, and the carts only allowed to proceed because they belonged to a Sáhib; while about July, one of our servants, who had leave for two months, returned suddenly from his home, which lies towards Hingoli, on account of the ravages committed in that quarter by the Rohillas. And during scenes of this kind (of which I have given a very faint picture) the Contingent was forced to sit still and do nothing! In July, however, my husband was, at length, allowed to send out a force against a body of Rohillas, who had mutinied for want of pay (so even the Rohillas are unjustly treated), but hearing all sorts of terrible reports, that he would give no quarter, and send artillery against them, they dispersed themselves before they could be attacked.

A Thuggi Establishment has recently been sent up here from Bungalore. Lieutenant Grant, the officer in charge of it, was full of zeal, and sanguine of doing wonders in so fertile a field for his exertions. He was supplied from Haiderabad with a list of from 300 to 400 Dacoits (robbers), and was informed that this part of the country was swarming with plunderers, who flourish under the fostering care of the Zemindárs, Talukdars, and others in power. He was furnished with about twenty-five Najíbs (soldiers of the Nizam's private army) to carry out his orders, and with a Sadar Akham (mandate of the Supreme Court of Justice; and directed by General Fraser not to attempt arrests where opposition might be offered, but to refer all such cases to the Resident.

Mr. Grant was speedily overwhelmed by complaints from the inhabitants of the district, of robberies, accompanied by murder, violence, and outrages of every description, committed both by day and night, by individuals who were well known, and their place of residence pointed out—whose names, moreover, figured in the lists furnished by the Haiderabad authorities. As soon, however, as he attempted to commence operations, he found that Náibs, Patels, and others in authority, turned out their entire villages to oppose arrests, and to rescue those who had been apprehended. These villages chiefly belong to the Nawáb of Elichpúr, who has become quite imbecile, and is a mere tool in the hands of his Munchis, who systematically and openly perpetrate and encourage every species of oppression and outrage, for the sake of sharing the spoil.

Mr. Grant represented this defiance of all law to the Nawáb; brought before him clear, undeniable instances of resistance on the part of his subordinates, by rescuing prisoners, and detaining stolen property when actually pointed out to them; and this in the face of the Sadar Akham, which had been exhibited in every case to the authorities, all of whom openly ridiculed the idea of rendering obedience to it, or to the mandates of any other ruler on earth. The cases were too glaring even for native duplicity to deny or palliate; but Hirá Pasád, the Nawáb's own Munshi, re-echoed the contempt expressed by the district officials for the Sadar Akham, the Nizám, the British Government in general, and the Thuggi office at Elichpúr in particular. Mr. Grant then represented his powerless condition to General Fraser, specifying the time, place, and names in each separate instance, and requesting to be allowed to call upon the brigadier for military aid, stating his opinion that it would be unnecessary actually to do so; for that the knowledge that he would be backed, if necessary, by the troops, would be sufficient to ensure obedience.

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In reply, he received fresh Akhams from the Sadar at Haiderabad; fresh injunctions "to act with great care, and avoid coming into collision with the local authorities of the Nizam's Government,"—and the requisition for military aid was refused!

A magistrate might just as reasonably direct a policeman to avoid coming into collision with the burglar he is sent to apprehend, or refuse to send two policemen when one is not sufficient.

Mr. Grant, according to orders, sent the fresh Akhams to the Nawab of Elichpûr, and again requested the delivery of the rescued prisoners. Hira Pasad, on seeing the new Akham, laughed outright before the Daffadar and party, who had brought it, and asked "if they thought the Nawab, his master, was a fool or a coward, to be frightened by two Akhams? No, he would do nothing; there would be plenty of Akhams coming." Mr. Grant sent a statement of this conduct to the Resident, giving the very words of the insolent Munshi; representing the uselessness of these Akhams, and the contempt and ridicule they brought upon him. In reply—will it be believed?—he received another Akham! to which, when he transmitted it to the Nawab, merely a verbal reply was sent. The whole Thuggi establishment is thus rendered worse than useless.

Just before the rains, we were attracted by seeing the jungle on fire beneath us. We rode to the edge, and the most magnificent sight met our eyes. A light white smoke hung over the precipice down which we looked, just sufficient to envelope the trees in a kind of haze, while beneath, the flames hissed and roared, and, catching the long grass, ran along the sides of the hills in sinuous paths, until at last there appeared a moving river of fire at the bottom of the gorge. In one place we only perceived the fire by the ruddy light behind the trees; in another, as the darkness fell, the flames got the mastery, and raged and roared, and wrapped the whole mountain side in a sheet of glare. We sat, as it were, transfixed with wonder and admiration, until long after dark.

We have been greatly gratified by the gallant behaviour of our dear regiment. The 37th Bengal Native Infantry having refused to volunteer for Burmah, on account of the sea voyage, the 3rd Regiment of Sikh Local Infantry immediately did so, and were followed by the 4th. My husband felt it his duty to offer to go with the corps he had raised, but the Government refused to let him do so; though he would gladly have served under Captain Bean, in order to take his men into action for the first time.

As a proof of the sort of men our Sikhs are, I give you an extract from the "Delhi Gazette," describing their march down the country in the midst of the rains:—"The 4th Sikh Regiment was marching during the whole of these four days. They carried palkees on their heads with ladies, through the torrents, which were running like sluices; harnessed themselves, in numbers of thirty and forty, to heavy hackeries, and literally dragged them through the stream—the men plunging and shouting, backwards and forwards, through a tide which no European would have liked to brave. For five days they have been drenched to the skin, and almost without food, there being none to be bought anywhere, and no place to cook, as the whole country was under water; and when, after one awful day's march, they arrived at their destination,—a perfect Slough of Despond,—though there was nothing to eat, they immediately stripped to their usual sports, and wrestled with each other with as much buoyancy and spirit as if they had been on a dry parade-ground. They are now on the banks of the Jumna, which in breadth at this moment

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may compare itself to its big brother river-god, old Gungajee."—*Delhi Gazette, 4th September*, 1852.

A young Brahman Sepáhi of the regiment, Matadin by name, was baptized some months ago by the Missionaries at Loodiana. They speak very well of him; and we have also received an excellent report of him from one of his officers.

A tiger having killed a buffalo quite near our house, a bullock was picketed, and most of our party accompanied my husband at night to the porch of an empty house in the hope of seeing it; but the tiger went to the back of the house towards the cattle-pen, whereupon the Gaulis (cowherds) loosed the great bull buffalo, the monarch of the herd, who is always kept outside the fold, where he watches all night; and urged by the peculiar cry of the Gaulis, the whole herd followed their leader in chase of the enemy. The cries of the men, and the thundering gallop of the buffaloes were very exciting, and completely put the tiger to flight.

The next night another attempt was made, and an arm-chair and innumerable cloaks having been sent over for me, I determined to sit up also. The verandah and porch were completely in shadow, and filled with people; none of us daring to speak or even move; in front was a little plot of grass, in the midst of which the unfortunate heifer was picketed; every now and then giving tokens of the approach of danger, by rocking from side to side, and lowing mournfully. Beyond it was the deep precipice up which we expected the tiger to come, and in the distance was the rich Valley of Birár, bathed in a flood of moonlight. I never saw anything more beautiful—the brilliant moonbeams, the profound silence, and the lovely scenery where the spurs of the hills joined the plains, made it like a fairy scene. So far from waiting being tedious, as I had feared, it was most exciting. Every time the hélah (victim) moved, we held our breath with anxiety. We saw something dark moving among the grass afar off. It came slowly forwards—there were two,—they quickened their pace, and their awkward trot as they advanced into the moonlight showed at once two huge boars, who went grunting and snuffing about. Then came a bison grazing, then a hyena went skulking round and round, looking as if its back were broken; then two sly, inquisitive, fidgetty jackals raised our expectations to the highest pitch; and at last the tiger really did come, cautiously creeping along the brink of the korah (precipice), but not daring to approach the hélah. The gentlemen had their guns ready cocked, but he vanished, and we found that the driver had incautiously kept the carriage in their sight, which had prevented his attacking his prey. It was a comfort that the heifer was saved the fright if not death from the tiger's spring.

October 14th.—My husband was at Elichpúr for a few days, when on going out for my evening airing, I met our Brahman orderly carried in a blanket, and looking almost like a dead man. He had gone out shooting with several of our people, when they came upon a tiger and hit him. He lay down in the bushes, and poor Mattra Parsád and Mangal Sing were too cautious to go after him, when the orderly Sawar, who was on the bank above, reproached them for not doing so: "O corpses of men," he cried, "why do you not go in!" Stung by this, Mattra Parsád approached, when the tiger bounded forth, and his foot slipping, seized him near the hip. Mangal Sing gallantly rushed after him, and by repeated blows on the head from the butt end of his gun forced the tiger to drop his prey. I had the wounded man carried into my husband's office; the hospital dresser came immediately, and the wounds were washed with caustic and dressed. They were not so deep as to be dan-

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gerous; but in spite of every care, and in spite of taking a good deal of food and other stimulants, he sank without any perceptible cause whatever, merely from the shock on his nerves. My husband returned on Saturday, the third day, and endeavoured to cheer him; but he said "his heart was gone from him," and about two hours after he died. It was a dreadful shock to see a man who had gone forth full of health and vigour two days before, now an inanimate corpse.

Such cases are not uncommon, especially among the Hindùs of high caste, who do not eat meat. They appear to have no stamina, and frequently die from injuries that would scarcely confine a European to his bed. Last year a young European sergeant and a Gauli recovered from wounds inflicted by tigers, and far more severe than those of poor Mattra Parsád, but then they were both eaters of animal food.

The tiger was brought in on the second day. He died from the wound he had received. I gave the body to the Dhers in our service, who ate it! The claws and whiskers are greatly prized by the natives as charms. The latter are supposed to give the possessor a certain malignant power over his enemies, for which reason I always take possession of them to prevent our people getting them. The tiger is very commonly worshipped all over India. The women often prostrate themselves before a dead tiger, when sportsmen are bringing it home in triumph; and in a village, near Nagpúr, Mr. Hislop found a number of rude images, almost like four-legged stools, which, on inquiry, proved to be meant for tigers, who were worshipped as the tutelary deities of the place. I believe a fresh image is added for every tiger that is slain. They also worship the cobra di capello. Went down to Elichpúr on the 3rd November, fever having prevented my moving sooner.

On the 17th we began our march. So many people came to see us off, that it was at once gratifying and painful.

Thursday, November 18th.—Akót. Our camp was pitched under some fine trees, and I found the Sir Naib, or Governor of the District, Moru Pandit by name, seated in our tent, with the unfortunate Munshi Wazir-u-Din, who was so unjustly treated, but is now a prosperous man, being employed by the Sir Naib. The latter was a small man, very neatly dressed, with most brilliant eyes, and ivory teeth, evidently a practised courtier, with such polished tones and manner that the Munshi's voice sounded quite harsh and boisterous in comparison. He was most hospitable, sending immense trays of fruit, almonds, sugar, &c., and professed himself so delighted with our company, that he could not leave his chair. He has been lately appointed; pays, I think, five lakhs to the Government; but said, if he were certain of his post for five years, he could easily pay one lakh more, and the people would be better off. We asked how he fixed the land-tax? "I go to each village," said he, "find out how much land there is of each quality, and what crops—then I assemble the elders, and ask, 'What can you pay?' I then settle it with them." This is the business of a revenue collector in the Company's territories. He added that the ryots (cultivators) all wish the settlement to be made for three or five years; but that the country is so unsettled that this is impossible—no man being sure of his tenure of office, so it is re-arranged every year. He said, "Ask any of the people in the villages if I oppress them. Justice is best for this world and for the next." We saw many weavers at work in the villages we passed through, and my husband says the difference between this ilaqui (district) and that of Elichpúr in point of prosperity is most evident.

In the evening the Sir Naib paid us another visit, and brought two of

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his Sawars to display their horsemanship, which was excellent. They cut the figure of eight in the smallest possible compass at full speed. The horses were as clever in changing their feet as their riders in the use of the spear and sword—the latter, of course, merely in cutting, as no Orientals understand giving point. One of the horses was made to piaff and dance in a fashion that, had his rider been on an English saddle, he would assuredly have been shaken out of it. They seemed to ride by mere balance, the lower part of the leg hanging quite loose. The horses were of the Dakhani breed, wooden, short-necked, white or piebald creatures, like circus horses. The Killadar, or Governor of Gawilghar, who has been obliged to do justice to the old Patel of Chilkaldah, came in the evening, and apologised for his misdeeds. On taking leave, Wazir-u-Din, who is a burly, black-bearded Mussulman of at least forty, besought my favour, as he was my "bachha," child (literally, "young one"). My husband assured him that my heart was full of cherishment for him. He then laid hold of C. by the waist, and begged him to put his hand upon his head, and having thus received his blessing, he departed content.

Friday, 19th.—The Naib Deshpandí of the district came with his son, nephews, and grandsons, to meet my husband. I found them in our tent, on arriving at Panjgáon, at half-past eight. They were simple Mahrattas, with a rustic expression and manners. On being introduced to me, each offered me a rupee, insisted that I should keep it, and could scarcely be persuaded that this was an impossibility. One old man seized my fingers as I touched the money, held them tight over it, and put them to his forehead. Ram Rao, the old Deshpandí, remembered the death of Tippu Sultan, and the circumstance of his treasure chest being lost, so that there were piles of gold and silver found on the road, and to be seen at the Sahukars. In the evening I walked a little way from the tent, and met another Deshmukh, or head of a village, with his nephews and kinsmen. They all had the simple, open expression, and rather square make, common to the Mahrattas, who are all of the Kunbi or cultivator caste. The whole of this district is under the Nawab Jami, of Ridpúr, who came into cantonments, in July, to entreat my husband's assistance against the Rohillas, and the latter having dispersed themselves on the arrival of our small force, he was properly grateful, and had not only written to his people, threatening to dismiss them if they were not most attentive to us, but had also mended all the roads, to our great comfort, and to the great benefit of all the merchants, who are just sending their cotton down to Bombay.

We had a posse of the district authorities in our tent in the evening. A behádering dandified Munshi, from Benáres, also came, who asked for a Gospel both in Persian and Urdu, and whom my husband employed to write a letter of thanks to the Nawáb for his politeness.

Saturday, November 20th.—We halted at Pársi, a lovely spot. My tent was close to two lofty palms. I do not know any tree that has so strong a hold on my affection and imagination as the palm. I am never weary of gazing at its graceful form.

One of the Khalásis, or tent pitchers, coming in, hot and tired, to report his arrival, saw an orange on the table, and said to my husband, "By your favour, give me that orange," which, of course, was done. I greatly like the friendly familiarity of Eastern servants. It is surely much nearer the right state of things than the great gulf which exists between rich and poor in England.

We gave sheep, and a sir of atta each, to all our camp, and found

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there were about one hundred and twenty persons, including the cavalry escort and the guard.

Walked out in the evening to a little ridge close to our tents, crowned with palms, tamarinds, ním, and other trees. On one side were the horses picketed, and their Sáises lying by them, a group of Sepahis, a great pile of pack-saddles, and the glowing evening sky, throwing out the palms in strong relief. On the other hand were the bullocks, the Sawárs and their horses, and our white tents; twenty or thirty fires, with people lounging or cooking around them, gave a most picturesque variety to the scene; while the ridge on which we stood was freckled with shadows, the brilliant moonbeams reproducing the shape of every leaf as sharply on the ground as in reality.

Railways are admirable for convenience-sake, but marching is the way to enjoy travelling through a beautiful country, and just now the climate, with the exception of the very middle of the day, is almost perfection. I think no one with an eye for beauty could ever help looking back on the scenes of an Indian march without indescribable pleasure and longing to see such again.

Monday, November 22nd.—Started at three, and arrived early at Palsi, six kos. Five miles from Parsi is a river so full of great rocks that a cart is almost sure to be overturned. The Naib of Balapur (a young Mussalman from Cawnpore) came to pay his respects. He was very fair, with a Patan cast of countenance, very well educated, and had read a good deal. His manners were very good, only a little too acquiescent. He wore a pretty tightly-twisted turban of white, gold, and red. As he was suffering from headache, C. cured him by applying Pulvermacher's Electric Chain.

A tiger had killed a bullock not far from our ground, but as there was no tree near there was no possibility of lying in wait for the monster. Since the death of poor Mattra Parsad I have learnt what the feeling of revenge is, and I long for the destruction of every tiger I hear of.

Aurangabad, Thursday, 2nd December.—A little orphan girl of about six years old, whom I was going to place at school, was stolen away two days ago by her brother, a boy of fourteen, or thereabouts, at the instigation of some people who wanted to purchase her. We got her back by sending a Brahman orderly for her; but next day she was stolen again, and on her recovery we dismissed her brother, whom we had intended to provide for, and carried off the poor little thing in safety.

We left our kind friends on Friday, about seven P.M., and reached Dhygam at ten. I made tea, and we refreshed ourselves and rested till three, when we went on to Tokah.

Sunday, 5th.—Two young men, Mr. D. and Mr. A. F., who are with us, went out in the evening to give away some tracts, and were pelted and abused. The people of Tokah are particularly ill-behaved in this respect. About two years ago Ramchandra Modak, a Christian Brahman, in connexion with the American mission, who is stationed here as preacher, was greatly troubled by his heathen countrymen, who refused him water, and annoyed him and his family in every way. They requested Miss Farrar to come and visit them, which she did, taking with her several Christian Brahmaní women. They went to the public Serai, which is open to all travellers, when a crowd collected, headed by the Patel, who heaped abuse upon her and her companions, and refused to let their beds and baggage be placed in the Serai. Miss Farrar was already inside, and acted with a quiet firmness which did her honour. At last she was so far roused by the Patel's unprovoked insolence that (as she afterwards

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confessed to my husband, with a certain degree of contrition for what she considered undue vehemence), she said to him, "Patel, I will not allow you to walk over my head," and ordered her baggage to be brought in. Her considering so moderate a remonstrance as calling for an apology proves the meekness with which she behaved; but she kept her post, and so outrageous had been the conduct of her assailants that the Native Magistrate brought it to the notice of the Assistant Collector, who inflicted a very moderate fine on the delinquents. Mr. Spooner, the Judge and Collector, called upon Miss Farrar for her evidence, and confirmed the sentence of his subordinate, although considering it far too lenient. The Patel and his cabal appealed to Mr. Warden, one of the Supreme Judges, accusing Miss Farrar of having brought women of the lowest caste into a Brahmaní Serai, which was false, for the women were respectable Brahmanís, and the Serai was a public one; but being a man of kindred spirit, and I suppose principles, with the aggressors, he took the word of these unscrupulous natives in preference to that of a Christian lady, and, without even calling on Miss Farrar for her testimony, reversed the decision and ordered the fine to be returned! This reminds me of the departure of Sir Erskine Perry, the late Chief Justice, a most unhesitating opponent of Missions and Christian education, and occasionally guilty of obvious misrepresentations of the principles of those who support either. This is a harsh thing to say of one who is pledged by his very office to impartiality, so I will name two instances. In the case of Saibai, a young Mahratta girl, who was carried off from her father's protection, by some other relatives, and rescued by her father and the Rev. Hormaszdji Pestonji; a writ of habeas corpus was applied for by the grandmother and uncle, and granted, and not only was the girl examined by Sir Erskine Perry, as to which she preferred living with, her father or grandmother, but her grandmother was allowed free access to her, and permitted to exhaust every art of endearment and menace to induce her to leave her father. In this case, the father and daughter were both candidates for baptism. In the other case, Balaram Ganpat having been baptized, applied for a writ of habeas corpus, in order to have free access to his wife, who, although grown up, was, since his baptism, forcibly kept from him by her parents, and all communication between them prevented. Balaram did not wish to put any constraint upon her, which would have been contrary to the Apostolic rule (1st Cor. vii. 15), but merely to prevent her being forcibly kept from him; he wished her to make her free choice. Sir E. Perry refused to grant the writ, giving as a reason, that Balaram had become an out-caste, and that to compel his wife to live with him (which no one ever thought of doing), would be to make her an out-caste too; thus evincing a much greater respect for Hindu laws of caste, than for the natural and divine law of marriage. But I have wandered from Tokah. I remarked the little settlement of the Mahars or low caste people, as usual, *outside* the town.

Monday, December 6th.—Went on to Rastapur. We had heavy rain. The roads were so heavy that we got on very slowly; it was quite dark, and the rain falling in torrents, by the time we reached the long steep ghat leading to Imampur. All the bearers came to push us up, my husband pushing most vigorously, and shouting "Dakka maro! Zor lagao!" "Push, push! put on strength!" until at last, with great difficulty, we got to the top. My husband returned to the bottom of the ghat to make some arrangement for helping up our carts, which must otherwise have remained there till morning, with the people exposed to the inclement weather. He found a house, and with much difficulty

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extracted from it a Baniah, of whom he inquired where bullocks could be found. "I am a Baniah—how should I know?" was the characteristic answer; whereupon C. threatened to break his head into three parts if he did not immediately show where they were,—and fear did what common humanity could not, and induced him to lead the way to some sheds a little distance back, where twelve pairs of fine bullocks and plenty of people were stationed, for the very purpose of helping carts and carriages up the ghat. C. arrived at the bungalow wet through and through, and our people came dropping in in a lamentable plight. He dosed them all round with gin, brandy, or wine; furnished Mr. D., Andrew, and Sudial, the Brahmin orderly, with clothes of his own, in which they looked most droll; put all the women in camp into one of the rooms, and sent off the Sawars to a Serai about a mile distant. But the work of the day was not yet done; for about midnight, hearing the carts arrive, he got up, and found the Duffadar and Sawars standing, disconsolately holding their horses under the trees, having lost their way to the Serai, and been obliged to return. They would have passed the night in the midst of the pouring rain had he not roused the messman, ordered him to kill all the fowls he had, and make an immense pillau for all the Sawars and other Mussalmans, whom he sent off to spend the night in the kitchen, giving them two bottles of milk-punch, under the plausible name of sherbet, to keep them from catching cold. He then fished out some poor shivering Kulis, too modest to come forward of their own accord, dosed them with brandy, and gave each, who was of those castes who smoke, one of his segars, and then packed them all in the large room.

Muni, my little doe bakri, had taken up her quarters on a pillow as naturally as if she had been accustomed to have pillows of her own in the jungle. The next morning was fine, and the neighbourhood of the bungalow presented the appearance of a dyeing or bleaching-ground, everybody's garments and bedding being spread out or hung up on the trees. It was a pretty sight. Imagine our dismay on hearing that this beautiful grove, which was of such comfort and use to us, had just been sold to a native, by Government, for Company's rupees 110! To be sold! What barbarism!

We started at one o'clock, and reached Nagar by five, going to Mr. Munger's house, although he was absent. Rain had again set in, and we waited hungrily for our carts, which did not arrive till eight.

Wednesday, December 8th.—Miss Farrar came to see us. The last two years have been marked by one of the most important facts in the history of Western India. The natives have set up female schools! Miss F. related the pains they had taken to wile away her teachers, whom, however, she had gladly surrendered. Saw a woman yesterday bow to the feet of a Brahman whom she met in the road; he then placed something on her forehead.

Thursday, 9th.—Went to Miss Farrar's to see her girls' schools. Saw one of thirty girls, of different castes, with a Pantoji, or master, who teaches them. Those who are married are known by the necklace of black beads they wear, and generally by having silver rings on the second toe of each foot. They were mostly under twelve years old. They read, write, and work very nicely; and when questioned on Scripture, answered exactly like Christian children. Miss Farrar says she often has very interesting conversations with them on religion. They have been taught no other religion than Christianity, and they are as much Christians as the majority of well-taught children at home; and

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although they leave school, and are exposed to all the corrupting influences of Hinduism at an age when an open confession of Christ can hardly be expected of them, yet the good seed does bring forth fruit,—and Miss Farrar says the difference between the children of her pupils and those of uneducated mothers is very marked, not only in knowledge, but in civilization, in moral habits, and the observance of decency. Reckoning three children to each family, about ninety children will probably be influenced by the training of thirty little girls in this school.

Friday, December 10th.—Mr. Munger having returned from his tour, breakfasted with us. Told us of an aged Christian, ninety years old, who lives at a village about forty miles off. He is a Brinjara. A young relation of his became a servant in Bombay, learnt to read, and brought some tracts home with him. The old man read them, put away his idols, and ceased using the salutation of "Ram Ram," with which Hindus greet each other—saying "Salám" instead. This was about ten years ago. Six years after, Mr. Munger was preaching, when a man exclaimed, "My uncle says just what as you do;" and told him where he lived. Mr. Munger went to see him, and was astonished and delighted at his knowledge and love of the truth. He considers him one of the most decided and satisfactory converts he has ever known. He delights in reading the Scriptures, and often consults Mr. Munger about passages he does not understand. His neighbours acknowledge that they have no fault to find with him, except his not saying "Ram Ram."

Saturday, 11th.—Went to the Government school and heard the pupils read. It contains about sixty boys, under a very efficient teacher, a native Portuguese, Mr. de Silva. They use McCulloch's excellent reading lessons, and go striaght through, not omitting any of the Christian parts, as is sometimes done by infidel teachers. We asked them to read Herbert Knowles's piece called "The Three Tabernacles.—To whom shall we build?" They understood it very well; explained the line, "a peer and a prey"—the meaning of peer—of metaphor—of irony, and gave examples of each; named the islands of the Mediterranean—boundaries of Palestine; explained who Joshua and Abraham were; told the country of the Jews—why they were dispersed—one said, "to fulfil prophecy;"—described the Government of Britain. They did not know the meaning of bishop—one said, "a Hadji" (a pilgrim); not what the Book of Common Prayer was; but these were the only questions they did not answer. They named the ruler of France—explained the Salic law—reckoned up the female sovereigns now reigning in Europe. I asked them all these questions, quite at random. The two who answered best were a Mussalman, brother of one who was baptized and apostatized almost immediately, and a very clever Parsi boy.

I read two English themes; one by the Mussalman, on religion. The subject was his own choice. He began by saying that there were many religions in the world; and that of all countries India was the darkest. He dwelt, as proof of this, on the pride of the Brahmans, the prevalence of idolatry, and (wonderful proof of the progress of enlightened views) on the cruelty of the Mussalmans of former times in shedding the blood of the Hindus.

The other English composition was by a Hindu lad, describing the triumphal entry, last week, of a Brahman, who had retured from Benáres, where he was supposed to have washed away his sins, so as to avoid transmigration. After waiting a day or two for a propitious hour, he entered Nagar in procession, two jars or chattis of water from the Ganges being borne before him. The people first made salam to the chattis, and then

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threw themselves at the feet of the Brahman. The young spectator seemed to overflow with just indignation at the folly and superstition of the people, and at the pride and imposture of the Brahmans. He described the wickedness of the people at Benáres; showed that God did not regard one place more than another; adding, "God is not more graceful to Benáres than to Nagar."

This school has only been opened four years and a half. Their progress is very satisfactory, and most creditable to Mr. de Silva, who is their sole teacher. They have a small loan library, containing a good many of the books published by the Dublin Society for Scriptural Education. Robinson Crusoe is a favourite. Mr. de Silva, who is a Romanist, told me that some of the elder pupils read the Bible in private. A Christian man may do great good in a Government school, for the prohibition against teaching religion is not only sinful but foolish. A man must involuntarily teach that which he believes, the needful remarks on history and literature must be tinctured with his religious or irreligious, moral or immoral opinions; and consequently we find not only that Government schools inevitably overturn the religion of the Hindùs; but that where their teachers are not imbued with Christian principle, they are active propagators of infidelity.

The prohibition against teaching the scriptures is quite unnecessary, for the natives show how little they object to them by flocking to the Missionary schools, and by so many of the Government pupils voluntarily seeking Christian instruction. Mr. Perkins relates in his residence in Persia, that the Mussalmán princes allow the Bible to be used in schools which they themselves support. The question may be summed up thus.

We are bound to teach truth and not error; but we must teach error, if we do not teach truth. Therefore not only as a duty to God, but as the best policy—the only means of raising up a truly enlightened and conscientious generation instead of a race of lawless infidels—Government is bound to provide Christian teachers, and to introduce the Scriptures and Scriptural instruction into all their schools. Hindùism and science cannot co-exist; it is therefore surely politic to prepossess those whom we loosen from all the restraints of their ancestral faith in favour of the religion of their rulers.

It is a shame that men calling themselves Christians and Britons should be greater cowards in doing what is right than Múhammadans and Portuguese. Both of these not only introduced but forced their religion on the conquered; to this day no Hindù is allowed to wear a turban in Goa, yet Goa still belongs to the Portuguese. If we exercise thorough toleration, plainly saying, "If we teach anything we will teach the Truth," not only is there not the slightest human probability of the "old Indian" bugbear of the overthrow of our empire in the East, being realized, but we might expect the blessing of Him who hath said "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the destruction of any people."

Sunday, 12th December.—Mr. Munger preached in Marathì at nine and two o'clock. All our people attended. It was interesting to mark the variety of expression—in some wonder, in some apathy, in others inquiry and anxiety. Some looked sad, some stupid, only the Christian servant looked calm and confident. His expression was as if he thought, "Of course it is true, and I am glad of it."

Wednesday.—Reached Puna. Met Mr. and Mrs. F. and Wazir Beg in the evennig at Mr. Mitchell's.

We were speaking of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. F., who was for

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many years in America, agrees with Mr. Munger, in thinking it gives the most favourable view of slavery. He thinks Kentucky will soon become a free State. He told us a most interesting anecdote of an American doctor, who, having been wrecked, met with the greatest kindness from an African Prince, a Mussalmán. Years after he was riding in the streets of New Orleans, when he was accosted by a slave bearing a basket of vegetables. He repulsed him, until the stranger reminded him of the above circumstance, and made himself known as his benefactor. He had been taken prisoner, sold as a slave, and brought to America. He was an educated man, and could read and write Arabic. The Doctor, greatly moved at finding his benefactor in so dreadful a position, purchased his freedom. He became a devoted Christian, and Mr. F. knew him as such in after years.

Thursday, December 16th.—At Khandala we had the sad spectacle of a European officer in a state of reeling intoxication. After he had left, many European soldiers, uncontrolled by the presence of even a non-commissioned officer, infested the bungalow, most of them the worse for drink. Late in the evening one of them came into the verandah. My vigorous old Ayah asked him, "Where he was going?" He retorted by a gruff "What do you want?" "What you want?" cried she, "What that mean! Go away!"

Friday, December 17th.—Had a lovely descent of the Ghat in Palkis. During our drive afterwards, met many Brinjaras in full costume. The women covered with ornaments—one had bracelets of many colours, from the wrist to the shoulder. Reached Panwell at twelve. Our most attentive Parsi agents Messrs. Jehanghir Nasirwanji and Co., had provided an excellent bunder boat. The Mussalmans are very hospitable to each other. So soon as their dinner was ready the boatmen called to our servants, "Come brothers, come and eat."

Saturday, December 18th.—The comfort of finding ourselves in such a sweet resting-place is not to be described. It is a little Paradise of Palms, even more refreshing to the mind, soul and heart, than to the body and eyes. Dhanjibhai came to see us. He has a very sweet expression. His work at Surat is chiefly among Mussalmans. His wife is daughter of an excellent Munshi, the first fruits of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. Mrs. Montgomery of that Mission, was the means of first awakening him, and thirteen of his family, including his aged father, were converted. The Parsis at Surat will not come to Dhanjibhai, but will receive him at their own houses. He has just been delivering a course of lectures at Ambroli, on the Evidences (chiefly the internal), and he encourages questions and discussions afterwards. About twenty to thirty attend. He has a school at Surat for the Dheds—a very low caste—and spoke of the Brahminical feeling against low castes as one very congenial to the natural heart. It is one generally more or less adopted by Europeans in India, and even some Christians are infected by it, and speak of "nasty low caste people" with a disdain they would never dream of feeling towards the most wretched of their own countrymen. Mr. Nesbit came. It struck me as characteristic, that even in a short and interrupted conversation, he made two allusions to heaven, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

Sunday, December 19th.—Maina stayed with me while the rest went to public worship. We compared the Acts and the Philippians—spoke of dress, of Temperance societies, their true ground being Rom. xiv. 21. Ibrahim came with little Firha to see me. Firha reads Hebrew, though she does not understand the language. A Rabbi from Bokhara, by name

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Mattathias, afterwards came, and my husband spoke with him and Ibrahim. Mattathias is a young man of great talent; he believes in Christ, but does not see that the typical law is abolished. He afterwards gave me some account of himself in writing. He is a Jew of Bokhara. He started on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and reached Peshâwur during the last campaign. Thinking the war would not affect him, he proceeded through the Panjab, but was plundered by some robbers, and had to flee for his life. After much suffering from want of food and clothing, he reached Bhawalpur, where a Jewish merchant who knew his father received him into his house, and supplied him with clothes. In May, 1850, he reached Bombay. He has been about a year in the Free Church Institution, and he concluded his letter thus: "Now I am quite sure that I was kept in superstitious senses (opinions) and I still hope and pray that God may give me a good knowledge, and take away all my doubtfulness of mind, and show me the way of truth."

In the evening Mr. Mitchell, who was much exhausted by the labours of the day, stayed at home with me. He spoke of the general feeling towards the natives being that of conquerors, little interest is felt for them, and less shown, and yet they seem to require sympathy and the expression of affection more than Europeans do, just as women need these more than men. He said that on this account he thought intercourse with Christian women so essential for native converts. Not only does it raise their ideas of what women ought to be, but it supplies them with a home, and with those assurances of sympathy, and marks of affection and interest which they so much require, and which they are not so likely to meet with from the missionaries themselves. The native character is extremely affectionate, sensitive, and susceptible of unkindness and neglect; they, therefore, deeply feel the indifference and superciliousness they meet with, even in those from whom they had anticipated cordial brotherly love. Mr. Mitchell says the change in the Bibi is wonderful, she is so softened in character, as well as changed in her views of Christianity. We are daily expecting them on their return from Loodiana. Mr. M. also said he thought that Christianity in the East, being in some respects different in its aspect from that of the West, would be the completion of it, and help to give a more perfect idea of the full "beauty of holiness" than the Church has hitherto presented to the world. He explained that the expression, "I am holy," in Psalm lxxxvi. is the same word that is translated "Saints," in Psalm lxxxv. 8, and the original means those who have received mercy, and consequently are merciful; in other words—the merciful objects of God's mercy.

Mr. Nesbit, Balu, Mr. McKee, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, and two converts, Venkarao and Tul Sing, whose sister and brother-in-law's baptism was related not long ago in the Free Church Missionary Herald, came in the evening.

Monday, December 20th.—Narayan Shishadri came to breakfast. He thinks that Brahmans of mature age are the most hardened of all the classes of the community. The Mahrattas are all of the Kunbi, or cultivator caste; there is a difference of rank among them; but they will all eat together; they are an honest race, are cheated, but do not cheat. The progress lately made by Western India in education and civilization is wonderful—one class pushes another—the example of the Parsís stimulates the Hindùs; but there is no union among them—they can never continue acting together. Within the last two years the natives have established female schools—a thing unheard of. At Púna a School of

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Industry has been opened by an enterprising young native, named Jaganath Saddaséwjí, in which, wonder of wonders! Brahmans are seen learning to work in iron, carpentry, and other manual arts; they also practise electrotyping.

Dined at Dr. Wilson's. He showed me some curious coins—a very perfect one of Alexander, others of Ptolemy Soter, and Philometer—one of Constantine, very barbarous in execution; he wears no beard; but on a gold coin of Constantine and Constans the latter has a long beard; also a Tyrian coin of 700 B.C.: there is none so old in the British Museum. There was also a stone from the moon. Dr. Wilson most kindly gave me one of the famous medals of the "Ugonottorum Strages."

Tuesday, 21st.—A private of the 2nd Fusiliers, James K. by name, brought me a box from Puna. Mr. James Mitchell spoke of him as "one of God's nobles," who has been known to give 500 rupees at once to help a Christian brother. Mr. Gillmore and I had a good deal of conversation with him. He said the soldiers generally were ashamed of reading tracts. When sober they keep aloof from him; but if intoxicated, they annoy him. Nothing but the same grace which preserved the three children in the fiery furnace can preserve a Christian in a barrack.

Haji, the young Biluchi whom Dr. Wilson baptized about six months ago, then came. He is about nineteen, dark, with most brilliant eyes, and beautiful eyebrows—a peculiarly bright and *spirituel* expression; but his chest is very delicate. He speaks Biluchi (which is not a written language), Sindhi, in which the Gospel of Matthew has been printed—Mahratta and English—and gives every mark of true conversion. There is something peculiarly interesting in him.

December 25th.—Mr. and Mrs. Hume, of the American Mission, and other friends came to tea. The female school, under Mrs. Hume's charge, which was established by Miss Farrar about twenty-three years ago, has been so peculiarly blessed, that they have had ten female converts to every male. She told me that they had never permitted very early marriages among them—seldom before eighteen or twenty, and that the girls themselves would refuse to marry without a thorough acquaintance with their intended husband. This was most satisfactory to me; for I never could believe it necessary to marry Christian girls of any nation at fifteen, and without their own deliberate choice. They generally set a very satisfactory example to the heathen as wives and mothers.

Sunday, December 26th.—We all partook of the Sacrament. I never was more struck with the advantage of extempore prayer than when Dr. Wilson prayed and gave thanks for those who had been brought back in safety, for those who were about to leave, for those who would remain, for those who were in affliction; entering into the particular needs and circumstances of many of those present.

In the evening, to our great satisfaction, Aga Sahib arrived, and the next morning brought the Bibi and her mother on shore; Abul made salam, and kissed his elder brother's hand on meeting him, and they then embraced each other. I went to see Mulla Ibrahim's family. The Jewish women are greatly taken up with dress. It seems the chief subject of their thoughts.

One day last week I went to an examination of the female schools, held at Dr. Wilson's house. About 200 pupils were present.

But this is a digression from the school. The pupils in the vernacular schools answered extremely well, just like Christian children. Many of

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them, who were goldsmiths' children, had rich gold ornaments on their heads, others were decked with flowers: it was a pretty sight. A few were married; but the most interesting pupil is a Brahminì widow, about twenty-four years of age, who seems an inquirer after truth as well as a seeker for knowledge. You have heard of the baptism of a Hindù widow, of the Tagore family, in Calcutta; being sent to Benáres, and deprived of her Bengalì Bible, she learnt Hindù, in order to read the Scriptures in that language.

After the examination, Dr. Wilson had his wild ass from Katiwar let loose for our diversion. It is a very handsome creature, of a buff colour, with a dark stripe down the back, narrow at the shoulders, and five or six inches broad near the tail. The under part of its body is white; its hair short and smooth. It was full of frolic, and as wild as any creature could be, but apparently without vice, as it did not kick at any one.

A rich Mussalman inquirer came in the afternoon, and I saw zealous old Johan Prem in earnest conversation with him. Dr. Wilson showed me a reprint of "Sir John Mandevill's Travels," the first book printed in English. He was the very grandfather of "travellers' tales," and has the effrontery to draw pictures of men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," and of others who have but one foot, but so large that they hold it above their heads by way of a parasol!!

Mr. Mitchell has kindly given me a set of Hindu pictures of the favourite deities of Western India; for be it known to you, that Hinduism varies exceedingly, both in its rites and divinities, so as to be rather a congeries of religions, than one simple creed. What a pity it is that people will speak of what they don't understand! I have just been reading a Tale by Adelbert Stifter, in which he makes a Pariah dwell in a palm-grove, at the foot of the Himalayas, and eat only fruits, whereas Pariahs are the low caste people of Madras, and the low castes, all over India, eat not only meat, but all sorts of unclean food, such as animals which have died a natural death, and sometimes even rats and reptiles. The Dhers eat Tigers. The same writer speaks of "the simple and pure faith" of the Hindus! and Campbell bestows on the impure Ganesa, who is considered the resolver of difficulties, and represented with an elephant's head, and of such enormous corpulence as to be known (saving your presence) as "the belly-god,"—the epithet of "Ganesa Sublime!"

The said Ganesa is in high favour at Madras and Bombay. The chief idols of Western India, are Vishnú and Shiva. The votaries of the latter are known by horizontal marks on the forehead; and his worship is said to be far more degrading than that of Vishnú, who is almost exclusively worshipped at Madras. Shiva is the patron of the Gosavis, or religious devotees, and is represented smeared with ashes. The other favourite idols are, Khandoba, to whom hundreds of girls and boys are dedicated by the name of Khandoba's wives and dogs; and Krishna, who is one of the avatars of Vishnu, he having been compelled to go through ten avatars, or mortal births, by the curse of an angry sage. Even the most powerful gods of the Hindus are overcome and subjected by imprecations and incantations. Krishna, like Vishnu, is always represented as black, though Shiva, Brahma, and even Brahmans, are represented as fair.

Vithoba, another favourite Marathi idol, is also black, with his hands on his hips, and standing on a brick. He is thus addressed, "Beautiful art thou standing upon the brick!" &c.

But one of the most popular objects of worship is Tukarama, a Marathi

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poet, and votary of Vishnu and Vithoba, of the Shudra caste, who lived only 200 years ago.

Even in his lifetime he had Brahmins among his disciples.

His history is so like some of the monkish legends, that Mr. Murray Mitchell, in a very interesting paper (read before the Asiatic Society, in January, 1849), on the "Story of Túkarama," considers that the influence of Christian ideas, as conveyed by the Portuguese to the people of Western India, may be most clearly traced in it. For instance, Túkarama is translated to heaven. It shows the facility with which heathens adopt new objects of worship, that Túkarama is now their most popular god. It is as if the people of England were to take it into their heads to worship Túkarama's contemporary, King Charles the Martyr.

Then the next day, the New Year of 1853, our dear friends, the Murray Mitchells, the Aga and Bibi, Narayan Shishadri, Vincent and Balu, all accompanied us to the ship. Mr. Mitchell read the 91st Psalm, and prayed.

May God grant us all a happy meeting!

THE END.

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